THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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F[illegible]: 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

JUNE 21, 1913

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TALLEYRAND PENROD—By BOOTH TARKINGTON

Model A-2, of the $900 type, equipped with electric lighting outfit, quick detachable demountable rims, speedometer, etc.

Detroiter

TWELVE MONTHS' pleasure in the year the Detroiter brings to you and yours. Long of life, economical of operation, it costs you hardly more, year long, than the average single summer vacation.

THE RIDE to work and home again; visits long deferred that you ought to make; business advantages; the drive of an evening under the twinkling lights down town, or under the cool stars in the peaceful quiet of a country road; Sunday the red-letter day, without a moment of tedium; winding way by river or over the steep hills—the Detroiter is the magic carpet of your childhood fancy. It makes you master of space and conqueror of time.

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2. Platform rear spring.
3. Multiple disc clutch.
4. Full floating rear axle.
5. Extra capacity radiator.
6. Enclosed valves, all on one side.
7. Left side drive, center control.
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9. Ball bearings throughout.

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Any one of five models—touring car or roadster—at $850 for standard equipment, or $900 for special equipment. All with the same 25 h. p. long-stroke motor, 104 inch wheel base, 32 x 3½ inch tires (oversize for long life). Speedometer, Prest-O-Lite or battery lighting system, quick detachable demountable rims, etc., at the $900 price.

Beauty and strength—yes! But that is just the beginning. Low price—yes! But lower still is the aftercost. Does not the Detroiter, then, combining such perfection of finish and design with such rare economy of cost and operation, answer exactly every requirement you have laid down for that car you are going to own?

Send us your name and address and receive the Detroiter catalogue that tells all about this splendid car.

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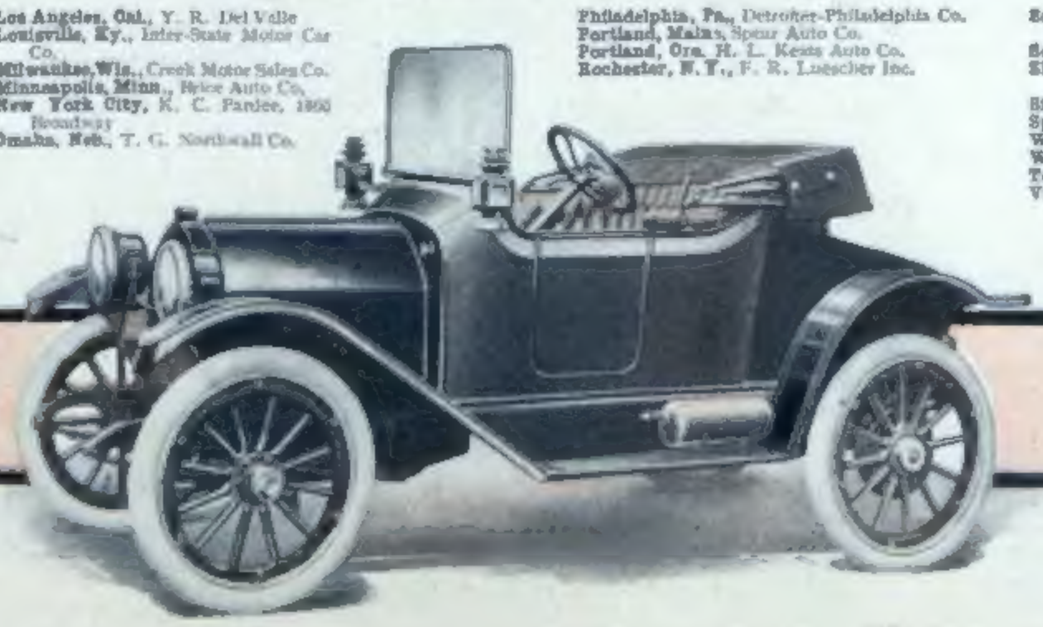

The Detroiter roadster, costing $900, is one of the handsomest of cars regardless of price. Ideal for business, and for cozy journeys.

Ample room and storage space in the Detroiter roadster. Enclosed rear deck houses biggest suit case made and pair of fully inflated tires.

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Dr. Lyon's PERFECT Tooth Powder

The standard dentifrice, prepared for almost half a century by a Doctor of Dental Surgery

A smooth, gritless powder, free from injurious chemical action. It keeps the teeth absolutely clean. No germ of decay can find lodgment on teeth polished and kept sound by Dr. Lyon's—the *safe* preparation. Prevents the formation of tartar and neutralizes the acid tendencies of the mouth.

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What Dr. Lyon's does not do only your dentist is competent to do

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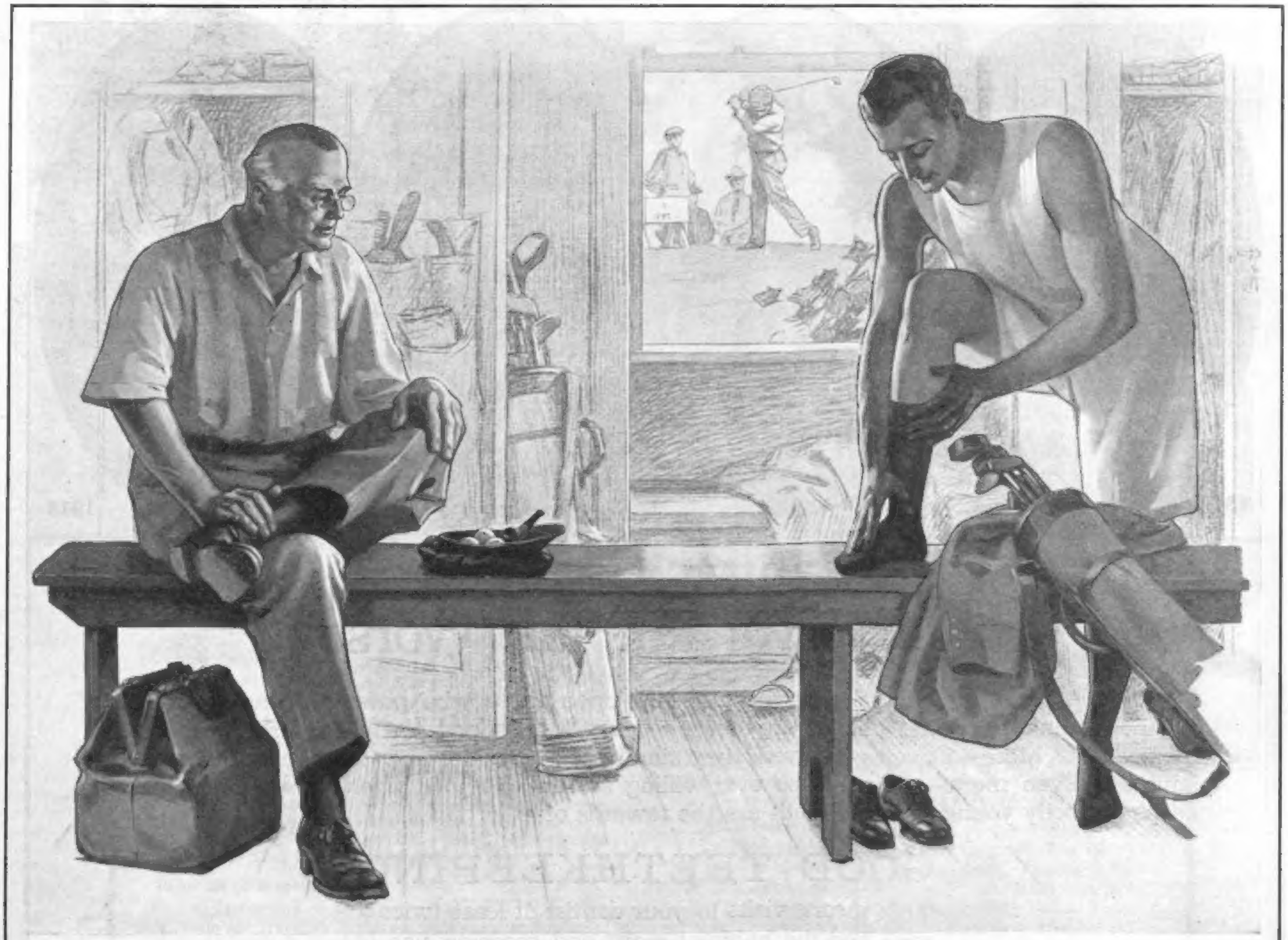

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"How can they guarantee six months' *wear* in these *fine, mercerized* socks?" "That's easy, Dad! You'll find the answer and the truth in any Holeproof advertisement."

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TALLEYRAND PENROD

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

ONE-TWO-THREE; one-two-three—glide!" said Professor Bartet, emphasizing his instructions by a brisk collision of his palms at "glide." "One-two-three; one-two-three—glide!"

Round and round the ballroom went the seventeen struggling little couples of the Friday afternoon dancing class. Round and round went their reflections with them, swimming rhythmically in the polished, dark floor—white and blue and pink for the girls; black, with dabs of white, for the white-collared, white-gloved boys; and sparks and slivers of high lights everywhere as the glistening pumps flickered along the surface like a school of flying fish. Every small pink face—with one exception—was painstaking and set for duty. It was a conscientious little merry-go-round.

"One-two-three; one-two-three—glide! One-two-three; one-two-three—glide! One-two-th—— Ha! Mister Penrod Schofield, you lose the step. Your left foot! No, no! This is the left! See—like me! Now again! One-two-three; one-two-three—glide! Better! Much better! Again! One-two-three; one-two-three—gl—— Stop! Mr. Penrod Schofield, this dancing class is provided by the kind parents of the pupilses as much to learn the manners-s of good societies as to dance. You think you shall ever see a gentleman in good societies to tickle his partner in the dance till she say Ouch? Never! I assure you it is not done. Again! Now then! Piano, please! One-two-three; one-two-three—glide! Mr. Penrod Schofield, your right foot—your right foot! No, no! Stop!"

The merry-go-round came to a standstill.

"Mr. Penrod Schofield and partner"—Professor Bartet wiped his brow—"will you kindly observe me? One-two-three—glide! So! Now then—no; you will please keep your places, ladies and gentlemen. Mr. Penrod Schofield, I would puttickly like your attention; this is for you!"

"Pickin' on me again!" murmured the smoldering Penrod to his small, unsympathetic partner. "Can't let me alone a minute!"

"Mister George Bassett, please step to the center," said the professor.

Mr. Bassett, aged eleven, complied with modest alacrity.

"Teacher's pet!" whispered Penrod hoarsely. He had nothing but contempt for George Bassett. The parents, guardians, aunts, uncles, cousins, governesses, housemaids, cooks, chauffeurs and coachmen, appertaining to the members of the dancing class, all dwelt in the same part of town and shared certain communal theories; and among the most firmly established was that which maintained George Bassett to be the best boy in town. Contrariwise, the unfortunate Penrod, because of some dazzling and Quixotic but disastrous attempts to control forces far beyond him, had been given a clear title as the worst boy in town. But, as the population was considerably over one hundred thousand, there must have been any number of boys wholly unknown to this circle, wide as it was; hence it is possible that neither estimate was exact.

"Miss Rennsdale will please do me the fafer to be Mr. George Bassett's partner for one moment," said Professor Bartet. "Mr. Penrod Schofield will please give his attention. Miss Rennsdale and Mister Bassett, obliche me, if you please. Others please watch. Piano, please! Now then!"

Miss Rennsdale, aged eight—the youngest lady in the class—and Mr. George Bassett one-two-three-glided with consummate technic for the better education of Penrod Schofield. It is possible that amber-curled beautiful Marjorie Jones felt that she, rather than Miss Rennsdale, might have been selected as the example of perfection—or perhaps her remark was only woman.

"Stopping everybody for that boy!" said Marjorie.

Penrod, across the circle from her, heard distinctly—nay, he was obviously intended to hear; but over a scorched heart he preserved a stoic front. Whereupon Marjorie whispered derisively in the ear of her partner, little Maurice Levy, who wore a pearl pin in his tie.

"Again, please, everybody—ladies and gentlemen!" cried Professor Bartet. "Mister Penrod Schofield, if you please, pay puttickly attention! Piano, please! Now then!"

The lesson proceeded. At the close of the hour Professor Bartet stepped to the center of the room and clapped his hands for attention.

"Ladies and gentlemen, if you please to seat yourselves quietly," he said; "I speak to you now about tomorrow. As you all know—— Mister Penrod Schofield, I am not sticking up in a tree outside that window! If you do me the fafer to examine I am here, insides of the room. Now then! Piano, pl—no, I do not wish the piano! As you all know, this is the last lesson of the season until next October. Tomorrow is our special afternoon; beginning three o'clock, we dance the cotillon. But this afternoon comes the test of manners-s. You must see if each know how to make a little formal call like a grown-up people in good societies. You have had good, perfect instruction; let us see if we know how to perform like societies ladies and gentlemen twenty-six years of age.

"Now, when you are dismissed each lady will go to her home and prepare to receive a call. The gentlemen will allow the ladies time to reach their houses and to prepare to receive callers; then each gentleman will call upon a lady and beg the pleasure to engage her for a partner in the cotillon tomorrow. You all know the correct, proper form for these calls, because didn't I work teaching you last lesson till I thought I would drop dead? Yes. Now each gentleman, if he reach a lady's house behind some other gentleman, then he must go somewhere else to a lady's house, and keep calling until he secures a partner; so, as there are the same number of both, everybody shall have a partner.

"Now please all remember that if in case—— Mister Penrod Schofield, when you make your call on a lady I beg you please remember that gentlemen in good societies do not scratch the back in societies as you appear to attempt; so please allow the hands to rest carelessly in the lap. Now please all remember that if in case—— Mister Penrod Schofield, if you please! Gentlemen in societies do not scratch the back by causing frictions between it and the back of their chairs either! Nobody else is itching here. I do not itch! I cannot talk if you must itch. In the name of Heaven, why must you always itch? What was I saying? Where—ah! the cotillon—yes! For the cotillon it is important nobody shall fail to be here tomorrow; but if any one should be so very ill he cannot possible come he must write a very polite note of regrets in the form of good societies to his engaged partner to excuse himself—and he must give the reason.

"I do not think anybody is going to be that sick tomorrow—no; and I will find out and report to parents if anybody would try it and not be. But it is important for the cotillon that we have an even number of so many couples, and if it should happen that some one comes and her partner has sent her a polite note that he has genuine reasons why he cannot come, the note must be handed at once to me, so that I arrange some other partner. Is all understood? Yes. The gentlemen will remember now to allow

Slowly the Clear Glass Increased in its Dimensions—Slowly the Dark Diminished

the ladies plenty of time to reach their houses and prepare to receive calls. Ladies and gentlemen, I thank you for your polite attention."

It was nine blocks to the house of Marjorie Jones; but Penrod did it in less than seven minutes from a flying start—such was his haste to lay himself and his hand for the cotillon at the feet of one who had so recently spoken unamiably of him in public. He had not yet learned that the only safe male rebuke to a scornful female is to stay away from her—especially if that is what she desires. However, he did not wish to rebuke her; he wished simply and ardently to dance the cotillon with her. Resentment was swallowed up in hope.

The fact that Miss Jones' feeling for him bore a striking resemblance to that of Simon Legree for Uncle Tom, deterred him not at all. Naturally he was not wholly unconscious that when he should lay his hand for the cotillon at her feet it would be her inward desire to step on it; but he believed that if he were first in the field Marjorie would have to accept. These things are governed by law.

It was his fond intention to reach Marjorie's house even in advance of herself, and it was with grave misgiving that he beheld a large automobile at rest before the sainted gate. Forthwith, a sinking feeling ensued inside him as little Maurice Levy emerged from the front door of the house.

"'Lo, Penrod!" said Maurice airily.

"What you doin' in there?" inquired Penrod.

"In where?"

"In Marjorie's."

"Well, what shouldn't I be doin' in Marjorie's?" returned Mr. Levy indignantly. "I was inviting her for my partner in the cotillon—what you s'pose?"

"You haven't got any right to!" protested Penrod hotly. "You can't do it yet."

"I did do it yet!" said Maurice.

"You can't!" insisted Penrod. "You got to allow them time first. He said the ladies had to be allowed time to prepare."

"Well, ain't she had time to prepare?"

"When?" Penrod demanded, stepping close to his rival threateningly. "I'd like to know when ——"

"When?" echoed the other with shrill triumph. "When? Why, in mamma's sixty-horsepowder limousine automobile, what Marjorie came home in with me! I guess that's when!"

An impulse in the direction of violence became visible upon the countenance of Penrod.

"I expect you need some wiping down," he began dangerously. "I'll give you sumpthing to remem——"

"Oh, you will!" Maurice cried with astonishing truculence, contorting himself into what he may have considered a posture of defense.

"Let's see you try it, you—you itcher!"

For the moment defiance from such a source was dumfounding. Then, luckily, Penrod recollected something and glanced at the automobile.

Perceiving therein not only the alert chauffeur but the magnificent outlines of Mrs. Levy, his enemy's mother, he maneuvered his lifted hand so that it seemed he had but meant to scratch his ear.

"Well, I guess I better be goin'," he said casually. "See you t'morrow!"

Maurice mounted to the lap of luxury, and Penrod strolled away with an assumption of careless ease which was put to a severe strain when, from the rear window of the car, a sudden protuberance in the nature of a small, dark, curly head shrieked scornfully:

"Go on—you big stiff!"

The cotillon loomed dismally before Penrod now; but it was his duty to secure a partner and he set about it with a dreary heart. The delay occasioned by his fruitless attempt on Marjorie and the altercation with his enemy at her gate had allowed other ladies ample time to prepare for callers—and to receive them. Sadly he went from house to house, finding that he had been preceded in one after the other. Altogether his hand for the cotillon was declined eleven times that afternoon on the legitimate ground of previous engagement. This with Marjorie scored off all except five of the seventeen possible partners; and four of the five were also sealed away from him, as he learned in chance encounters with other boys upon the street.

One lady alone remained; he bowed to the inevitable and entered this lorn damsel's gate at twilight with an air of great discouragement. The lorn damsel was Miss Rennsdale, aged eight.

We are apt to forget that there are actually times of life when too much youth is a handicap. Miss Rennsdale was beautiful; she danced like a première; she had every charm but age. On that account alone had she been allowed so much time to prepare to receive callers that it was only by the most manful efforts she could keep her lip from trembling.

A decorous maid conducted the long-belated applicant to her where she sat upon a sofa beside a nursery governess. The decorous maid announced him composedly as he made his entrance.

"Mr. Penrod Schofield!"

Miss Rennsdale suddenly burst into loud sobs.

"Oh!" she wailed. "I just knew it would be him!"

The decorous maid's composure vanished at once—likewise her decorum. She clapped her hand over her mouth and fled, uttering distinctly indecorous sounds. The governess, however, set herself to comfort her heartbroken charge, and presently succeeded in restoring Miss Rennsdale to a semblance of that poise with which a lady receives callers and accepts invitations to dance cotillons. However, she continued to sob at intervals.

Feeling himself at perhaps a disadvantage Penrod made offer of his hand for the morrow with a little embarrassment. Following the form prescribed by Professor Bartet he advanced several paces toward the stricken lady and bowed formally.

"I hope," he said by rote, "you're well, and your parents also in good health. May I have the pleasure of dancing the cotillon as your partner t'morrow afternoon?"

The wet eyes of Miss Rennsdale searched his countenance without pleasure and a shivering sob wrung her small shoulders; but the governess whispered to her instructively and she made a great effort.

"I thu-thank you fu-for your polite invu-invu-invutation; and I ac ——" Thus far she progressed when emotion overcame her again; she beat frantically upon the sofa with fists and heels. "Oh, I *did* want it to be Georgie Bassett!" she lamented tearfully.

"No, no, no!" said the governess, and whispered urgently, whereupon Miss Rennsdale was able to complete her acceptance.

"And I ac-accept wu-with pu-pleasure!" she moaned, and immediately, uttering a loud yell, flung herself face downward upon the sofa, clutching her governess convulsively.

Somewhat disconcerted, Penrod bowed again.

"I thank you for your polite acceptance," he murmured hurriedly; "and I trust—I trust —— I forget. Oh, yes—I trust we shall have a most enjoyable occasion. Please present my compliments to your parents; and I must now wish you a very good afternoon."

"This Afternoon Comes the Test of Manners-s"

Concluding these courtly demonstrations with another bow he withdrew in fair order, though thrown into partial confusion in the hall by a final wail from his crushed hostess:

"Why couldn't it be anybody but him!"

Next morning Penrod woke in profound depression of spirit, his Saturday ominous before him. He pictured Marjorie Jones and Maurice, graceful and light-hearted, flitting by him fairylike, loosing silvery laughter upon him as he engaged in the struggle to keep step with a partner about four years and two feet his junior. It was hard enough for Penrod to keep step with a girl of his size.

The foreboding vision remained with him, increasing in vividness, throughout the forenoon. Nevertheless he was able to take some interest in an amateur drug store in the storeroom of the empty stable, whither he bent his gloomy footsteps after breakfast. . . . It was the habit of Penrod's mother not to throw away anything whatsoever until years of storage conclusively proved there would never be a use for it; but a recent housecleaning had ejected upon the back porch a great quantity of bottles and other paraphernalia of medicine, left over from illnesses in the family during a period of several years. This débris Della, the cook, had collected in a large market basket, adding to it some bottles of flavoring extracts that had proved unpopular in the household; also, old catsup bottles; a jar or two of preserves gone bad; various rejected dental liquids—and other things. And she carried the basket out to the storeroom in the stable.

Penrod, communing silently with his wistful dog, Duke, in the storeroom, was at first unaware of what good fortune had come his way. Chin on palms, he sat upon the iron rim of a former aquarium and stared morbidly through the open door at the checkered departing back of Della. It was another who saw treasure in the basket she had left.

Mr. Samuel Williams, aged eleven, and congenial to Penrod in years, sex and disposition, appeared in the doorway, shaking into foam a black liquid within a pint bottle, stoppered by a thumb.

"Yay, Penrod!" the visitor gave greeting.

"Yay," said Penrod with slight enthusiasm. "What you got?"

"Lickrish water."

"Drinkin's!" demanded Penrod promptly. This is equivalent to the cry of "Biters" when an apple is shown, and establishes unquestionable title.

A Glittering Car Went Rapidly By, Disclosing a Genre Picture of Marjorie Jones in Pink

"Down to there!" stipulated Sam, removing his thumb to affix it firmly as a mark upon the side of the bottle—a check upon gormandizing that remained carefully in place while Penrod drank. This rite concluded, the visitor's eye fell upon the basket lately deposited by Della. He emitted tokens of pleasure.

"Looky! Looky! Looky there! That ain't any good pile o' stuff—oh, no!"

"What for?"

"Drug store!" shouted Sam. "We'll be partners ——"

"Or else," Penrod suggested, "I'll run the drug store and you be a customer ——"

"No! Partners!" insisted Sam with such conviction that his host yielded; and within ten minutes the drug store was doing a heavy business with imaginary patrons. Improvising counters with boards and boxes, and setting forth a very druggish-looking stock from the basket, each of the partners found occupation to his taste—Penrod as salesman and Sam as prescription clerk.

"Here you are, madam!" said Penrod briskly, offering a vial of Sam's mixing to an invisible matron. "This will cure your husband in a few minutes. Here's the camphor, mister. Call again! Fifty cents' worth of pills? Yes, madam. There you are! Hurry up with that dose for the nigger lady, Bill!"

"I'll tend to it soon's I get time, Jim," replied the prescription clerk. "I'm busy fixin' the smallpox medicine for the sick policeman downtown."

Penrod stopped sales to watch this operation. Sam had found an empty pint bottle and, with the pursed lips and measuring eye of a great chemist, was engaged in filling it from other bottles. First, he poured into it some of the sirup from the condemned preserves; next some extinct hair oil; next the remaining contents of a dozen small vials cryptically labeled with physicians' prescriptions; next some remnants of catsup and essence of beef; then what was left in several bottles of mouthwash; after that a quantity of rejected flavoring extract—topping off by shaking into the mouth of the bottle various powders from small pink papers, relics of Mr. Schofield's influenza of the preceding winter.

Sam examined the combination with concern, appearing unsatisfied. "We got to make that smallpox medicine good and strong!" he remarked; and, his artistic sense growing more powerful than his appetite, he poured about a quarter of the licorice water into the smallpox medicine.

"What you doin'?" protested Penrod. "What you want to waste that lickrish water for? We ought to keep it to drink when we're tired."

"I guess I've got a right to use my own lickrish water any way I want to," replied the prescription clerk. "I tell you, you can't get smallpox medicine too strong. Look at her now!" He held the bottle up admiringly. "She's as black as lickrish. I bet you she's strong all right!"

"I wonder how she tastes?" said Penrod thoughtfully.

"Don't smell so awful much!" observed Sam, sniffing the bottle—"a good deal though!"

"I wonder if it would make us sick to drink it?" said Penrod.

Sam looked at the bottle thoughtfully; then his eye wandered, fell upon Duke, placidly curled up near the door, and lighted with the advent of an idea new to him, but old, old in the world—older than Egypt!

"Let's give Duke some!" he cried.

That was the spark. They acted immediately; and a minute later Duke, released from custody with a competent potion of the smallpox medicine inside him, settled conclusively their doubts concerning its effect. The patient animal, accustomed to expect the worst at all times, walked out of the door, shaking his head with an air of considerable annoyance, and opening and closing his mouth with singular intensity—and so repeatedly that they began to count the number of times he did it. Sam thought it was sixty-nine times, but Penrod had counted seventy-one before other and more striking symptoms appeared.

All things come from Mother Earth and must return—Duke restored much at this time. Afterward he ate heartily of grass; and then, over his shoulder, he bent upon his master one inscrutable look and departed feebly to the front yard. Perhaps he felt he would stand a better chance for convalescence there.

The two boys had watched the process with warm interest.

"I told you she was strong!" said Mr. Williams proudly.

"Yes, sir—she is!" Penrod was generous enough to admit. "I expect she's strong enough ——" He paused in thought, and added: "We haven't got a horse any more."

"I bet you she'd fix him if you had!" said Sam. And it may be that this was no idle boast.

The pharmaceutical game was not resumed; the experiment upon Duke had made the drug store commonplace and stimulated the appetite for stronger meat. Lounging in the doorway, the near-vivisectionists sipped licorice water alternately and conversed.

"I bet some of our smallpox medicine would fix ole P'fessor Bartet all right!" quoth Penrod. "I wish he'd come along and ask us for some."

(Continued on Page 38)

The High Cost of Living Abroad

By HENRY BEACH NEEDHAM

LONDON, you know, really goes to bed. Unlike Berlin, which never sleeps, there comes a time o' night in the metropolis of the world when the streets are deserted save for the charmen who scrub down the pavements. London is then one interminable deserted village.

It was in this lapse into somnolence that a big man, whose distinguished face was in the shadow of his topper, sauntered along, a lone figure on an abandoned thoroughfare—so solitary, indeed, that he attracted the attention of a wideawake policeman.

"Man, why don't you go home?" inquired the bobby, who regarded the out-of-all-hours pedestrian uncertainly.

"I have no home," replied the midnight prowler.

"No home!" The bobby stared at the exceedingly well-dressed person, who was evidently a gentleman. "What are you meaning by that?"

"I have no home," repeated the other. "I am the American ambassador."

PHOTO. BY GEORGE GRANTHAM BAIN, NEW YORK CITY

Ambassador Leishman Acting as Escort to the Queen of Italy at Rome Exhibition

The Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary of the United States of America to the Court of St. James had no home! He was living in the residence donated by his alter ego, Joseph H. Choate; and Mr. Choate, who was not at all given to ostentatious display, was spending in the cause of American diplomacy sixty thousand dollars annually, of which amount the Government of the United States, often referred to at home as "the greatest country on earth," was contributing seventeen thousand five hundred dollars. Wherefore Mr. Choate was out of pocket forty-two thousand five hundred dollars every year he served his country abroad.

An envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary does not get off lightly either. General Noyes, who was Minister to France in the Hayes Administration, scattered a fortune of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars while he was in the diplomatic service to keep up his post. As a result his widow was forced to rely upon the scanty earnings of a truck garden, which she operated in the outskirts of Cincinnati, in order to support herself.

Even if an American citizen has the necessary means together with the freehandedness to represent his country abroad, there are embarrassments not pecuniary in their nature. The first undertaking confronting a newly made ambassador—or minister, for that matter—is the selection of an official residence. This involves a long search, for in most of the foreign capitals acceptable embassy or legation buildings or apartments are difficult to find; it also necessitates diplomatic negotiations with get-rich-quick landlords and grasping agents, who look upon every American envoy's rating as nothing less than a millionaire. What these piratical house venders think of American taste may be judged from a document transmitted to Congress.

Secretary John Hay at one time recommended that a certain piece of property be purchased as the official residence of the American minister at The Hague. The secretary's communication to Congress carried with it the Dutch real-estate agent's argument as to why the property should be acquired by the American Government. There were four talking-points: First, that in the house at one time or another dwelt a king, a prince, and a score of dukes. Second, that a near relative of the then owner was a granddaughter of John Jacob Astor I. Third, that the residence contained twenty-five rooms and was the only private building at The Hague equipped with a bath. Fourth, that the name of the fronting thoroughfare had been changed—it was no longer Stink Street, but Hartog Street—and that hartog was Dutch for duke.

Until a residence is found and made ready the ambassador or minister of the United States is forced to live in a hotel or in a furnished apartment. It was while searching for a house, and while still domiciled in an apartment, that one of our ambassadors abroad met with a very unpleasant experience. The first secretary of the American Embassy, who was credited with an accurate knowledge of the American colony, had secured as a temporary residence for the ambassador the furnished apartment of a celebrated painter, a Yankee by birth but an expatriate, whom we will call Jewett Morey.

The day the embassy of the United States was housed in the apartment the ambassadress, after a careful examination and scrutiny of closets and bureau drawers, asked her husband:

"Is that Mr. Morey married, or does his sister live with him? There are such pretty feminine things about."

The ambassador looked startled.

"Ahem! A woman's clothes, did you say, my dear?"

"Both outer and under," replied his wife; "and such lovely lace you never saw!"

"Of course I haven't—er—perhaps I'd better ask the secretary about Morey's family."

Just then a messenger brought a note addressed to the ambassador and signed: Helene Augarde.

"Who is she?" asked the ambassador.

"Hel-ene Au-garde—let me see!" speculated his wife. "Oh, yes; she's the brilliant pianist—an American woman too."

"She's apparently Morey's wife," said the ambassador cautiously, reading in parentheses—Mrs. Jewett Morey.

"That accounts for the exquisite lace!" said his wife.

"She's after it—her clothes and her music. Write her a note, my dear, and tell her to come and get them any time she feels like it—and stay to lunch."

After the note was written and dispatched the American ambassador bethought himself to read over the lease of the apartment, which he had signed hastily on the first secretary's recommendation. He found, written in by the lessor as an added condition, that no furniture, no books of any kind, no clothing or personal effects of any description, were to be removed from the apartment except on the written sanction of Jewett Morey. In order to comply strictly with the terms of the lease the ambassador sent word to the painter that Helene Augarde, representing herself as Mrs. Morey, was coming next day to take away her clothes and her music. Then there was trouble.

Jewett Morey, unmindful if not forgetful of the fact that America's diplomatic representative was involved in the mess, threatened to resort to the law and obtain the continental equivalent for an injunction restraining the ambassador from delivering to Mrs. Jewett Morey, otherwise Helene Augarde, so much as a satin slipper or a single sheet of music.

"But she's his lawful wife!" protested the American ambassador helplessly.

"In name only," explained the first secretary—"and really not in name! The Moreys have separated—an embarrassment of temperament—and there is some sort of row on between them as to a money settlement pending divorce."

He spoke lightly of the affair, as if it were on a par with a slight misunderstanding at an afternoon tea party; but the ambassador took an entirely different view of the complication.

"Doesn't it occur to you, young man, that the American ambassador is in a mighty unpleasant predicament? Suppose this pianist insists on getting her wardrobe and tools of trade—replevins them—and suppose the painter, her lawful husband, enjoins me from giving up anything! No matter what I do I shall be guilty of contempt of court! Pretty pickle for the ambassador of a World Power!"

The first secretary finally arranged a modus vivendi between Jewett and Helene—his first diplomatic triumph; but the American ambassador hastened the task of finding a suitable residence.

The discouragements confronting an American diplomat seeking a habitable residence that will not disgrace his country are vividly told by Andrew D. White, at one time ambassador to Germany. After a long search he found a large apartment near the center of Berlin, for which he signed a lease. He was then obliged, at his own expense, to put it in livable condition—introducing electric light, augmenting the heating apparatus, decorating and repapering the walls, refinishing the floors, and doing a large amount of work that in America would have been done by the proprietor himself.

How a Queen Tagged a Funeral

THE furnishing presented a peculiar difficulty. Berlin furnishers, he found, had only samples in stock, and a long time was required for completing sets. He had learned from previous experience that the Berlin furniture men could not be relied on to prepare the apartment in time for the ambassador's housewarming, the date of which had been fixed. Ambassador White was obliged, therefore, to make purchases in other cities, and the furniture bought in Paris had to be hurried to Berlin in specially wadded cars.

"It was a labor to which no representative of the United States or of any other Power ought to be subjected," said Ambassador White. "The vexations and difficulties seemed unending; but at last carpenters, paperhangers, electric-light men, furniture men, carpet layers, upholsterers, and the like, were driven from the house just five minutes before the Chancellor of the Empire arrived to open the first of the three official receptions."

Mr. White mentions quite incidentally that the work of repairing the apartment and the furnishing "represented an expenditure of more than the salary for the first year"—seventeen thousand five hundred dollars. He occupied his official residence for three years. Then it was bought from under his feet by one of the miniature governments of Europe—the Grand Duchy of Baden!

Double trouble was visited upon one of our ambassadors to a European power, who leased a palace much in need of repair and permitted a prince, last of his line and a bachelor, to retain his apartment on the first floor. Inasmuch as the titled landlord's ménage had a separate entrance and could be shut off from the rest of the palace, there seemed to the ambassador no serious objections to this arrangement. Without it, no palace!

One day a dispatch from the State Department announced the death of a former president of the United States. As a tribute to the departed executive the American ambassador was directed to fly the Stars and Stripes on the embassy flagstaff at half-mast for a period of thirty days. Accordingly the flag was half-masted.

Five days later came a protest from the prince. A flag at half-mast was a sign of death. It boded evil to the inmates of the palace, among whom was the royal landlord. Therefore the emblem of ill luck must be hauled down or the flag hoisted to the top of the staff—either one or the other—unless the American ambassador preferred to gather up his goods and chattels and move!

Precedents were consulted, the lease read and reread, and a special envoy in the person of the first secretary waited upon the prince, who was found to be in no mood for compromise. The sign of death must disappear or the ambassador seek another official residence was the ultimatum.

Happily that night a storm passed over the city. There was some wind—enough to demolish the flagstaff on the American Embassy! At least that was the news given out by the first secretary. There was delay in erecting a new flagstaff. When the work was completed the thirty days of official mourning had passed.

Now the ambassador and the ambassadress were much liked by a queen, who must here remain incognita. She was not of the ruling family, but of another country; and she was to stop in the capital after a sojourn at one of the nearby winter resorts. The queen sent word that she intended to come to the embassy and have an informal visit with her friends. She fixed the time at four o'clock in the afternoon of the following Thursday.

The royal warning came on Monday. The next day—Tuesday—the prince died! What was even more disconcerting, the relatives of the deceased landlord promptly ordered the funeral rites for three o'clock on Thursday.

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Ambassador and Mrs. Herrick

"But the queen is coming that afternoon!" protested the ambassadress to her husband. "Whatever shall we do?"

The ambassador did not know; neither did the first secretary, who was schooled in the niceties of court usage. He insisted that the visit of the queen must under no consideration be postponed. With equal insistence he declared that Her Majesty must not come to the door of the embassy and find it blocked by a funeral procession.

"Think what the funeral cortège of a prince involves!" he warned. "There are relatives, retainers from the family estates, servants, and more monks than you can count."

The trying situation was met in this way: The ambassadress called for the queen and took her for a drive, planning to arrive at the embassy as late in the afternoon as possible. Meantime the ambassador and the first secretary pleaded, urged, bribed those in authority to give the order for the procession to move. Anything to get rid of the monks!

It was really the quick wit of the ambassadress that saved the day. As the victoria neared the embassy, looking ahead and seeing a crowd in front of the palace, she told the driver to go round and stop at the little gate in the side street. Then she explained to the queen:

"Your Majesty will pardon me if I take you in through the side door. There is a crowd in the street that on your account I would avoid."

Thus it happened that as Her Majesty entered by the little gate the very last mourner departed from the abode of the dead prince; and the funeral cortège, with its many, many monks, moved away from the immediate vicinity of the palace, which was officially the American Embassy.

"Too close for comfort!" whispered the ambassador to the first secretary. "I have reached the conclusion that there should be in each of the great capitals of the world in which we have a representative a suitable embassy or legation building, owned or leased for a term of years by the American Government."

"Every other Great Power has provided such quarters for its representatives," said the first secretary, "and many of the smaller nations as well."

Great Britain owns embassy buildings at Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Rome and Washington. In St. Petersburg the official domicile of the British ambassador is held under a long lease.

Germany has her own official residences at London, Paris, St. Petersburg, Vienna and Rome. The German government is about to erect an embassy building in Washington at a cost of half a million dollars.

France owns embassy buildings at Berlin and St. Petersburg, and has long leases on desirable properties in London and Vienna. The French Republic is preparing to build a suitable residence in Washington, to cost approximately five hundred thousand dollars.

Austria-Hungary owns residences at Paris, Berlin and St. Petersburg. The embassy building in London is held under a long lease.

The United States owns "embassy premises" in Constantinople and Tokyo, and "legation premises" in Bangkok, Peking and Tangier. Twenty years ago President Cleveland recommended that Congress provide permanent residences for American diplomatic representatives abroad. After two decades we have inferior buildings at the posts named. At this rate of progress when will come the turn of the American ambassador to Great Britain?

Ambassadors Hedged by Ceremony

AN UNOFFICIAL American can live more economically abroad than at home—that is a fact. Food is cheaper; servants work for less money. This being so, why is it not possible for an unpretentious Yankee diplomat to live in Europe for the same money as in America? I put the question to a former ambassador, who has lived in London, Paris and Rome.

"They tell me one can go to market and buy part of a chicken—a wing or a drumstick. Think of it! Food must be cheap there."

"But the ambassador cannot sally forth with a market-basket on his arm," said the retired diplomat.

That sums up the difficulty. An ambassador cannot do anything for himself; so he is a shining mark for everybody. There is nobody so helpless in America, except the poor taxpayer. Let us look into it.

International law, which is as full of finespun distinctions as common or domestic law, regards an ambassador as the direct personal representative of the ruler of his country, and ordains that he be treated in a manner befitting such a very important person. This accounts for the ceremony attending the ambassador's presentation of the president's letter of credence to the sovereign. In detail the function varies in different countries, but the continental custom is in general as follows:

At the day and hour fixed by the king, emperor or president, a court functionary of high degree in gorgeous uniform appears at the abode of the new American ambassador. He is accompanied by numerous other personages, somewhat lower in rank, but uniformed in equally bright colors. He is provided with three court carriages, together with attendants and outriders. He is in command of a mounted escort and, last but not least, of a white-plumed band, accoutered with instruments of glittering brass.

The American ambassador, probably flustered by the ceremony, is conducted to the first of the carriages, which is drawn by eight horses. He is politely waved to the back seat, while his personal escort, instead of sitting by his side, takes the seat facing him. The Yankee diplomat wears a frock coat—Prince Albert, he calls it—and silk hat; and his gloves, dictated by his wife, are of gray suède.

Across from him sits the chief functionary, attired with a brilliance seldom seen outside of comic opera.

In solemn stately procession the carriages and outriders, preceded by the mounted troop, with the resonant band in the van, take up the march to the palace. On both sides of the thoroughfare is a curious, gaping crowd; at the many *corps de garde* soldiers come out and present arms; and when the American ambassador, a plain man, perhaps, arrives at the palace there is an elaborate presentation of arms and a beating of drums that completely take the gimp out of him.

Unexpectedly simple is the sovereign's reception of the new diplomat; but after it is over the American must again endure the ceremonious processional back to his domicile. Then comes the shock.

The first secretary explains that the sun must not set before the *pourboire* is distributed. This, the ambassador learns, is French for tip. He also learns that the transportation to and from the palace has a purse-string to it. The keeper of the royal stables must be tipped.

"It is an inviolable custom," insists the first secretary.

"How much?" asks the fledgling diplomat.

"For an ambassador," says the first secretary, "the rule is two hundred dollars."

There is probably an explosion—but in the end the ambassador pays.

A London editor, who was born in America and received his newspaper training on this side of the water, once said to me:

"You can safely give a present, if not a gratuity, to any official below the sovereign on the Continent."

"How about England?" I asked.

"The present should be more expensive—the gratuity larger."

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Ambassador and Mrs. Curtis Guild

This will serve as an introduction to a brief discussion of what may be termed the small graft inherent in the diplomatic game. It is impossible, for lack of space, to offer any commensurate list. Two items alone will give some idea of the extras with which an American ambassador is burdened and for which the Government of the United States makes no allowance.

First, there are the funeral wreaths. Doubtless an American citizen never fully realizes, until he becomes an ambassador or minister, the significance of the truism: "In the midst of life we are in death." Seldom a week goes by when some one in authority does not pass away, and invariably a floral tribute must be sent. It cannot be a dinky wreath, either, but a floral offering worthy of the representative of a World Power. Flowers for the departed will cost an ambassador fully a thousand dollars a year.

This form of tribute, however, is small compared with the appropriation the American ambassador has to make from his own pocket for wedding presents. It is appalling, and caused one American diplomat to exclaim:

"I don't see how so many are left to marry when they seem to die off so fast!"

The Cost of the Cheese-Paring Policy

THE first secretary had just reminded him that the daughter of a petty official of the Foreign Office was to be married, and that a wedding present ought to be sent to the young lady in order to please her father, who might at some time prove a valuable friend to the American Embassy.

"Some ambassador may send a more expensive present," complained the American diplomat; "so what shall I gain?"

"You may gain nothing," agreed the first secretary, "but you are sure to lose if you give no present."

The ambassador gave—"gave up!" he expressed it.

After visiting the sovereign; after paying his respects to the princes of the royal family, to the imperial chancellor or the premier, and to the minister of foreign affairs, the new American ambassador is ready to receive—for all others in authority are commanded by the crown to visit him. When the ambassador has made his official home ready the proper authorities notify all the persons on the crown's list, giving the day and hour of the ambassador's receptions. Not only does the sovereign command the guests to be present, but through high court officials the guests are presented to the ambassador and the ambassadress. All that the American diplomat has to do is to finance three large and expensive receptions. And the appropriation for these necessary entertainments is not underwritten by the Government of the United States. America's official hospitality comes out of the pocket of its underpaid diplomatic representative.

Is all this dining and wining and gladhanding simply the fuss and feathers of diplomacy? Is it merely a question of wounding some thin-skinned American's finer sensibilities when he lacks the means to keep his end up? Is it, in other words, entirely related to the American diplomat's personal humiliation, or does it involve bringing a certain amount of disrespect on the United States?

It is both—humiliation to our ambassadors and ministers, and injury to the standing of the United States abroad. Further—and most important—it may mean defeat instead of victory in the game of diplomacy. For this we have the word of Andrew D. White, who was Minister to Germany, Minister to Russia, and finally Ambassador to Germany.

Mr. White was stationed at St. Petersburg at the time of the sitting of the fur-seal arbitration tribunal at Paris. The vital question in that controversy was as to how extensive the closed zone for the seals about the Pribyloff Islands should be. England, backing up the Canadian fishermen, was contending for a zone of only ten miles' radius, while the United States was insisting upon a zone of from one hundred to two hundred miles from the islands. In this demand America supposedly had the support of Russia, for the interests of the two countries were naturally identical.

The Emperor Alexander III was dying at Livadia, in the Crimea, at the time; M. de Giers, the minister of foreign affairs, a man of high character, was on his deathbed at Tsarskoë Selo; and in charge of the Foreign Office was an under secretary. It became clear to Minister White that Sir Robert Morier, the British ambassador, had enormous influence with the under secretary. This was demonstrated when Morier secured from the underling in temporary charge of the Russian Foreign Office an agreement with Great Britain which, in effect, recognized a closed zone of but thirty miles' radius about the Russian islands. The diplomatic victory was made known by telegraph to the British representatives at Paris; and, as one of the judges afterward told Mr. White, "it came into the case like a bomb." The tribunal naturally felt that in granting the United States a sixty-mile radius—double that which Russia asked of Great Britain for a similar purpose—it was doing all that could be expected of unbiased judges. The decision was a victory for Great Britain; furthermore, the United States was mulcted to the amount of several hundred thousand dollars in addition to the very heavy arbitration costs.

How did Great Britain win in this game of diplomacy played at St. Petersburg between the British ambassador and the American minister?

"The whole matter," declared Mr. White, "was decided not by argument but by influence. Sir Robert Morier had what in Tammany vernacular is called a 'pull.' His government had given him, as its representative, all the means necessary to have his way in this and all other questions like it; whereas the American Government has never given its representatives any such means. The British representative had a spacious, suitable and well-furnished house in which he could entertain fitly and largely and to which the highest Russian officials thought it an honor to be invited. The American representatives from time immemorial had lacked such a house; had generally no adequate place for entertaining; had to live in apartments such as they might happen to find vacant in various parts of the city—sometimes in very poor quarters, sometimes in better; were obliged to furnish them at their own expense; and had therefore never been able to obtain a tithe of that social influence, so powerful in Russia, which was exercised by the British Embassy."

The Handicaps of a Shabby System

"MORE than this," continued Mr. White, "the British ambassador had adequate means furnished him for exercising political influence. The American representatives had not; they had been stinted in every way. I had, indeed, secured a handsome and comfortable apartment, and entertained at dinner, and otherwise, the leading members of the Russian Ministry and of the diplomatic corps at a cost of more than double my salary; but the influence thus exercised was, of course, as nothing compared to that exercised by a diplomat like Sir Robert Morier, who had every sort of resource at his command, who had been for perhaps forty years steadily in the service of his country, and who had learned by long experience to know the men with whom he had to deal and the ways of getting at them. He was a power. The United States has not the least chance of success and, under her present shabby system, never will have in closely contested cases with any of the great Powers of the earth."

The illustration thus given, pertaining to sealskin coats in far-off Alaska, may seem relatively unimportant to the

(Continued on Page 52)

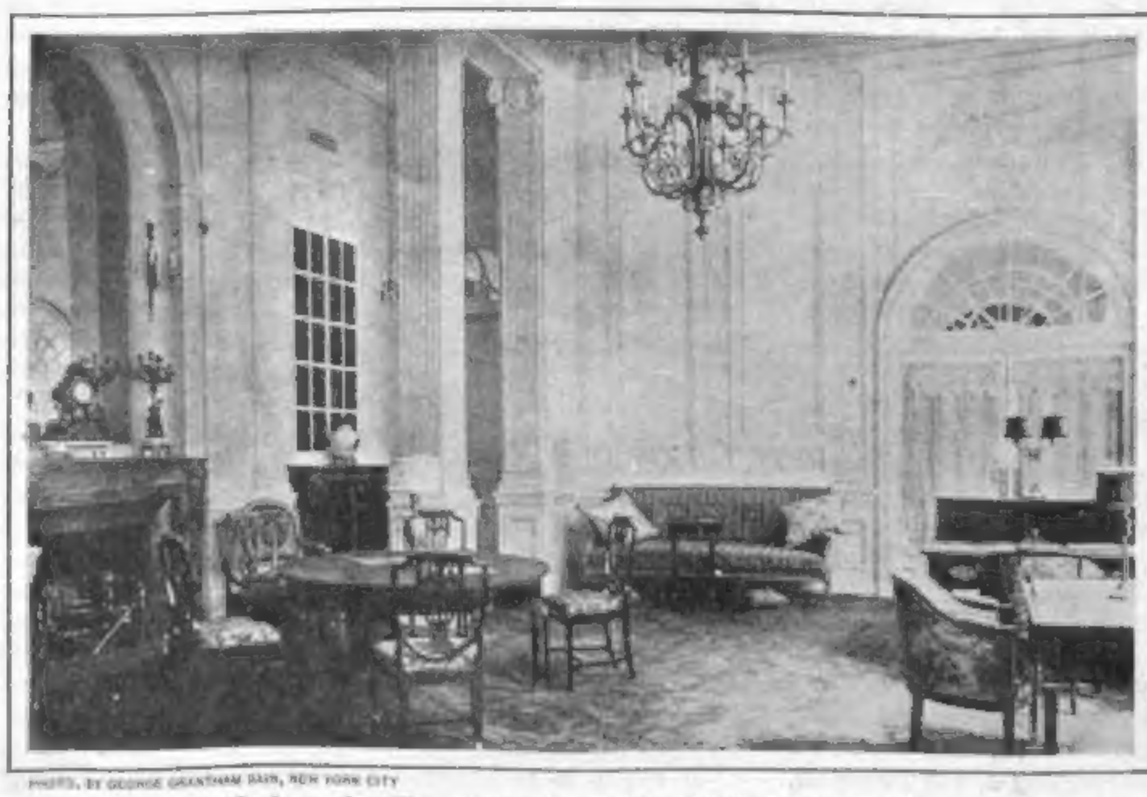

PHOTO. BY GEORGE GRANTHAM BAIN, NEW YORK CITY

Ambassador Hill's Reception Room, Hotel Adlon, Berlin

PHOTO. BY GEORGE GRANTHAM BAIN, NEW YORK CITY

The American Embassy, Hotel Adlon, Berlin

GENTLEMEN FARMERS

By CALVIN JOHNSTON

ILLUSTRATED BY CHASE EMERSON

TWENTY years after the Civil War had been declared ended officially the factions in Barlow, Missouri, were still bickering over terms of peace, and citizens of all persuasions had ceased to hope that they could ever reunite under one flag—until the advent of Mr. Eustace Paget, Gentleman Farmer. Some long-tongued fellow affirmed that his mail came addressed Right Honorable Eustace Paget, which all the town honorables who were not "right" naturally resented. Amid the general run of citizens, however, this accusation was considered superfluous. He had certainly let it be known that he was a gentleman farmer; and this intimation that all farmers are not gentlemen united the factions—even to the detested copperheads—in his condemnation.

Through an agent in the East he had purchased a rich farm in one of the valleys some ten miles from town, and here lived one year with an exclusiveness highly creditable to his pretensions. A nod sufficed for greeting between himself and his neighbors, and the fact that some gentleman more obscure than himself had burned his barn in a heat of democratic resentment did not tempt him to more intimate acquaintanceship.

Thus it happened that when Mr. Paget entered Mr. Blivens' grocery store one rainy afternoon the representatives of ancient factions, grouped about the stove, drew closely together; after all, the old war was over and it behooved them to stand shoulder to shoulder against this aristocratic menace to the commonwealth. Eustace wore puttees, an English riding cap and khaki breeches. Those puttees had been most bitterly condemned as detractors of the highly esteemed rawhide boot of the common people, and little old General Wampum, retired, of the Confederate Army, now sneered at them openly to his friend Major Brownlow Clay.

Eustace, a stockily built middle-aged man, with steady blue eyes and a sunburned face, the distinguishing feature of which was the taut, cordlike muscle of the jaw, studied them intently for a moment. Then raising his whip in half salute he turned to give an order for supplies to Blivens. During a full minute indignation choked the utterance of General Wampum; this autocrat had raised the whip over them and he rose slowly and rheumatically to demand satisfaction—but meantime Eustace had walked out.

Wampum was being calmed with some difficulty by his two friends when a little girl, hooded and cloaked from head to heels by a faded, rain-dampened shawl, entered the store. Though lingering shyly near the door, she looked at Blivens with such bright brown eyes that he instantly held out his hand in welcome.

"Come in, Sally Morrow; I know you in spite of that new shawl," he said. And Sally, with a joyous little laugh, went up to shake his hand and bow politely before climbing up on the high stool he set out for her. Next she briskly shook out the shawl, which was hung by the stove to dry, and her glistening hair began to crispen about her forehead.

"She is a gossip, and will tell all that has happened along the Old Wilderness Road, where she lives," Blivens informed the others.

Sally, locking her heels in a high rung of the chair, regarded them shrewdly, chin in hand. "My father is now a gentleman farmer," she said. General Wampum started violently, but Clay raised his finger; and the gossip, encouraged by such manifestations of interest, began at once. This is the news of the Wilderness Road as they remembered it afterward:

Last June, on the very day I was ten years old, I sat on the stone wall by the high road wearin' a mornin'-glory on my chest; the stem was stuck inside my dress, where there was a hole tore. Pretty soon Deacon Josephus Binney drove by in his cart, carrying vegytubles to market.

"How be ye, Sally?" he asked, and was interested in the mornin'-glory. When I told him it meant my birthday he thought a minute and gave me a cherry out of a box. Then he asked if I didn't want a ride down the hill, which is so very steep and rocky that it sometimes shook off his vegytubles. I wanted the ride, and held things on the wagon to the foot of the hill, where he told me to run back.

But there wasn't any runnin' back up that hill for me. Deacon Josephus' horse, havin' iron shoes, couldn't re'lize what those sharp flints meant barefoot. I stood thinkin' it over when Eustace Paget, the Gentleman Farmer, came gallopin' from the other direction and Josephus pulled up. I was surprised by this, because nobody would speak to a man who was so proud and hateful—and bein' behind the cart Josephus couldn't see me.

"Ain't you about ready to sell me that farm?" he asked Mr. Paget. "Maybe it will be savin' yourself money to let it go cheap, with people tryin' to burn you out."

"Not for sale!" answered Paget, and Josephus raised his hand in warnin'.

When I Told Him it Meant My Birthday He Thought a Minute and Gave Me a Cherry Out of a Box

"Better take an old-timer's advice," he said; "neighbor to neighbor, with none listenin', I tell ye there's a lot o' bad men in this township."

Paget shook his bridle and the two parted company without another word.

I was just tryin' to step between the sharp flints up the hill when the horse shied round me, with Paget frownin' down so scornful on my dusty legs and torn dress that I felt a blush all over, and stepped square on a flint sharp as a razor.

Of course I stood on one foot and drew the other up under my dress, not wishin' an enemy to know I'd been hurt; but Paget now held his horse perfectly still beside me.

I was afraid Josephus had spoiled him so he would expect to talk to everybody; but instead of speakin' he raised his whip and pointed to the ground. There in the dust under my dress was a spot of red, and as I looked another drop spattered down.

"Now I suppose you're hurt and will have to go to the hospital," he said. I answered that my grandpa had once bled to death on a battlefield without bothering; but he said he guessed that was because his enemies didn't find him wounded on the ground.

Before I understood what he was about he leaned down and lifted me to the saddle before him. Then that big bay tore up the hill and, takin' a wall, crossed a field to the Gentleman Farmer's big house, where an old darky woman washed my foot and Paget bandaged it after puttin' on some medicine.

We didn't say anything, not carin' for each other; and when he led the way to a big, dusky room and told me to wait till he found time to take me home I made up my mind to show that I wasn't to be kept prisoner for a minute.

I overheard the old darky woman say, on the veranda: "Fo' goodness, what a spiteful chile!"

"A woodcat, aunty!" answered Paget, and went on to the big new barn near by.

Bein' left alone in so big a room naturally took my breath; and everything was that rich and beautiful that I was afraid to move soft as a house kitten, let alone like a woodcat. On one wall hung the painting of a brown-eyed, dark-haired woman, and I stood lookin' for a long time, with the strangest feelin' that we knew each other, though it was doubtful whether we were friends. It was almost impossible to escape with her there; and then I noticed that the corner of the room was filled with books. We had five and one-half books at our house, but these were hundreds, with bindings on; and I stopped a minute to read out loud to the lady in the picture. Still I couldn't tell whether we were friends or not; so I went after a big old one almost out of sight under the shelves, thinkin' this would interest us both.

Some loose leaves of writin' fluttered out; and seein' they were numbered I put 'em in order, for the title printed in red ink was: Lady Elsie; Her Life and Confessions and Regrets—and it told of secrets. "I am ten years old, with gipsy hair and brown eyes," it began. "Here I leave my life to whoever finds it; but this person must guard my secrets well. Because the confessions would get me into boiling water and nobody at home would believe the regrets."

I crossed my heart never to tell and wouldn't at this minute if it hadn't all come out anyhow. Some of the leaves had dreadful, cross-eyed pictures of school-teachers drawn on 'em, and some were stained with yellow tears. I read the end first of all to see how the tears come out; but the last chapter was:

"This is all the regrets I have now, till I come back from seashore vacation. Goodby, dear life, for the summer; and if anybody finds you he or she must seal their lips or I will die a outcast."

Maybe she had died a outcast, anyhow, I thought, and trembled all over as though walkin' among churchyard stones, with epitaphs.

Oh, but the Life was as dreary as a fairy tale, with drawin' rooms and pianos, and theaters and school—but no Elsie. There were terrible chapters of accidents too. Lace dresses tore and ink spilled of their own accord, and teacups turned over on people. All these chapters winded up in a dark, haunted room, where only bread and water was served by the butler. This was the Dungeon of Regret.

It was a shame that anybody so patient and ladylike to her family should die a outcast—but she must have done so or there would have been more regrets; and I suspected Eustace Paget of havin' been scornful toward her, though he wasn't mentioned outright.

Now in plain view under the lady's picture was a little trunk, and knowin' it must be Elsie's I raised the lid and was peepin' in—when I heard Paget coming. I rose and bowed as Elsie would have done—one time in the Regrets she'd been spanked for not doin' it—for it seemed natural to be polite and graceful in so lovely a place.

I'd forgotten to escape, but was patient about it and didn't answer his scornful look with a word as we rode home. And in our own yard I took off the bandage and handed it back in a ladylike way, sayin' that I would have a regret for wearin' it. He only gave me a look and rode off again; and then with another rag I tied my foot up just as he had done.

Oh, dear—I wished I'd never seen that Gentleman Farmer and grown so worried on my birthday! I told our cat about it, but that cat never did care about anything 'cept being let alone; and when he listened with scorn in one yellow eye I dropped him into some briers and went to sit under our apple tree. We have one in the yard; it is very mossy and old, and we never can tell whether it is a Northern Spy or a crabapple. Some years it has one big apple and one little apple, but generally two little ones. It did this year; and knockin' one down I ate it and took the core out to the pig, who was polite and answered "Oigh-oigh!" to everything. Toby was thin, but very tall and headstrong, and his sty had to be built much stronger than our house, which he would have bursted open.

"It's a pity his sty has to be so soiled!" I thought, and hurried back to the house, where I'd put off the sweepin' that mornin' to have a birthday. It was almost like sweepin' to music in there, 'cause our house creaked and chirped everywhere you moved in all five rooms; and when a wind blew the shingles fluttered like a flock o' wild geese goin' over. There was always this kind o' company to listen to at home, and it could never be a bit lonesome like the Gentleman Farmer's big house.

So I kept busy till time to get supper for pa, comin' in from cuttin' clover. He don't have a wife to tend him; so I take care o' him. He came in at sundown, so tired-lookin' that I gave him a cup o' tea on the doorstep.

"Sally," he said, lookin' far away, "if my grandfather traded a string o' good glass beads for this farm those Injuns swindled him. I can't get over the old man being cheated so!"

I asked how many clovers he'd cut that day, and he looked at me in his sad, kind way and answered that I had the right idea o' his crop.

"It ought to be counted out by the dozen instead o' being sold by the ton," said pa.

Just then old Josephus came by from town and stopped in to help us dine. When pa came in the kitchen he noticed how pale the windowpane was washed, and that the floor was scrubbed till the splinters all stood up straight.

"This is just like a king's dinin' room, I'll bet you!" he said. "Why, you couldn't tell the tin pans from silver; and the pone is brown."

"Hain't ye got any chicken and biscuit?" asked Josephus. "If you had a piece of rich valley land like the Gentleman Farmer you could afford some real vittles."

"I ain't talkin' about the land," answered pa. "I guess I'd better pay what I owe you before I can think of buyin' more. Anyway, when I step inside this house I don't care whether I harvest nothin' but rocks."

Understandin' we didn't have chicken and biscuit, Josephus was already into the bacon and corn pone; and when it was all gone he said:

"Now the real reason I dropped in a minute was because I brought Sally a birthday present."

Well, sir, the present was a whole sermon which he'd made up just for me, and I was so glad he'd remembered my birthday that I hurried to put on my red ribbon, and then sat with pa on the doorsill while the deacon sat in the cushion chair out on the grass and preached.

The text was Fire and Sword. As he went on he grew more and more excited, springin' up to fling out his arms and trample the grass underfoot. He is terribly big and strong anyway, and now looked like a giant, with eyes red as coals. It was very interestin' and made me think of my sins. He preached about our havin' no chicken, and said that when rich Philistines took up all the valley land they ought to feel a smite; and if the Lord didn't send a sword to do it with He still had the fire left.

All at once he stopped, and then, shakin' his finger at pa said in a low voice:

"Look at her, brother; look at Sally! What a pore, shabby, ignorant little hussy she is, with one miserable red ribbon to her name! You're a sick man now. What'll become o' her when you die next year—in 1889?"

Pa was pale as a ghost and I felt terrible to be so low down.

"But if you owned that fat field down yonder, for instance ——" said Josephus with a gaspin' laugh—he leaned over and whispered into pa's ear. Then steppin' back, he looked at us both, shakin' his head: "'Tain't every day pore folks find such a text to guide 'em!" he said, and drove away. We went inside without sayin' anything; then pa noticed the bandage on my foot, and I told about the Gentleman Farmer tyin' it up in the first place.

Pretty soon I found him lookin' at me with a hard face.

"Sally," he said, "that man has tried to put shame on all of us because we're pore folks; after his horse had driven you on to that sharp rock he had to tie up your wound—or hear from me. Now if you ever go near to him or speak to him again you're no child o' mine."

He never had spoken this way before and I felt faint-hearted, but said I would remember.

After a time I went to bed, leavin' him sittin' there lookin' at the wall and thinkin' in a way that I didn't dare interrupt. But I was half-wakened when the night was dead—no bird or cricket chirped, for sleep was in the trees and grass; even the shingles were still.

My father stood near the door with a candle in his hand; his eyes were deep and dull, and the light scorched black hollows in his cheeks. He looked at my clo'es hung on a chair, and for a minute held the red ribbon in his hand.

"Fire and sword!" he mumbled and then, seein' that I was awake, said:

"You are pore and shabby, child. Go to sleep and forget it."

Next morning pa and I treated each other as always; but I felt as if we had both passed out of sunshine and gone to live under a dim, cold shadow. There was somethin' a little strange in him, and it seemed as though he didn't know much about me any more. And when Josephus passed I could not speak to him at all, though he had preached my birthday present.

I was miserable to feel everything changin' so, yet I helped the changes myself by rakin' the yard till it was smooth as velvet. Then I scrubbed Toby, who turned out to be pink, though I had always thought him a dark pig. I scrubbed the cat, too, but he was more scornful than ever after he got dry; then I caught the cow in the pasture and curried her threadbare; but she never could look sleek as Gentleman Farmer's cattle. By the mornin' the paths were swept and the apple tree whitewashed I was ten years and one week old, and sat down to take it all in. But I was like a stranger and wanted to cry—everything was bright and sweet but one, and that was me! Well, the menfolks had said that I was a shabby, ignorant little thing. While I sat thinkin' of this somethin' came into my heart; I felt it rise higher and higher and, though hurtin' dreadfully, I didn't mind.

The Gentleman Farmer galloped by to town, passin' me over with a glance; and then the fiercest wish I ever had began drivin' me across the fields. I went straight to the Gentleman Farmer's house and walked inside without lookin' at the old darky, who said: "Fo' goodness, what a spiteful chile!" But, whether she supposed her master had sent me or not, the woman didn't bother me.

In the big room, with the Confessions in hand, I practiced sittin' down in the chairs, and said Howdy-do? to visitors who made believe to ride up in carridges. I wished that the lady in the picture was there to interduce me as Elsie had been interduced. All at once I opened the trunk.

On top was a dress, soft and shiny gray as a spider's web in the mornin' sun. I held it close to my body and listened. Next I took two gray slippers out of a corner of the tray, and a bright blue ribbon. Then, with 'em all under my arm, I walked out the front of the house and on to the brook, till I came to a shadowy pool among the haw trees and wild rosevines.

Somehow I seemed to be in a rich little room of my very own, with green curtains and a ceilin' of blue and gold, though birds were singin' and perfume comin' out of the ground.

Rememberin' how fresh and dainty was the lady-gown, I left my own clo'es on the bank and splashed in the sandy pool. It waved in great white flashes to the very rim, with me drippin' in the midst of 'em. Then, brushin' myself dry with white clover, I dressed again—only this time I put on the gray gown 'stead of the patched brown gingham. And my hair I piled high and thick on my head—two slivers of willow held it there—and over the pool as a lookin'-glass I bound the ribbon round and round.

I hoped I looked like Elsie at a party, for our eyes and hair were the same; and, though my legs were bare, they seemed like brown stockin's, to match my complexion.

I never had walked so light before, seemin' to drift like dandelion-down on the wind as I went home carryin' the slippers under my arm and leavin' the gingham on a bush. Then, in the yard, I made the rest of my toilette by wipin' my feet with grass and puttin' on the slippers.

Now I didn't feel any outcast! Goodness, I was happy to sit among clean bright things, as though I had invited 'em all to a party, and just smile round! Toby was tied to the apple tree, where there was no mire to soil his feet, and he squealed in the sweetest way. The cat, comin' on me of a sudden, put his back high in the air and spit—but I was ladylike with him; and after studyin' the gown a long time he washed his face clean and then sat as close as he could get, as though he was the cause of me bein' clean too.

Now it was time to hurry back with the costume and put on my old gingham before the Gentleman Farmer could get back from town. It came hard to be an outcast again and I was tempted to keep the costume, thinkin' Mr. Paget wouldn't ever miss it. But I couldn't yield, though I tried my best; and I was startin' back very sad, when far down the road sounded the gallopin' of a horse and Mr. Paget swept by in a cloud of dust. He'd come back hours earlier than usual, and now I couldn't take the things back that day; but this didn't worry me any. He wouldn't miss 'em and I could take 'em back tomorrow.

So I sat there in fine feathers till I noticed that my heart was sinkin' lower and lower in my chest; and at last I got up to dance a little—but there wasn't any joy come of it. It was mean of my heart, after beatin' so high with hope of nice clo'es, to behave like a sneak as soon as I had 'em on. But so it was; and the finer my feathers shone the shabbier I felt in my body—till at last, afraid the cat would notice it, I crept into the house. There I put on my other dress, which was very ragged, and sat a outcast from all the clean pretty things outdoors.

At evening Josephus and pa, comin' from opposite directions, met in the road near the house, and I went out too.

"I'm sorry that I have acted proud and cross since my birthday," I told 'em. "You said I was a pore, shabby thing and I didn't believe it. But now I know it's true."

My father looked at me, and then down into the ground without answerin'; but Josephus grinned.

"If I owned that valley farm over yonder," he said, "I'd give your pa one of the richest fields; and then you could dress up like a lady—with chicken and biscuit for dinner."

Pa said quietly: "Go back to the house, Sally!"—and I left 'em talkin' for quite a while.

That evenin' pa said nothin'—just sat with his head down and thinkin' till long after supper. Then he looked up quickly with a laugh.

"What's become of the red ribbon?" he asked. "You don't look pore and shabby in that."

But I answered that I didn't care to wear it any more.

"Why, I thought it looked stylish!" he said. "And it sure did fit right in with all these fine improvements you've made."

He seemed anxious to have me put it on; but I'd tried all that sort of thing and told him: "I'd be just as shabby as ever!" The laugh left him as quickly as it had come, and he looked perfectly desperate and forlorn.

In bed that night I lay listenin' to the wind in the shingles; and thinkin' of the satin frock hung in the closet. I thought perhaps I could wear it in the dark and make believe I was Lady Elsie in a theater—the house was creakin' so of its own accord that pa couldn't hear me movin'.

A big, bright star shone through the dormer window; and dressin', even to the slippers, I sat doin' up my hair and watchin' it. The starlight seemed to be growin' brighter and brighter, till all the room was rosy and I could see myself in the mirror like a fairy girl. Then I pulled myself up to the windowsill, wishin' to run out and play in the land lit by such a magic star. Across the fields I saw a great flame burstin' up, with sparks rainin' down the wind. The Gentleman Farmer's place was burnin'!

I was excited and ran into father's room to tell him. He didn't answer and there was no head on the pillow. I knew he had seen the fire and gone outdoors; so I ran callin' round the house. But there was still no

The Sunset Lighted the Room, and His Eyes, Openin' Slowly, Seemed to Smile at Me

answer, and everything looked so deathly in that shaking light that I went back into his room and lit the lamp. Then I understood how he had gotten out so quickly, for the bed hadn't been slept on—and he must have been sitting as I had left him in the kitchen.

Even the tickin' clock was company; and I huddled down on the center of pa's bed, watching every corner and wondering at the creaking noises.

Then the door of the kitchen slammed shut. "That's only the wind!" I said—and a heavy, dragging sound on the stairs I knew to be the old house laughin' to itself as usual. The loose board at the head of the stairs chirped and something scuffled along the wall. I screamed as a hand, and then another, was pushed along the floor at the doorway, and a head of black, matted hair wagged to and fro between 'em.

My father, with a corpse's face, rose to his knees, then his feet, and with one great stagger fell across the bed! There he lay still, while I shook and called to him.

"Papa—Ben Morrow!" I called; but he didn't move.

My hands felt slippery and I held 'em to the light—they were wet and red! For just a minute I sank across him and then came to. My father's clo'es were torn and the blood soaked through his shirt on the side and shoulder. I'd seen men hurt in the harvest field and knew he must have a doctor; but it was miles to town and there was only one neighbor who could bandage a wound so it would get well at once—as my foot had done. Another minute and I was racin' across the fields in that dyin' light for the Gentleman Farmer's.

The fire was now round and red as the settin' sun, but bright enough for me to see the house as I went close, and I knew that only the barn had burned. I must have fallen lots of times, and my feet were very heavy as I came into the ring of light. No one was there, and the house was dark and still as though deserted.

Then a low, haunted voice said:

"Elsie!" And Mr. Paget, steppin' from the shadow of a tree, stood a moment perfectly still. Then he came forward slowly, without speakin', and peered into my face; he seemed terribly puzzled and worried. "What are you doing here like this?" he asked after a moment, and laid his hand on my shoulder. "You startled me!"

"My father is hurt and bleeding—will you bandage his wound? You did mine. He is your enemy and you can't leave him dyin'," I said, and dragged at his hand with both my own.

It seemed a long time before he answered:

"Yes, yes; I am going."

He went into the house and, dark as it was, came out with his bandages and medicine in a moment.

"You go and I'll follow up," I told him, and he started; but after a step he turned and takin' me into his arms began to run. And I was so done for that I lay limp and don't know how we got to the house.

I remember him workin' over pa while I lay on a kind of pallet in the corner as he had told me; but it was mornin' before all that had happened came to me. Mr. Paget sat by the bed, where my father lay swathed and sheeted, his face as white as stone.

Paget, who had been noddin', with the cold ashes spillin' from his pipe, braced up as I rose; and that same puzzled look came into his sleepy eyes as when he had called me Elsie. The gray frock hung about my body, wrinkled and stained with dew from my falls in the field; the slippers lay beside the pallet and the blue ribbon was tangled in my hair. So I was caught in the things stolen from his house, and I knew he would shame me as a thief.. Worst of all would be the disgrace of tryin' to be a lady!

There was no use explainin' that I had meant to take the things back, and all I could do was to look him straight in the face, like the pore ornery thing I'd always been. I couldn't even be ladylike and regretful like Elsie. He didn't frown, but spoke to me in the stern, quiet voice he'd always used, sayin' that my father would get well.

"I will be his doctor," said Mr. Paget; "if any one asks for your father say he is down with fever, though perhaps he was hurt by falling over barbed wire in the dark. Now take this note to my man at the farm, and tell the darky woman to come here at once and get our breakfast." He said nothin' about the dress, and it turned out afterward that he was waitin' to shame me before people.

I hurried to the Gentleman Farm, stoppin' only at the pool for the gingham dress; and the darky woman came back with me. She was the only one of the help who stayed on the place over night, and was still so frightened by the fire that she told in whispers how her master, hearing a noise in the dark, had run out and fired his shotgun just as the fire broke out.

"He must 'a' missed that firebug," said the old woman; "but if he ever catch him there'll either be a new face in jail or a strange debbil roun' de fireside!"

Then I knew the truth—my father had been shot by Mr. Paget. And this man would tend and guard him till he was strong enough to be taken to prison.

Back at the house I went straight to father's room, an' never would leave it afterward except to eat my meals, which the old darky cooked. Neither did Mr. Paget, who smoked and read, sayin' only "Good night!"—when after puttin' on my gown in my own room I crept into the pallet to sleep.

Pa lay quiet most of the time and didn't even know me, who sat by the window sewin' and patchin' my two dresses. On the second day I stayed downstairs long enough to wash and iron 'em. I knew from the way he'd spoken that he liked improvements—and, since he couldn't see those in the kitchen or yard, I thought he'd like to see 'em on me; and I had the red ribbon that poor pa thought was stylish for me all ready to put on when he woke up. Lady Elsie's things were put away.

It was evenin' time on the third day when pa came to; the sunset lighted the room, and his eyes, openin' slowly, seemed to smile at me. Mr. Paget's chair creaked and the deep, peaceful eyes wandered toward him.

The sun set and the two men saw each other by the frownin' light. Pa's face twitched once as in a spasm and then was blank and white. I had seen mourners look so at a burying.

There was a little crash—it was Mr. Paget's pipe fallin' to the floor. He raised his hand halfway—and then it dropped like lead. "Good night!" he said in a far-away voice, and slippin' from the chair rolled on the floor with

"Sally, if My Grandfather Traded a String o' Good Glass Beads for This Farm Those Injuns Swindled Him"

a sigh—dead asleep. He'd sat in his chair every hour durin' all that time, as faithful as a prison guard.

I took pa's hand and after a time he whispered: "Such a little chap! . . . I am a lost man!" he cried in a loud, quakin' voice—and then was still as before.

Seven days Mr. Paget kept guard, speakin' only a few words to each of us; his face grew harder and his eye cold and blue as ice—often he looked from the window toward the burned barn.

Once in the darkness, when I was thought to be asleep, my father asked him in a whisper:

"Paget, when will the officers come?"

"Soon enough—law is law!"

"Will you send Sally out of the way when they take me?"

"I shall not be here when they take you," he answered.

Another day passed and Paget was haggard and restless for the first time, though his eyes were more blue and cruel than ever. Our neighbors were busy in the field and nobody had called; but at dusk on this day we heard footsteps below in the yard. The darky woman had gone to bed in the attic; but the door was opened and a man called:

"Ben Morrow!"

"Tell him to come up," said Paget, and I did so from the head of the stairs.

In a moment Deacon Josephus stood in the doorway. He exclaimed out loud to pa on the bed, but on seein' Paget standin' against the wall became silent.

"Coals of fire!" he said after a bit. "Paget, we haven't been fair; maybe you're a good S'maritan after all."

"I have taken care of my wounded," said Paget. "Now it is the law's turn. I call on you to bring the sheriff here at once, as a good citizen. This man must have burned my barn to the ground, and but for the high west winds the house would have gone too."

Josephus raised his hands.

"This is a hard thing for me to do," he said; "but I am a good citizen. Ben Morrow," he went on, "you owe me money, but I'll forget it. We've been neighbors; and now that you're in trouble I'll take Sally into my house for nothin'. I reckon to earn her keep would be good for her."

Father looked from him to me and answered nothin'; then Josephus went away. After a time pa asked me did I want to climb on the bed and lay my head on the pillow; and there he told me to hush cryin' and be a good girl like my mother. So we whispered and he comforted me till the roosters crowed for mornin'.

Then I got up and put on my fresh-ironed dress and fixed my hair; for he was a condemned man, and I knew he would like to see me improved before bein' taken away.

The mornin' was cloudy and dark when the sheriff came with Josephus. He shook father's hand and told how sorry he was to find him in such a fix; but he was not friendly to the Gentleman Farmer.

"Sit there and I'll tell you why this man is accused," said Paget; and he told that he had been on watch lately for firebugs after his dogs died suddenly. On the night the barn was burned he had run out as the light sprang up, and, seein' a man runnin' along the skyline of the field, had fired his shotgun; but he could get no trace of the man afterward till I came for him. Then, before the fire had burned out, he found my father wounded with buckshot and faintin' from loss of blood.

The men looked down and shook their heads.

"I thought I had another criminal here for you—a thief!" said Paget. "This girl, Sally Morrow, excited by her father's woundin', ran to me for help, wearin' clothing taken secretly from my house after I'd gone to town the mornin' before."

The sheriff mumbled a curse; but Josephus said:

"Sally! Sally! After your birthday sermon too! How could you do it?"

All I could do was to look straight at 'em and feel ashamed to death for tryin' to be a lady.

"But no one commits a crime unless he intends to commit it," said Paget. "The face of circumstances proves this girl guilty of stealin'; but instead of bringin' the clo'es home to put 'em on she changed at my house or somewhere near and left her old dress there. I saw her bringin' it back home the next day. Now she had certainly expected to change again at the spot where she left her old dress and replace the other dress in my house before I came back from town; but it happened that I returned two hours earlier than usual. So the circumstance evidence in her case doesn't prove intent to steal."

The sheriff looked at him in surprise.

"Another thing," went on Paget—"no person guilty of crime can look you in the eyes as she does."

They all turned to me and I looked at father—how clear and level his own glance was!

"I've decided not to push this case against Morrow," said Paget, sharp as the bark of a fox.

Josephus stared at him.

"It's a terrible misfortin'," he said, "that a S'maritan fergivin' a crime doesn't represent the law!"

"Fergive—who talks of fergivin'?" cried Paget fiercely.

Father didn't look at them, but at me—steady and clear and kind his eyes were; but instead of goin' to him I backed away. Then I felt that I could never face anybody again. My voice was nearly hushed, but I said:

"You ain't guilty—and I thought you were!"

"Ben Morrow," said Paget quickly, "remember this afterward: You have not been obliged to prove your innocence any more than Sally did—and have never even been under my suspicion. I will believe the man before the circumstance; and, though we've never been neighborly, I know you better than you think—a good man and a gentleman, pluggin' away under a hundred misfortunes."

Father looked at me; feeble as he was, he grinned.

"My chap found it out first," he said; "didn't she?"

"You've seen what evidence of circumstance amounts to in the case of Sally, gentlemen," said Paget; "do you believe Morrow should be accused?"

The sheriff, a good-natured man, scratched his head.

"We just won't say anything about all this," he said.

"And leave this man Morrow under a cloud!" cried Paget. "Oh, but we will say something—you do, then, believe in circumstance evidence ——"

"It's taken by the courts," answered the sheriff.

(Concluded on Page 49)

The Rise of the Bookkeeper

HE PUTS OTHERS UNDER THE RULE OF FORM AND UNIT

By JAMES H. COLLINS

YESTERDAY the bookkeeper was a drudge, and bothered nobody. Working wholly by hand, his fingers always held a pen and his mind and memory were loaded with arithmetic. By putting in long hours he was able to keep track of perhaps a dozen general items of the business: Money coming in and going out, accounts carried on credit, the payroll, the bank balance, and so forth. Once or twice a year, by laboring until midnight, he got out a trial balance and took an inventory of goods or equipment. These simple duties kept him more than busy. He had no time to pry into the affairs of other departments. His chief concern in life was to guard against errors and to locate them when made.

Today there is a marked transformation. Most of the bookkeeper's work is done by machinery: calculating, tabulating, duplicating, addressing, counting and registering are all done by mechanical devices. The accounting department has become a machine-shop. Costs have been cut and human capacities increased. The bookkeeper not only has facilities for keeping track of hundreds of items pertaining to the business instead of a dozen, but is also free to think, to look into the workings of other departments, to be a critic and to let his imagination soar.

Men in other departments are beginning to be aware of his new activity and ask what he is up to anyway. Hardly a week goes by but he makes some extension of routine. The branch manager and the road salesman receive new forms with instructions for making new kinds of reports. Foremen in the factory or with outside gangs get unit specifications for performing all work, and are expected to do things just that way and no other. Mike, the truckman, is handed a complete program for driving to the dock and getting a load of freight; and while he studies these directions the bookkeeper walks into the president's office and hangs up a new chart. It is a chart indicating what the company did yesterday, and last week, and the year before. It shows all the hits and misses; what business paid and what didn't.

Cards are Placed in Sorting Machines and Sorted by Accounts and Geographical Divisions

Truckman Mike Turns Statistician

TO MANY this new activity of the bookkeeper seems a blind setting up of systems and rules. Men resent it as the attempt to suppress human initiative under figures.

But really the bookkeeper has just turned accountant in the broad sense of the word, and is making good in a field he might have occupied long ago had he possessed machinery for doing the work. As long as he labored by hand it was as much as he could do to keep track of the money transactions of a business. But now, with machinery to help, he keeps track of other elements far more important than money, such as materials, time, methods, standards. He is engaged in a mystery known as "administrative accounting," much broader than bookkeeping.

The old bookkeeper kept but few records, while hardly anybody else connected with the business kept records at all. Administrative accounting requires that a hundred times as many be kept in the bookkeeping department proper, and that almost everybody connected with the organization be made to keep records too.

Mike, the truckman, must now turn in statistics about himself day by day. There is no escape for him. The accounting department knows, however, that bookkeeping made up a very small item in Mike's schooling, and so it undertakes to make matters as easy for him as possible. He is given simple forms to fill out. In many cases he has the assistance of automatic devices.

A daily trickle of vital information is started flowing from Mike, and from Emil, the construction foreman, and Jerry, the yard-boss, and Johnny, the office boy. The trickles grow into streams, and the streams pour into the accounting department. They must bring uniform information, and it must be consolidated, and interpreted, and distributed. Departments get back tables showing their activities in relation to other departments, and find out whether they are going ahead or falling behind. One executive will get tables and reports showing what was accomplished yesterday. Another, who is in charge of a larger section of the work, will get information on a weekly or monthly or perhaps a yearly basis.

This information, in turn, is used in determining the best methods of work, the correct standards for material, the ability of men, their fitness for advancement, and so on. And because it is so used the one-time bookkeeper has grown into an executive himself.

No word is more familiar in big business today than "routine." A very large proportion of company work is performed according to the "routines," and these often take on quite a sacredness.

The foreman of a railroad section gang will have his track maintenance routines, for example. They are printed on filing cards, and look as though he might have helped himself to a handful of card catalogue in some public library. Each card gives him the standard way of doing one kind of work. There is his card for loading and unloading steel rails. It shows the number of men required to do this work, and where each is to be placed, and how the rails are to be handled with the least moving about and expenditure of muscle. Another card tells him how to lay rails in the track, and others deal with ballast, ties, inspection, and so on. Still other cards pull all these detail jobs together, for they bear tables, schedules and drawings showing how various kinds of work are done in certain seasons, and how one gang's activities dovetail with another's, and how tools and materials are sent along by the company to be on hand at the right time, and the whole year is passed in the proper maintenance of roadbed. The cards, furthermore, speed up the work, for they are linked with worktrain, material and tool schedules covering the whole road, and give a margin for completing many of the duties ahead of time, and often carry bonuses or merit marks for brisk performance. As the work is done the foreman makes his daily reports, and these are studied at headquarters.

Trouble-Saving Supply Routines

THE railroad station agent formerly sent a requisition to the general storekeeper when he ran out of kerosene, signal oil, envelopes, bluestone for his batteries, or any other supplies. Very often his shortage was not discovered until almost the last gallon of oil was gone, and then he had to wait several days for the new supply to come, while the storekeeper was busy filling countless small orders. Now, on a well-regulated railroad, this whole matter is usually managed under a supply routine that requires the station agent to check up his supplies at a certain time each month, find out what he needs for the next thirty days, and get it from a supply car that stops at his station once a month.

A remarkable series of routines is set in motion when a new subscriber signs a contract with a telephone

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As the Reports of Material, Labor, and So Forth, are Received From the Field, the Information is Transferred to the Tabulation Cards by Means of These Key Punches

HIS BLIND SIDE—By Will Irwin

JAMES G. BOLTON is chief owner and general manager of the Bolton Printing Company, New York. He would probably call his business a small one, as businesses go in the city of magnificent enterprises. And still it returns him almost as much every year as these United States pay their president by way of salary. It is a fine, going concern, kept going and paying, in these days of sharp competition and rapid improvement, by constant, vigilant attention to detail.

Long before the magazines and trade journals took up scientific management the Bolton company had its own efficiency system, whose end was to get the best results, in product and profits, from the smallest expenditure in money and energy. When the scholars of applied industry began to study in the laboratory the coördination of factories and to make formulas from their data, the Bolton company kept in touch with all these advancements. At one time they considered it good business to employ a high-priced industrial engineer to adjust the last cam and cog, oil the last hidden lever, in the human machinery of the Bolton press.

Avoiding any particular "system"—for some of these systems admire their own defects as much as their own virtues—Mr. Bolton worked out a plan of his own, suited to the individual needs of his factory.

The managers and submanagers of the Bolton factory have made a number of changes in arrangement of machinery, in working methods among their employees, in installation of continuous processes; but these are so technical, so much a part of the printing business, that the layman would not readily understand them. What every one can understand is the manner in which the Bolton factory conducts its purchasing in order to get the most out of its dollar. Paper is, of course, the staple of the printing business. Now before the Bolton company lets its paper-contracts, both Mr. Bolton and the head of his purchasing department use a great deal of valuable time in scrutinizing the paper situation. They inspect samples, weigh them, if necessary submit them to chemical analysis. They study the present condition and future prospects of the paper industry in order to determine whether they shall make a large order on a rising market or a small order on a falling market.

A difference of a fraction of a cent a pound in their standard grades of paper may make the difference between good profits and scant profits on the year's returns.

He Himself Would Never Be Satisfied With Less. He Liked the Limousine, the Footman Behind His Chair, Helen's Pretty Costumes

Waste Reduced to Next to Nothing

WHEN the contracts are let the scrutiny of their paper supply by no means ceases. As the packages or rolls come into the supply door they are weighed, and the weight is checked up against the bill. The coarse, cheap web paper, which they use on their fast cylinder presses for the cheaper grades of work, varies considerably in thickness. The Bolton company expects to get so many square feet of white paper out of each pound. To secure this end the pressmen are ordered to keep, in a special box, the paper which they waste in the "make-ready" or in taking up the web after it has torn. The rotary presses register automatically the number of copies turned out from each web. By computing this record, together with the record of waste, the Bolton company learns whether it is getting full value in its pound of paper.

That matter of waste enters extensively into the calculation of Mr. Bolton. He and his foreman know exactly how much waste should be allowed any press or pressman. They know also the exact point where economy itself becomes wasteful. If any employee exceeds the fair waste limit he finds himself in trouble with the foreman.

Not otherwise do they proceed in the matter of ink, that second staple of their business. They keep the same intimate touch with the market, exercise the same care to see that the weight at the supply-door matches the weight given in the manifest. When the first tapping of a new order passes from the ink-roller to the printed sheet, half a dozen expert eyes study the result, to see if this ink has body, whether it smudges, whether it dries readily. They go further than this. When they order special inks by specification they are not content with the scrutiny of the eye alone. From time to time a sample goes to a commercial chemist, who lets the Bolton company know whether it is getting exactly what its specifications demand.

So it goes all through the house of Bolton. The twine and boards and glue for the bindery, the electric power and oil for the presses, the gas for the linotype machines—Mr. Bolton himself and the experts under him watch every detail for those leakages which may fritter away the profits of a business. Everything is figured down to a fraction of a cent.

"We couldn't save another nickel on the producing end of this business," remarked Mr. Bolton once at a shop-meeting. His listeners swelled with admiration and conscious pride—for they had their part in this work. Whereupon Mr. Bolton proceeded to his limousine and started home in one of those fine glows of justified self-satisfaction which carry us through the hard passages.

As the automobile threaded the manufacturing district and came out into the region of smug four-story homes and towering apartment houses, Mr. Bolton was meditating upon his worldly prospects; and certain considerations which crept into his mind served to dissipate a little the fine glow of feeling. The Bolton company was earning up to its very capacity, he reflected. There was no great increase of profits ahead for him unless he ventured his all in combinations or new, daring enterprises, which was a course of procedure foreign to Mr. Bolton's rather cautious and conservative nature. No, his eggs were all in one basket—that single print shop. He must go on with that, would go on with it, to the end. If he had some extra capital now—but he hadn't. In twenty years of married life, during which he had built up the Bolton company, expansion had come from within the business itself. In order to maintain the scale of living which he felt his position called for, he had always spent his salary and his personal profits as fast as they came in. He was living now, as his last year's personal account showed, right up to the notch of his earnings. What else could he do? Helen, his wife, would never be satisfied with less; he himself, as he knew when he looked at the thing fairly, would never be satisfied with less. He liked the limousine, the footman behind his chair, his membership in expensive clubs, Helen's pretty costumes, the fluff and ceremony of fashionable metropolitan life. Yet there he was, still spending up to the notch as he had always done; and there seemed to be no way out. If the limousine should run wild and kill him at this moment he would leave Helen and the children only his share in the Bolton company, minus his salary and his personal power to get profits, plus a moderate life insurance. If death should come ten or twenty years from now he would probably leave no more. Just as fast as he poured the money in, so fast it ran out. He thought of life as a squirrel cage.

He was at his own door now; and as the chauffeur turned toward the curb he momentarily disputed the entrance with a smart delivery-wagon. Half-unseeing, Mr. Bolton watched the grocer's boy carry in a basket, deposit it within the grated area, ring a bell, and drive away. The leisure half of Mr. Bolton's mind, not the working half, was in the ascendant just then. Had he witnessed a corresponding process in his own factory his trained imagination would doubtless have followed it through; he would have been thinking just what that delivery meant as a part of his organization, wondering wherein lay the seeds of improvement. But he passed it by with the eye of his mind, although therein lay part of the answer to his problem. Mr. Bolton merely wondered languidly why the delivery was so late.

Let us, however, follow that line of thought and perception which Mr. Bolton overlooked. Let us see what that delivery meant in the economics of the Bolton household.

Late that afternoon Mrs. Bolton, holding a hurried conference with the cook on the eve of her departure for a tea, had scrutinized the menu for dinner, and objected to cauliflower. "We've had that twice lately," she said. "Isn't asparagus in? Very well, let's have some." "I'll telephone?" asked the cook. "Certainly," responded Mrs. Bolton. "And while I'm doing it," went on the cook, "we're nearly out of several things, like——" "Well, order them!" commanded Mrs. Bolton, and hurried away to use the car before Mr. Bolton should need it. Then cook telephoned. And the supplies arrived just in time for the asparagus to go into the pot.

The Contrast in the Kitchen

NOW, as aforesaid, when paper or ink or twine or glue arrive at the supply door of Mr. Bolton's factory they go promptly, almost automatically, on the scales; and the results of the weighing pass on to be compared with the bills. There is a pair of scales in Mrs. Bolton's kitchen, but they grow rusty with disuse. The kitchen maid, on this occasion as on all similar ones, simply lifts the supplies from the basket, unwraps them, puts them in the proper shelf or bin, and hangs the bill perfunctorily on a hook by the kitchen door. Had Mr. Bolton followed through this transaction at his kitchen door, as he would have followed any similar transaction in his own factory, he might have obtained a lead to strange and various things. On the bill just hooked up by the kitchen door appeared the item, "20 lbs. cornmeal at .02." Into the bin, as the scales would have shown, went nineteen and a quarter pounds of cornmeal.

Now short-weighing is the final sin of grocers. They are average honest human beings, these grocers, no better and no worse than the rest of us. But it is the rule of business that when every check is removed from a man or an institution that man or that institution tends to progress from fair dealing to unfair dealing. And the fashionable grocery which supplies the temporary needs of the Boltons has progressed to short weights through a series of small unfair dealings both with its customers and its own competitors.

To understand that, you must understand how Mrs. Bolton runs the domestic side of her life. On the surface, and judging by apparent results, she is a good housekeeper; she understands well the trade of being a woman. Her house is quietly tasteful; it is always immaculately clean; the

whole establishment gives the appearance of smart, sharp service. The tea comes promptly, at any hour, to the casual caller. Her dinners are perfectly appointed, promptly served, well cooked. Her clothes are always correct. Her children are well-behaved, well-managed. Mr. Bolton takes a pride in his wife's performance of a woman's duties; on occasion he boasts.

Mrs. Bolton herself says that what she looks for in a servant is results, not excuses; and she regards herself a little in the light of a household Napoleon.

In looking for results she overlooks details; there the trouble begins. Mrs. Bolton believes that she does her own marketing as well as her own shopping. She does, to a certain extent, by telephone. Whenever her social duties give her time she calls up the grocer, the greengrocer and the butcher, inquires into the present quality of food products, and leaves her order. On the mornings when she is too busy or too tired, the cook, having ascertained from Mrs. Bolton just what's wanted for luncheon or dinner, attends to that.

Now let us take Mr. Sharkey, the butcher, for example. He has his stall in a fashionable neighborhood; therefore he must pay high rent. The less fashionable butcher, handling the same commodities in a flat-house district three blocks away, has only to pay a third of that rent. Sharkey must take the difference out of his customers. He does that not by raising the tariff all round, but by crowding all that the traffic will bear on to certain rich and careless customers like the Boltons. He knows Mrs. Bolton's voice over the telephone even if she doesn't announce her name; and on the somewhat rare occasions when she asks about prices he has his answer ready.

"How much are sirloin steaks?" once asked Mrs. Bolton.

"Sixty cents a pound," replied Sharkey without a blink.

"Rather expensive," commented Mrs. Bolton perfunctorily.

"Yes, ma'am, but meat is very high now," said the butcher. And Mrs. Bolton went ahead with her order.

If Mrs. Bolton had given the purchasing end of her business a moiety of the thought devoted by the Bolton company to its own purchasing end she might have looked into the current prices of sirloin steaks. She could have worked it out from the market quotations of the newspapers. The Housewives' League exists to spread such information among people of her class. Down toward the lower end of Manhattan Island is a semi-public market which, under the close scrutiny of professional buyers, sells goods without delivery at bed-rock retail prices. She need only have called up that market on the telephone to learn that first-class sirloin steak was selling at a bottom price of thirty-five cents a pound.

Do You Blame Him?

ALLOW Mr. Sharkey for his delivery and his rent, and we'll grant him a price of forty-five cents a pound. As a matter of fact he was selling sirloin steak at forty-five cents on that very morning. The purchaser was a certain housewife in humbler circumstances than Mrs. Bolton's, who kept touch with the market and visited the butcher shop personally. Sharkey knew by old experience that he couldn't quote *her* a fancy price. And toward the end of the day, when Sharkey found himself overstocked, he was passing out sirloin steaks to late, bargaining customers, who came in person, for forty cents. On the other hand, if Mrs. Bolton had followed her general rule and failed to ask the price, or if, following the still more general rule of the Bolton household, the cook had done the ordering, the steak might have gone down on the bill at seventy-five cents a pound.

The same rule, with modifications to suit circumstances, holds with the grocer whom we have already caught in the act of short-weighing.

"What's the price of your very best oranges?" asked Mrs. Bolton one morning of the fruit department.

"Ninety cents a dozen," replied the grocer. And at that very moment a pile of his best, superfine oranges—the ones which Mrs. Bolton got that day—bore a sign reading: "Best: 70 cents a dozen."

Mrs. Bolton is no fool; indeed, on the larger side of her womanly activity, she is considered a wise person. Sometimes Mr. Bolton, in moments of depression over his business, followed the rule of husbands and made remarks about the poorhouse. On these occasions Mrs. Bolton has been known to have a spasm of economy, involving a close scrutiny of the household accounts. Once she found a false entry in a grocer's bill, a whole order which had never arrived at her door. Promptly she changed grocers. Perhaps this entry was a mistake; I'm not saying that it wasn't. The point is the effect of the change on the Bolton household machinery. Though the new grocery was as neat, modern and fashionable as the old, things kept going wrong. The cook complained that deliveries arrived late, that certain orders were of poor quality. Whenever anything went wrong with the cooking the mistress of the kitchen laid it to the grocer. The butler added his gentle and tactful protests. Mrs. Bolton tried still another grocer, with like results. Not until she returned to the original firm did the machinery of the house run smoothly again. The bills were higher, it is true—but what would you? One must pay for peace.

As aforesaid, Mrs. Bolton is no fool. Among women of her class there is much talk of servants, their failings and their virtues. She suspects what she dare not face: the grocer is paying commissions to the butler, the kitchen maid and the cook. They earn those commissions not only by keeping the Boltons' trade with that house, but also by making the bills as large as possible. They can do this without undue waste, without false entries, by following a system which Mrs. Bolton might perhaps follow herself if she did all her own ordering. In many lines of groceries the "superfine" or "fancy" grade differs from the next cheaper grade only in the appearance which it makes on the shelves. For example, prunes of the very highest and most expensive grade are carefully selected as to size and quality, dipped in sugar to give them an attractively glossy surface, and packed in little boxes with lace valentine paper round the edge. There is another grade, exactly the same for size and quality, except that these have not been dipped in sugar and packed in pretty boxes. Both qualities look exactly the same, are exactly the same, by the time they come to the Bolton breakfast table; and the only eyes delighted by the glossy surface or the valentine paper are those of the cook. But the difference is several cents a pound. Again there is the matter of chipped dried beef. The best quality comes in glass jars, already shredded. Dried beef just as good comes "in the chunk" for fifteen or twenty cents a pound less. Now if you intend to eat chipped beef "as it is" you will probably find the canned variety better; it has "ripened in glass." But chipped beef with the Boltons appears on the table in various creamed compounds; and there the cheaper home-chipped variety serves exactly as well. Nevertheless the cook always orders the chipped beef in jars. You could run through the grocery bills of the Bolton household from month-end to month-end and find half the items padded in this manner.

Need I say that the Bolton factory is managed quite otherwise? Once Mr. Bolton discovered that a member of his purchasing force had been taking commissions to place orders with a certain firm. That man went just as soon as Mr. Bolton could prove the charges—went without benefit or recommendation. The secret commission crops up in business now and then; but it is considered a black piece of graft, to be sternly repressed. Not all servants of the rich do this thing, of course. Servants, grocers, and owners of printing factories do not differ widely in essential morality. Given the opportunity, a certain percentage will take to those operations on the borderland of crime which we call "graft." In the business affairs of the wealthy the gateway to this kind of graft is generally closed; in the domestic affairs of the wealthy it is pretty generally open. "What can you do about it?" asks Mrs. Bolton with a shrug of her shoulders. The Bolton company would do something, and quickly.

Mrs. Bolton Regards Herself a Little in the Light of a Household Napoleon

A High Waste-Line

FOLLOWING the comparison again, the purchasing agent of the Bolton company who failed to get the best goods at bed-rock market prices, disregarding everything except their final uses, would speedily find himself out of a job.

I must hurry over the absolute waste in the Bolton kitchen and dining room; that is a matter upon which only an expert housekeeper can speak with authority. As the Bolton company has learned from its experts on scientific management, there is a point where economy no longer pays. There is just such a point in household matters. With matches selling at six boxes for five cents, it no longer pays the housewife to twist up "lighters" from useless paper. Nevertheless there is a point where economy does pay, and the waste-line of the Bolton household is far above that point. Have you ever observed how the French, from poorest to richest, serve butter? It comes to the table rolled in little "shells," each carefully calculated to cover one slice of bread. The excess goes back to the ice-box, untouched, ready for the next meal. The Boltons, and prosperous Americans in general, serve their butter in moulded "balls," containing twice or thrice the substance of a French "shell." The remains of these butter-balls go into the garbage-pail; the Boltons do not even save them for cooking butter.

By night the apartments of the Bolton house, whether they be occupied or no, blaze with light; for these people seldom take much trouble to switch off the electricity when they

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JONES MEETS A DUCHESS

They Had Forty Miles to Run

By Dorothea Conyers

ILLUSTRATED BY STANLEY M. ARTHURS

"I HAVE two of the best detectives in London watching," snarled Mr. Amos Mosenthal. "I would do it, Samuel; and ——"

"They have discovered exactly nothing," observed Mr. Samuel tolerantly. "Some one finds out when we send off or receive parcels of jewels, Amos. Some one knows—just too accurately—and we are losing more than a little. Harris was robbed last time he was coming back from Munich with those rubies of the Von Hertlickers'. He carried them, according to my instructions given here, in a six-shilling novel pasted together. Yet, as he came along, that book was the thing to be snatched by an unsuspicious-looking traveler. The rubies"—Mr. Samuel snorted with wrath—"had cost us fifteen thousand pounds. We may be rich, Amos; but we must find out or we shall soon be poor."

Mr. Amos lighted a stout cigar.

"Ask Jones," he said, sarcastically—"Ask Jones. He'll play detective for you, my friend."

Mr. Samuel said emphatically that Mr. Jones was the only one who carried anything through.

"So far," he snapped, "he has escaped this gang of thieves. I would put him in a house surrounded by slugs if he did succeed in finding out for me."

Mr. Amos puffed a cloud of smoke and asked:

"Why slugs?"

"Because of his joy in destroying them," said Mr. Samuel. "He spends nearly every Sunday in my conservatories and carries away the tenderest plants, McClusky tells me, because he owns six feet of unheated glass."

The firm of Mosenthal & Company was sorely put out. Some one got hold of their plans; some gang was robbing them. Orders and plans given in their private office leaked out inexplicably. They trusted their men implicitly; they knew that both were honest. Yet it was growing serious. The dates of starting—the trains taken—seemed to leak out mysteriously.

"If you took to the parcel post ——" said the younger brother, knowing he was applying flame to oil, for Mr. Samuel detested the medium of the post.

As Mr. Samuel ceased flaming a card was brought up to him; he fingered it curiously.

"The Duchess of Dackminster," he said. "She has no money to buy with. She has broken up and sold everything. What does she want? Show her grace in," he said to the boy.

A young and pretty woman fussed nervously into the room, stroking her muff in palpable agitation.

"I came through the shop and just longed!" she gushed out in friendly tones as she shook hands. "Oh, Mr. Mosenthal, I want things!"

Mr. Samuel set a chair and smiled; the duchess had dined with him a week before. "What things?" he asked pleasantly.

The duchess said, "Diamond things!" with heavy emphasis. She began to explain feverishly. Mr. Mosenthal knew how poor they were—how they were just struggling. Well, there was quite—quite a chance of the duke getting an appointment as governor abroad. Oh! such a good appointment!

"But," the young duchess pulled a tail off her muff in her excitement. "Sir Frederick Grantham is a man who'd just give you nothin' if he thought you really wanted it; so Dicky and I have scraped and borrowed to make a show, and we're giving a big dance at Dackminster Castle on the eighteenth. And I must have diamonds—I must! Those paste things never look the same."

Mr. Samuel began to think out the least offensive way of being firm with a lady who had eaten his food and danced with him. He could not give her credit.

"And I want to—hire—them," gulped the duchess. "So I came here. Just whatever you like to charge me—and send a man to mind 'em. Oh, dear Mr. Mosenthal, don't be a crab and say no! I must have a tiara and a necklace to go with my black velvet gown. I coaxed that out of Fleurette. I must—and brooches."

"But," said Mr. Amos, "if the diamonds were stolen——"

"You know that if they were we'd pay you somehow and sit down ruined," said the duchess simply. "I ought to have had money, you know, when Dicky married me. I'm doin' a fight to make up for it now!" Here she looked pathetic.

Mr. Samuel believed her; he knew it was foolish, but he did. He coughed and wished that Amos was not there.

"You shall have your diamonds, duchess," he said. "And I'll send a man to watch them, for lately we have suffered from a gang of thieves."

"Harris will be at Munich again," snapped Mr. Amos; "but probably your Jones ——"

"I had thought of Jones," said Mr. Samuel blandly. He spoke down the tube and sent to the office for Mr. Jones. "You shall have your gewgaws," he repeated.

Mr. Jones, who was working feverishly, with a corner of his mind in mourning for a delicate fern that had wilted and blackened in his greenhouse, looked up as the office boy called him.

"And it's a duchess, too! Don't forget to 'grace' her," observed that youth impressively.

Mr. Jones thought it sounded familiar and reproved Tom for levity. Then he patted his tie and walked into the partners' sanctum.

He arrived just as the duchess, standing up excitedly, swung the pulled-off fur tail with such vehemence that it leaped from her hand and struck Mr. Jones in the face. The nail scratched his eye rather painfully; but, not being sure it was not some form of ducal greeting, he endeavored to look pleased.

"We shall send our Mr. Jones," said Mr. Samuel. "Pick up the tail, Jones, and wipe your eye; you're crying badly."

"The tail, your duchess," said Mr. Jones, with a bow, as he obscured his eye with a green pocket handkerchief—the sort which looks like silk before it's washed.

The duchess was penitent—quite prettily so—for a second's space. Then Mr. Levi, entering noiselessly, placed a pile of cases on the table, and she forgot everything else. Mr. Samuel was giving her of his best. She had choice of three tiaras, delicate flashing masses of brilliants, lightly flung together in a glory of magnificence. Mr. Mosenthal strongly advised one that was a lacework of brilliancy; but the duchess chose a heavier ornament.

"Come With Me an' Don't You Fret, Your Gracey!"

"That Sir Frederick will look at the size," she said. "A necklace—a pendant." Brooches and ornaments to flash on her black velvet gown. Like a child she hovered over the flashing things—lifting, exclaiming, admiring.

"My brother," said Mr. Amos, who looked painfully thoughtful, "ought to lend you the blue star to wear on your forehead—that would certainly clinch matters. . . . Have you any idea, duchess, how many thousand pounds' worth you will put on for your dance? If they're stolen," continued Mr. Amos impressively, "I fear we ——"

"Make it all out"—the duchess grew suddenly imperious—"legally; and you shall have a signed what-you-call-'em from the duke, making himself liable. We can always sell the last piece of the unentailed property if everything fails; the entailed part brings in nothin'," she added dolefully.

Mr. Samuel had it made out legally to satisfy his brother; the duchess went radiantly forth with her mind full of hope. Mr. Levi removed his cases and Mr. Jones stood waiting for his instructions. He was to take the diamonds to Dackminster, driven there in Mr. Samuel's car. He was to hand them over to her grace and to receive them again from her directly the ball was over—and then return in the car. There would be no possible danger of theft in this case. Mr. Samuel would communicate all this to the duchess.

"And your grace, Jones—not your duchess!" suggested Mr. Amos, who had remained immersed in pungent silence.

"That, sir, was the tail," explained Jones, blushing—"the tail disturbing my intellect through my scraped eye, Mr. Amos."

Mr. Amos looked skeptical as he relit his cigar. Mr. Samuel inquired for the flowers.

"Wanting heat, Mr. Samuel," said Mr. Jones mournfully; he addressed the partners more familiarly since he had done important business for them. "Wanting heat! Your gardener instructs me that paraffin is worse than

nothing, and Mrs. Jones refuses to hear of the expense of a boiler."

"When you find out who is getting at our plans here I'll boil 'em for you myself at my own expense," said Mr. Samuel gloomily. "I'll give you a thing you can grow orchids in, Jones—all steam and stuffiness."

"Some one's to blame," said Jones sapiently. "Some one; and some day he'll just go too far and get trapped. They always do." He went out slowly.

"And you will intrust valuable jewels to that worthy idiot," exploded Mr. Amos, "who is dreaming of a hothouse now, instead of our work!"

Mr. Jones made a complete circuit of the office on his return to work, to the extreme annoyance of his fellow-clerks; in fact young Mr. Grant, who had the corner desk, asked him tartly if he was playing Puss in the Corner.

Mr. Jones returned to his desk and thought things out. He felt a faint draft down the back of his neck and decided he would be much more comfortable where Mr. Grant was. He said so at luncheontime, stopping his junior as he rushed out. He knew he had only to ask for the change.

To his surprise Mr. Grant turned extremely pale and then asked Mr. Jones to luncheon. Not chops and porter, but grilled steak and a pint of good claret, followed by coffee and liqueurs. With this new friendship between them, Grant begged to be left his own place. He had, it appeared, one eye that threatened to fail; the light in this corner was just right for it.

"When you get that heated house I'll send you some plants," said Grant affably. "I've a cousin in the trade."

They parted, Mr. Jones now quite determined not to do anything unkind; and the little man bought a book on stove plants on his way home. With heat he might really make a fortune. As he turned the leaves eagerly he looked suddenly at Anna, his wife, who was darning his socks.

"I have no recollection of telling him anything about the house," he remarked.

Mrs. Jones said snappily:

"Tell who about what house?"

"The boiler house," said Mr. Jones, "that Mr. Samuel will put up for me. We shall have to pay the girl a little extra to bank the fire, my dear, on cold nights."

Then Mr. Jones went on to speak of the duchess with so much enthusiasm that his wife, when he had finished, considered it necessary to quote peevishly, to hide the reverence she felt, that "the rank is but the guinea's stamp." On hearing that Mr. Jones was at some unknown time to take some jewels to the duchess she first sniffed sharply and with delight; and then, being a kindly woman at heart, said that Mr. Mosenthal knew where to look for manners, and that she was glad all her teaching had not been wasted. And she hoped Archibald would see the whole house.

Dreaming of stove plants, Mr. Jones forgot to be nervous about his responsibility; but he felt it deeply when Mr. Samuel's car drew up in Bond Street on the night of the eighteenth of February, and Mr. Levi solemnly handed over the cases containing jewels worth a fortune. Mr. Jones saw them all and signed a receipt. He got in next to Marks, the chauffeur, remarking that if they punctured he could get in and sit with his charges.

He chatted happily with Marks as the car purred through the still, soft evening; they had forty miles to run. He made his usual inquiries as to the car's mechanism, and also, as usual, he was allowed to hold the wheel, with Marks' hands hovering over his. He drove her quite nicely and turned a corner with some skill. His subsequent shaving of an elderly female he put down to her deafness and stupidity. And he longed for every garden he passed when he gave up driving.

"The soot does interfere, Mr. Marks," he said plaintively. "If I could afford to get out a bit! But the train fares——" he sighed, and dreamed of unearthing the mystery of the leakage in the office.

They hummed through the stately gates and drew up before a huge house flashing light from every window. An awning had been erected over the steps; footmen were working busily; the scent of entertainment was in the air. Mr. Jones was ushered into a small room, where he sat and grew nervous; and he was glad he carried his bulldog revolver.

A discreet gentleman in black then brought a message from her grace asking for the jewels, to which Mr. Jones replied firmly that he must deliver them into her grace's own hands. Five minutes later a radiant girl in black velvet rushed into the room, followed by her maid.

The duchess nodded cheerily to Mr. Jones; she stood in the little room while her maid's deft fingers fastened the jewels in their places. Then Her Grace of Dackminster—transformed, magnificent—stood ready to go to dinner. She danced before a glass on the mantelshelf; she scintillated as the jewels caught the light. Yet she was a thoughtful duchess who summoned the butler herself and directed that Mr. Jones should be well fed.

"I had a room ready," she said, "but you're to go back in the morning. You'll see that Mr. Jones has his supper, Hill. And if you'd like to watch the dance the conservatory is very comfortable, Mr. Jones."

Mr. Jones, relieved of his cases, ate his dinner happily. He enjoyed clear soup and oyster soufflé, and something strange done with chickens; he asked the name of this dish and decided that Anna, with her mincing machine, might really produce something quite the same with a rabbit. Mr. Jones also enjoyed a small bottle of champagne and a thimbleful of chartreuse. He talked pleasantly to the footman, but was disappointed to find that he—Albert—did not care for flowers; in fact, seemed to look more for young women on fine days when he went out.

"Now You Write or Off It Goes"

At ten the lilt of dance music stole across the air. Little Jones, piloted to the conservatory, looked into a scene of fairyland; the great ballroom glowed with amber-shaded lights; narcissi and daffodils were banked and massed all about the room, and the duchess, with Mosenthal's best diamonds blazing, stood receiving her guests.

"Tum-de-tum-tum!" hummed Mr. Jones. "It always did make me giddy—dancing."

Then he commenced to wander round the conservatory. It was full of azaleas in bloom, of bulbs, and masses of gay geraniums. It was well lighted, and Jones poked and smelt and touched, perfectly happy among the flowers. As the couples drifted out to talk he found himself overhearing scraps of conversation. Once the duchess' name caught his ear.

"Yes—people said they'd sold all the jewels; but she's wearing them. I don't expect, you know, that they'll be in England very long. They must have come in for money."

Mr. Jones peered round an azalea. He saw a long-nosed, distinguished looking man, whom he recognized as Sir Frederick Grantham. His kindly little soul was filled with pleasure because all was going well. Mr. Samuel had told him why the jewels were being loaned. Later he saw Sir Frederick taking the duchess to supper, and then he went to his own and enjoyed hot cutlets and more champagne, taken discreetly; he was not greedy.

It was nearly two o'clock when Mr. Jones was roused from gentle slumber by a message from the butler. His chauffeur wished to see him at once. Remarking to himself that "your chauffeur" sounded well, Mr. Jones went to the hall to see Marks solemnly put out.

The car was hopeless—some one had got at her, twisted the carburetor, bored through the waterjacket, and done other damage; and there was no possible chance of starting in the morning.

Mr. Jones was put out. He sent promptly for the duchess, who came, glittering and happy, to hear the story. The duchess was sorry, but did not see that it mattered a bit; there was a room ready and they'd got another for the chauffeur—one in the yard. He could wire for a car in the morning. She went off shaking Mr. Mosenthal's tiara so that its rays flashed across the room.

"Some one did it!" snapped Marks. "I was at my supper. Some one did so they did—on purpose."

Archibald Jones returned to the conservatory. He stood lost in thought, and took no notice when one couple said he was the supper man, and another a detective. Mr. Jones was put out. There might be more in this than there appeared to be; he patted the tips of his fingers together, and then he sat down to wait.

Presently, as the room emptied, a waiter hurried across from the supper room and came into it with some glasses on a tray; a lady was feeling faint. Mr. Jones looked out to see her partner fanning her, and then he looked at the waiter. The man reminded him of some one—of—— Mr. Jones started—the second man who had deceived him on his trip to Paris had one eyebrow higher than the other! So had this waiter! Of course it was only a mere coincidence; but Mr. Jones wished the car was right. He pattered off down the conservatory to where a big, graceful palm stood in a large tub. He hovered round the palm for a few minutes, then he went back to his seat looking quite nervous.

At nearly four o'clock a radiant, diamond-crowned young woman roused him from a gentle sleep; she was attended by her maid.

"I've come to give you the diamonds," she said. "Estelle, the cases! And oh, Mr. Jones, I don't know how to thank that dear old Samuel, for it's all been a success, and we're off to the Colonies in two months. Just because I looked rich!" Here the duchess absolutely pirouetted.

Mr. Jones made a mental note of the fact for the edification of Anna, his wife. The duchess had twirled round and kicked out gracefully. After this Anna might not object to going to see Parona at the Tivoli!

Mr. Jones took the jewels; he put them carefully into their cases; he thanked her grace. He told her of his love for flowers. The duchess said that he might like a few things to take away. "Azaleas or bulbs—or anything." She said she would send a man to show him his room. She actually shook Mr. Jones' hand as she danced off.

Mr. Jones went down to the conservatory, deserted now, and he spent some minutes looking carefully at the large palm; then, carrying his cases, he strolled back again to the door of the ballroom, where he met Albert.

"Looked for you all round," said Albert a little peevishly; "thought you'd slipped up to bed, sir."

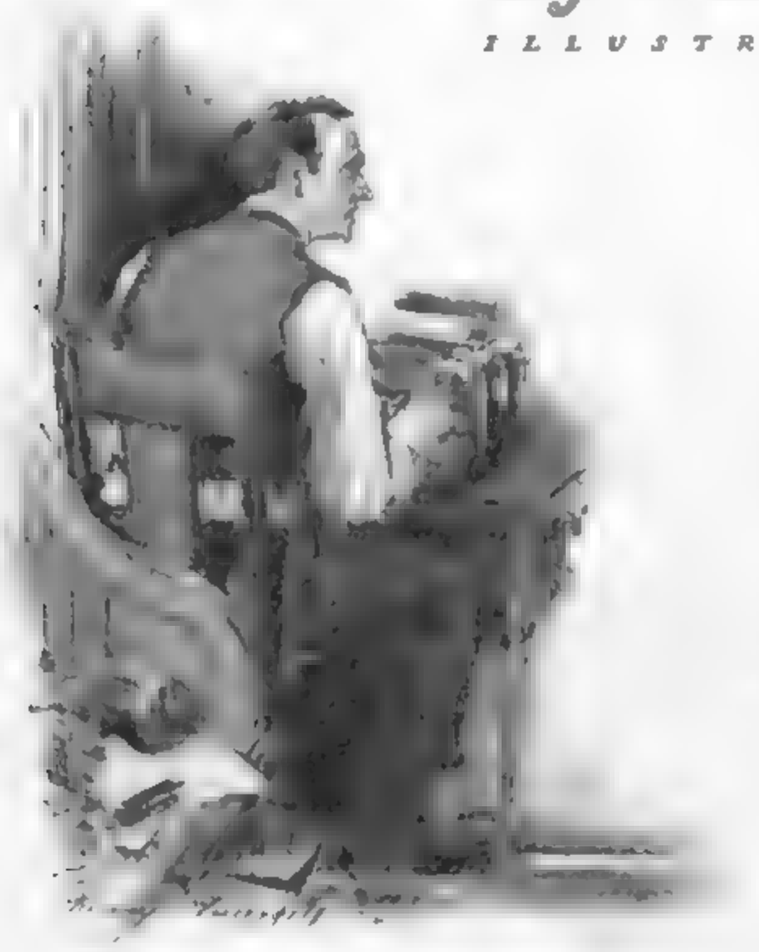
Mr. Jones said very distinctly that he had been selecting a few plants kindly given to him by her grace.

(Continued on Page 28.)

STARLIGHT AND MOONSHINE

By CHARLES E. VAN LOAN

ILLUSTRATED BY FANNY MUNSELL



BILL SCOTT was a newspaper humorist of the funny-to-order variety, featured in large type as "the brightest beam of the Evening Star." It is but fair to state that it was not entirely Bill's fault; premeditation could not have been proved against him. In the beginning he had dreamed of a wider fame; but life is a broad river and human ambition a frail cockleshell adventuring among the treacherous cross-currents of fate and circumstance.

Away back in the early days, when the Star was not old enough to have traditions and Bill was young enough to play with words for the pure joy of the thing, he had the misfortune to write a story that made Pete Judson laugh. Other people laughed too; but Pete was the owner of the Star, which made all the difference in the world to Bill's cockleshell, bobbing downstream on its maiden voyage. The old man's asthmatic cackle was the first ripple, an imperceptible but nevertheless definite impulse toward the shallows and the sandbars.

"Who wrote that story about the lady boilermakers' union?" demanded Judson of his managing editor.

The managing editor leaped nimbly to the top of the fence, prepared to fall either way at the slightest breath. This particular editor had also been known, while in this precarious position, to engage in a form of journalistic gymnastics known as "passing the buck." The city editor acted as receiver of the same in this case.

"I don't believe I saw that," said the managing editor. "I'll ring for Sam. He'll know."

"Oh, that josh story?" said Sam, the city editor, aware that the buck was in his possession. "A kid named Scott wrote it. I don't know much about him. He's only been on the paper a few days."

And Sam paused anxiously, also on the fence.

"Well," said Pete Judson emphatically, "that's the kind of stuff I want to see in this paper—something to liven it up and make it readable. People don't care for the dry facts. Turn this fellow loose on the humor and let him write as much of it as he can. He handed me a laugh, with this sheet losing money every day! Tell him to go to it."

Bill Scott was actually flattered when this message, slightly edited by jealous authority, was delivered to him.

"The boss read your josh story," said Sam, "and he said he'd seen worse. He wants you to do more like it. Here's an assignment that ought to pan out pretty well. Hop to it and kid the life out of everybody concerned; and if you can slip in a few facts here and there, remember they never really hurt a yarn."

Being the city editor, Sam believed in facts.

How was Bill to know that his cockleshell was heading toward dead water? It was enough for him to perceive that it was moving; and blithely he set about paddling it on its way. He was funnier than any young man has a right to be on fifteen dollars a week; and to the task he brought youth, ideals, a second-hand typewriter and some natural wit.

"Funny stuff, eh?" said Bill as he chuckled over a particularly well-turned phrase. "I'll show these birds that I can write humor with any of 'em!"

He succeeded only too well. So well that at the end of three weeks Pete Judson gave the cockleshell the last violent impetus, which drove it fast upon the sandbars.

"Run that kid's name over his stuff," said the owner. "It'll be a big asset to the paper one of these days. People like to know where to look for laughs. Better give him twenty a week."

That was the day when Bill should have resigned; instead of which he was almost modest in the face of great distinction, and went out to price the sort of furniture that costs fifty dollars down and ten a month while life shall last. But the time came when Bill realized that he was stranded. The editors would have nothing but humor from him. Nearly all the really important knowledge in a man's life arrives too late.

"Here's a pippin of a yarn!" the city editor would say. "Bill, tear into this for a column and shoot some fizz into it."

Bill shot the fizz as ordered; but between periods of effervescence he began to yearn to distinguish himself in other fields of journalistic endeavor. He was a writing man rather than a reporter, and the creative germ in him struggled for a wider scope and more complete expression. Too much humor palled upon him; he begged for a chance at something else.

"Give me a wallop at a real story once in a while," he pleaded.

"What sort of a story, Bill?" asked the editors, realizing that humorists must be humored and allowances made for the artistic temperament.

"Anything!" said Bill earnestly. "Descriptive stuff or human-interest yarns. I can write something besides this darned fluff—I can, on the square! Try me out on a story with pathos in it. Any man who can write humor can write the other thing too. They go together. Look at 'Gene Field!"

The editors smiled wearily and shook their heads.

"Every comedian in the world thinks he can play Hamlet, Bill," they said. "Why, if we should print a pathetic yarn and stick your name at the top of it, all the old subscribers would write letters, and Mr. P. B. Publico would walk in here with a club and demand to know why we cut the laughs out of it! Ain't you satisfied to have your name in there every day on the sort of stuff you can do best? Leave the sob-squabbing to the women, Bill. You're a humorist! The paper admits it."

"Even so," said Bill seriously, "this dishing up laughs à la carte is wearing on the nerves. It would rest me to write something else for a change."

"Forget it, Bill!" said the editors. "You're as bad as a prima donna."

Managing editors rose, roared and fell. The entire staff changed—from office boy to owner. The Star shifted in politics and policy, but Bill Scott remained—a sulky Prometheus chained to the rock of reputation; a melancholy, disappointed person who tinkled thin melodies in a treble key and longed to sweep a capable hand over the entire gamut of human emotions. He was a difficult legacy to each new managing editor, and none would listen to his tale of woe.

When they bade him write a funny column daily for the editorial page—and raised him from thirty to forty dollars a week—Bill believed he had sounded the depths of literary ruin. Shamelessly and with a full appreciation of what he was doing he began to grind out parodies on The Old Oaken Bucket and The Raven. Lower than that he challenged Fate to drag him.

True, he might have turned his back upon the past and made a fresh start in life; but there were three reasons why this was not feasible: Bill had married the first one, and the second and third followed eighteen months apart. He lay under the thraldom of the weekly pay-envelope, and day after day he hammered savagely upon his aged typewriter, clicking out the merry quips that were copied far and wide—and credited to the Evening Star.

After several years a change came to Bill, along with a change in managing editors. Horton was fresh from the East—a condition in which managing editors usually arrive from Park Row—and he had ideas.

Bill, who had been working in the corner of the city room, upon a pine table, suddenly found a private office thrust upon him, together with a shiny new rolltop desk that would stay locked and a near-Persian rug—items of unheard-of magnificence in the Star office. On the bright day when Bill's name appeared upon the ground-glass door in neat letters of black and gold the new managing editor sent for him.

"We are making some changes in the staff, Mr. Scott," said Horton. "In the future you will not be expected to rewrite any news stories. I am taking you out of the city department entirely."

It Was a Face Without a Single Redeeming Feature

Bill smothered a thankful ejaculation.

"That flubdub column," said he, "is it to be discontinued?"

"No, indeed!" said the managing editor warmly. "No, sir! It is a very prominent feature of the daily paper—I might almost say the feature! It will run as usual."

Bill's heart slipped back where it belonged and the light of hope faded from his eyes. It flared afresh at Horton's next sentence.

"We intend to widen your field, Mr. Scott. I have had a talk with the owner, and it is his wish that you shall take over a page in the Sunday Supplement and make yourself responsible for it. We wish this page to be distinctive—unique. As to the subject matter, that we leave entirely to your own good judgment. We give you absolutely a free hand and ——"

"Excuse me, Mr. Horton," said Bill; "a free hand, you say. Does that mean that I may write any sort of stuff that—well, that appeals to me?"

"Certainly!" said the managing editor. "Little stories of the street and town; character sketches; anecdotes; a bit of verse now and then—anything at all, so long as it is of a humorous nature."

"Oh!" said Bill heavily. "The darned thing has got to be funny, has it?"

"It's bound to be!" said Horton, with enthusiasm. "How could it help being funny? Your name alone guarantees that. I believe we can make this the most widely copied Sunday feature in the country."

Bill did not say anything. The managing editor began to have the feeling that he had been blowing vigorously upon cold ashes.

"I forgot to say," he remarked, "that your salary will be fifty a week in future. Your office hours will be of your own making, and I think you will find the entire arrangement more satisfactory. We intend to advertise this page extensively, which will help you as much as it will help us; and, while I think of it, step into the Art Department and have a new photograph made. I want you to run it in the supplement under some appropriate heading—Scott's Sunshine, or Scintillations from Scott, or something of the sort. Good idea—eh?"

"Yes," said Bill shortly. "A fine idea!" And turning on his heel he marched out of the presence.

"Awfully crusty fellow!" thought Horton. "Here I'm giving him a chance that anybody ought to jump at and he didn't warm up to it at all. Humorists are crabs, though—like comedians off the stage—the saddest people in the world."

Bill crept back to his private office with his name upon the door, the near-Persian rug, and the rolltop desk that would lock, understanding for the first time why these luxuries had been given to him.

They were a sop to ambition betrayed—the price of his last flickering hope!

When the other members of the staff burst in to congratulate him Bill drove them forth with hard words.

"The jumping Jehoshaphat!" sputtered Phil Brill, the sporting editor. "They take him off the city department, make him his own boss, put his name on the door, boost his salary ten beans per—and when I run in to shake his hand, and tell him how glad I am, he says I can go and be damned. What do you know about that?"

While his friends wondered at his strange conduct, Bill sat alone behind a locked door. Perhaps the kindly shades

of departed newspaper humorists looked down with pitying eyes upon that bowed head. They also knew what it meant to be funny to order.

II

THE new managing editor was correct. The page christened Starlight and Moonshine became the most joyful feature of the Sunday paper, despite the sad features of the author appearing each week in the center of his literary output.

In four states men and women turned eagerly to the supplement to see what that Starlight fellow had to say; and even the New York newspapers borrowed many a gleam of Moonshine from that weekly beacon. Two of them tried to persuade Bill to move to the Big Town and become a national celebrity. He refused numerous chances to write librettos for comic operas; a local publisher besought him in vain to allow his humorous verse to appear in book form, and vaudeville comedians besieged the Star office, clamoring for sketches.

"Just string a few laughs together," they urged, "and wind up with a blow-off of some sort. So long as it's got your name on it, it'll go."

"Go to the devil!" said Bill Scott.

This was fame, at last; but it brought no happiness with it. Officially Bill was a light-hearted jester, a cheerful soul, bubbling over with wholesome humor. Unofficially he grew to be a cureless misanthrope, an embittered cynic and a savage pessimist. All the brightness of his life went into print, he retained none for himself, and his days were dark with the task of making sunshine for others. He became so crabbed and sour that the very office boys dreaded to be summoned behind the ground-glass door.

There endured in him the belief that he had never been allowed to do the best work of which he was capable, though he had long since ceased to put this grievance into words, save on the rare occasions when he broke the rule of a single cocktail before dinner. He who could so easily make men and women laugh wished to make them weep; but Fate and a few fool editors would not let him do it.

Then, when Bill Scott had given up hope, the Great Opportunity turned the knob of the ground-glass door and entered, fumbling its hat in its hands.

"Well?" said Bill crisply, without raising his eyes. "This is my busy day!"

There was no reply, save a nervous scraping of heavy feet upon the floor. Bill whirled, with a snort of exasperation. A tall man was standing near the door. He was dressed in a cheap suit of shoddy gray material. It had evidently been rained upon and slept in, and whatever shape it originally possessed had vanished. The coat hung like a sack from the man's broad shoulders; the trousers bagged at the knees, testifying of hard usage and harder roads. The shoes were coarse, thick-soled affairs, fastened with buckle-and-tongue and heavily coated with dust.

The man's clothes were against him; his face completed the indictment. A low, seamed forehead, slanting away to baldness; a few wisps of dusty gray hair over the ears; one empty eyesocket; a whitish stubble on cheek and chin; a nose with a broken bridge, and a wide, ugly mouth, opening over discolored fangs—it was a face without a single redeeming feature, and it did not need the final touch of a jagged scar running from eyebrow to brown, corded throat. Yet, as Bill stared, this battered creature tried to manage a smile—a twisting grimace which made him more hideous than before.

"Mister," said the man in a thick, husky voice, "I don't have to tell you where I come from, do I? You can guess?"

"Yes," said Bill, "I can guess."

The man nodded and fumbled his hat in his great hairy hands, turning it over and over in evident embarrassment.

"They mostly hit it right, mister," he said. "They give a jailbird a brand that won't rub off."

"What do you want?" asked Bill, putting his hand in his pocket as the quickest way to be rid of his visitor.

"Not that!" the man answered gruffly. "It may sound funny, mister, but all I want is a chance to have a talk with you. That's the honest truth. The other day, when I was walking into town—they threw me off a freight train—I picked up a newspaper in the road. It had your picture in it and some poetry. I don't read poetry much, mister; but I read that piece a couple of times, and then I tore it out and put it in my pocket. I've got it here now. It was something about how it's always daytime somewhere in the world—and sunshine, if a man only knew where to look for it. You remember which piece that was?"

Bill Scott nodded silently, studying his queer visitor with growing interest.

"Well," continued the stranger, "that piece kind of hit me right where I live. Mister, there was more to that poetry than just the words, wasn't there? Something behind it, it seemed to me. I says to myself: 'Here's a man that I can talk to and he'll understand. Here's a man that might want to write a real story—a true story—the one I've had bottled up inside me for ten years.' If I could see you sometime and you'd let me talk a while I'd appreciate it. You're busy now; but I'll come back later."

The man paused and made a move as if to go.

"Wait a minute!" said Bill Scott. "Take that chair. . . . Now then, cut loose. What's on your mind?"

"Thank you, mister. First, I want to know if you ever heard tell of a man named Harvey Henderson?"

"Henderson?" repeated Bill slowly. "No, I can't say that I have."

"Think again! Think hard! Harvey Henderson, the man that was always trying to escape! The man they said was crazy on that one subject! You never heard of him, mister?"

"Hold on!" said Bill. "It was some time ago, wasn't it? Seems to me there was something in the papers—three or four years back, it must be now."

"There was plenty in the papers about him," said the man grimly—"plenty, mister; and all lies! Lies! How do I know? Because I'm Harvey Henderson himself—or what's left of him, I'd better say—the man they claimed was a wild beast, and crazy, and God knows what all, just because he was always trying to get away from that hell where they had him locked up!" He paused and drew a deep breath. "How old would you say I was?" he demanded suddenly.

"Oh, fifty, maybe," said Bill, charitably shading his mental estimate by several years.

"I'm just turned forty. Look at me! Would anybody believe it? I'm an old man and broken down. I'm a wreck, mister, every way you can figure it; and this is what the law done to me just for trying to get away. When they was printing all them lies about Harvey Henderson, why didn't some one tell the real reason he was so crazy to escape, instead of calling him a brute and a beast and only half human? Why didn't they say what made him act the way he did? You're a newspaper man, mister. Why didn't they?"

"Maybe it was because they didn't know," said Bill. "You want to tell me about it, don't you, Henderson?"

"Yes," said the man. "I do."

He drew his chair close to the desk and fixed Scott with his one eye.

"Here's the whole story from the start. Most of 'em down where I come from say they never done nothing wrong in the first place. To hear them tell it, there ain't one of 'em but what would be loose to-morrow if there was any justice in this state. I don't claim that I was railroaded. I got into trouble, mister, through being mixed up with smarter people than I was. They got me to put my name to some papers and send 'em through the bank. I knew it wasn't quite regular when I done it, but I didn't have any notion they could send me over the road for it. The other fellows got the money and skipped out. I was arrested.

"My lawyer done everything he could, but the prosecuting attorney got me all mixed up on the stand and the jury brought in a verdict of guilty. The judge gave me two years at hard labor. I was thirty then, mister; and I've been locked up ever since.

"I had a wife and a baby girl—eighteen months old she was when this happened. Just at the cute age, mister. You know how they begin to pick up words and funny little ways. Flora was what her mother called her—Flora Belle Henderson; but I never had any name for her except Baby. You get into the habit of callin' 'em that when they're small—and you somehow hate to let go.

"My wife was a strict church member—Hardshell Baptist—and sang in the choir. I used to go along sometimes, but not very often. I never professed religion, as they call it. I went to please Ellen and to hear her sing.

"Well, you can imagine how a religious woman would take a thing of that kind. All she could think of and talk about was how I'd disgraced her and the baby by getting into trouble that way. God knows, mister, it was hard enough to stand without anybody rubbing it in. I told her over and over that I never meant to cheat anybody; but it didn't do no good. She wouldn't listen. I think her mother sort of egged her on. The old lady never did like me anyway. We had trouble a few times. She wanted to come down to the county jail and pray for me. I sent her word to do her praying at home.

"I didn't really believe that Ellen meant all she said until the morning they took me away on the train. I'd been kind of counting on seeing the baby again before I went. Ellen had been to the jail twice, but she hadn't brought the baby with her; and I hadn't asked her to, though maybe it wouldn't have made any difference if I had. You never know how much them little people see and understand—and I didn't want my baby girl to remember that they had her daddy caged up like a wild animal.

"Down at the depot it would have been different and she wouldn't have known anything but just that I was going away somewhere. I'd asked Joe Davidson—he was the deputy sheriff—please not to put the irons on me until I was inside the car and he promised he wouldn't.

"Well, we stood there on the depot platform, Joe and me, and waited and waited until the very last minute. There wasn't a sign of Ellen and the baby. None of Ellen's folks was there either. I couldn't blame them, of course, feeling the way they did about me; but I did think Ellen might have brought the baby, even if she didn't want to see me herself, like she said. Finally the conductor gave the signal to start.

"'Come on, Harve!' says Joe. 'Let's go. Your wife probably don't feel like facing folks this morning. Like as not she'll be down to see you the first visiting day—and she'll bring the kid, of course.'

"He meant it all right, Joe did, but I knew he was wrong about Ellen; and, as for the baby, I wouldn't have had her see me in them stripes—well, you know how a man would feel about that, mister.

"When they took me in there and shaved my head and gave me a bath and told me how much time I could get off for good conduct, I meant to act right. I made up my mind to be the best prisoner in the place. I obeyed all the rules and I worked like a dog. I was big and husky, and they put me with a quarry gang, half a mile from the pen.

"You see, mister, I had a sneaking sort of a hope that when Ellen got cooled down, and had time to think it over, she might remember that I'd always tried to be good to her, and give me another chance. And then, there was the baby! She was as much mine as Ellen's. I thought we could go away off—out West or somewhere—and nobody would ever know. That was the reason I tried so hard to please everybody at first. I wanted to have a clean record, even in a place like that. Then—I got a letter."

The man stopped speaking, and ran his thumbnail along the edge of the rolltop desk as if testing the grain. Scott waited three full breaths before he broke the silence.

"How Could It Help Being Funny? Your Name Alone Guarantees That"

"You got a letter, Henderson? Was it from your wife?"

"No," said the man. "No—not from Ellen. It was from the preacher at the church where she used to sing. He said she had asked him to write it—like as not she did. He started off with a long palaver about it being a sad duty for him to perform, but that it was best for me to know the truth; and then he came out with it. Ellen had sold the furniture and taken the baby and gone away; he said he didn't know where. Her message to me was that I shouldn't try to find her after I got out because it wouldn't be any use. She wasn't going to get a divorce, because she didn't believe in 'em; but, so far as she and the baby was concerned, I was the same as dead."

Again silence—the great hairy hand traveling up and down the edge of the desk; the broken thumbnail patiently following the twisting grain of the wood.

"Mister," the husky voice resumed, "that was the last I ever heard of my wife and baby. Ten years—and not another scratch of a pen. No word. Nothing.

"Maybe they was right about me, and I did go sort of crazy on one subject. Night and day I was thinking, thinking—and always of the same thing. They say that'll drive a man off his nut as quick as anything else. I didn't even know where Ellen and the baby had gone, or how they was making out. They might have been sick or up against it, or even dead, and I wouldn't have known. I wrote to her mother and I begged her to tell me just one thing—only that Ellen and the baby was well. . . . She never answered the letter.

"I stood it three months, mister. The first time it happened I didn't know whether the guards would shoot or not. After that I didn't care much one way or the other. The quarry gang used to line up and march back to the pen about an hour before sundown. I didn't have any idea of hurting anybody; all I wanted to do was to get away. I went at two of the guards with my bare hands. One of 'em clubbed his gun—and I got this."

He touched the ragged scar with his finger.

"That was the way it started. I don't want to talk about what came afterward. They say I was a wild man and only half-human, and that I tried to commit murder. I want to ask you this: Suppose you'd been strung up by the thumbs and had your back cut to pieces with whips; suppose you'd had your eye knocked out with a steel bar; suppose you'd spent months in the dark cell all alone; suppose they'd kept on adding years to your sentence every time you hurt a man trying to get away from a place where they treat human beings like they treated me—I ask you, mister, wouldn't you have been a wild man too? Wouldn't you have fought those devils with anything you could get your hands on?"

Bill Scott found no answer to that question. Once more the thumbnail resumed its intricate journeyings.

"I'm square with the law now and it's through with me. It took everything that made me a man—home and wife and baby—and you can see what it left! But that ain't the worst. The law did something else to me that cuts deeper than rawhide. It took away the only thing that kept me alive all the years I was in that place—the thing that made me want to get out so bad.

"Life is a hell of a joke, ain't it, mister? Once I used to think that just to be loose would be everything. I've got my freedom now and what's it worth to me? Not the snap of a finger! . . . Why, mister? Look at me again. Look close! Would you believe that such a horrible-looking old wreck as me used to think he had one big thing left to live for? I used to lie in the dark cell and picture it all out—how I'd hunt up my wife and take my little girl on my knee and say to her: 'Honey, this is your daddy; he's come home.' . . . Mister, the law took that away from me too. There's just one kindness I can do Ellen and the baby now—and that's to stay dead!"

The man rose and stretched his arms over his head.

"Well," he said, "I'll be moving along. I thought by the way you wrote poetry that you'd understand; but you're wrong about there being sunshine for everybody if we only knew where to look. You're wrong, mister. Well, so long."

"Just a second!" said Bill Scott. "How are you fixed?"

The man hesitated, one hand on the doorknob. He smiled sheepishly.

"I—I ain't fixed at all," he said. "I'm broke; but it's my own fault. I had some money yesterday—forty-five cents. I got into a little town along in the afternoon, figuring that I'd get me a plate of beans and maybe a shave. Well, there was a street fair in the place—one of them things with a merry-go-round and acrobats and cheap shows. I hadn't seen one for so long that I stopped to look.

"The street had a sort of a fence across it, with a turnstile and a man to take the money. Inside it was just full of children—most of 'em little girls in white dresses, with ribbons in their hair. They was having a beautiful time—riding on the flying horses and buying pink popcorn and candy.

"It made me feel sort of blue, and I started to go away. Then I saw that there was a little girl looking through the fence too. She didn't have on a white dress; hers was black and tore in places. I could see one of her thin little shoulders. She was about twelve years old—the age of my little girl if she's alive. I spoke to her, kind of turning my head away so as not to scare her.

"'Sister,' I says, 'why ain't you in there with the rest of the folks?'

"'I would be,' she says to me, 'only I ain't got no nickel, mister. You have to pay to go in there; and when you get in everything is a nickel. But you can stand here and look as long as you want to for nothing.'"

The man stopped and grinned foolishly. One might almost have thought he was trying to blush.

"Say, mister, you know where that forty-five cents went, don't you? There wasn't any little girl in that place that had a better time than she did; and I stood there, peeking through the fence and taking it all in. Every few minutes she'd wave her hand at me and laugh, and I'd wave back. Did you ever make-believe a thing was so, mister, when you knew it wasn't and couldn't never be? That's what I was doing. I was making-believe that I'd found my little girl. Mister, watching that kid spend my forty-five cents was the most fun I've had in ten years! . . . Why don't you laugh? They say a fool and his money is soon parted, and that's me all over."

"Here!" said Bill Scott, coughing as he thrust a coin into the man's hand.

"Far be it from me to advise you; but in your place I think I'd go out and get drunk—good and drunk! . . . Yes—I know it's a twenty-dollar goldpiece. If you can arrange to be sober by next Monday morning drop up here and I'll have a job for you."

"Work—for me?" asked the man. "Who'd give me a job?"

"About a thousand people!" said Bill. "I'm going to turn myself loose on the story of The Man Who Wanted to Get Out. You may not know it, but I'm a humorist. That's why I'm going to write a yarn that'll get to people's hearts. Monday morning they'll be standing in line here, asking for your address. Leave it to me—I know!"

After the man had gone Bill Scott slipped a sheet of copy paper into his typewriter and stared at it for ten minutes. Then his fingers began to move, slowly at first, as if feeling their way in unaccustomed passages, then faster and faster, until the old machine rocked to the rattle and roll of flying paragraphs. Bill was turning himself loose. He, too, had found freedom after many years; and because it was sweet to him he was able to tell the story of the man who had found it bitter. All the starved ambition of his life—all the longing for complete expression poured into the story of The Man Who Wanted to Get Out; for it was Bill Scott's story too.

III

THE next morning Ed Mayhew, the foreman of the composing room, opened Bill's door and thrust in his shaggy head.

"Say, Scotty!"

"Say it yourself!" snapped the humorist, deep in a parody on The Vampire.

"I've just got through reading that Sunday story."

"Well?"

"I heard the boys talking about it, so I yanked a proof and read it through. It's a wonder, Scotty! There's everything in that yarn—descriptive stuff, the real old heart thing, and an awful kick at the finish. I didn't know it was in you, Bill."

"Get out!" grunted Bill, but he smiled when the door closed.

Next he heard from the proofreading department. Mrs. Shaw, a veteran in point of service, wept openly before the embarrassed author and said she was not ashamed of it.

"It was so simple and so—so human!" she said, dabbing at her nose with a moist handkerchief. "How did you ever come to write it?"

"Hah!" said Bill. "Any man who can write humor can write the other thing too. They go together."

It was Bill himself who laid the proofsheets upon the managing editor's desk.

"This isn't exactly a humorous yarn," said he. "Look it over."

Then he sat down in a corner and pretended to read a paper while he watched Horton's pipe go out.

"Whew!" whistled the chief as he turned the last sheet. "Bill, you've written a classic! I don't know when I've seen anything to touch it. It has a fine literary quality. Why in the name of all that's wonderful have you never done anything of this sort before?"

Bill would have been glad to tell him, had not the city editor entered abruptly.

"Say, chief! Get hold of Starlight and Moonshine for next Sunday and read it! Bar none, it's the best sob-story you ever saw."

Horton smiled and pointed toward the corner where Bill was hiding behind a newspaper.

"Oh, hello, Bill!" said the city editor. "Yes, I'll say it to your face. Scotty, that little touch at the end about the kid and the street fair—that was art! It had me scared for a minute. I says to myself: 'Oh-oh! Bill is going to spill the beans on the finish—Enoch Arden, please write!' But it wasn't his kid after all; and that's what hooked me! How much of it is true?"

"Well," said Bill, "the ground plan of the story is all right. Of course I threw in the high-lights and the shadows, and all that sort of thing. The man was in here the other day and gave me something to work on."

"Good Lord!" exploded Horton. "I thought it was pure fiction! Do you mean to tell me they treat prisoners like that in this state? Why, it's a big crusade story! We can tear into that and force an investigation and a reform. This story will be the opening gun of the campaign and we can follow it up. Bully!"

"You verified the facts, of course," said the city editor.

"Why, no, I didn't," said Bill. "I can though. Ryan, the warden down there, is a personal friend of mine. I'll send him a wire and sign my own name to it—so he won't smell a rat, asking him how long Henderson has been out. Then next week you can start your investigation on the heels of this story."

"Immense!" said Horton. "We'll turn the state upside down!"

Bill went back to his office and wrote a telegram, after which he put his feet on the desk and sent the office boy out for two twenty-five-cent cigars, banquet size.

"And he slips me a buck and says: 'Never mind the change!'" said that astounded youth to the telephone girl. "He ain't so mean as you think."

Then, with the smoke of a fragrant perfecto in his nostrils and the peace of a satisfied ambition in his heart, Bill picked up the proofsheets and read the story through, analyzing each line and scanning each paragraph with the stern eye of a critic. He found no fault in it; to tell the truth it was rather better than he had suspected.

"By golly!" he whispered at the end. "They weren't kidding me about it.

(Concluded on Page 36)

"I Used to Lie in the Dark Cell and Picture It All Out—How I'd Hunt Up My Wife and Take My Little Girl on My Knee"

BACK-FIRE

By HENRY C. ROWLAND

ILLUSTRATED BY LESTER RALPH

III

EDNA found her father standing at the edge of the pond, morosely watching a flock of tame decoys that included both geese and ducks. He looked round at her approach and flicked his cigar stump into the water.

"Cheer up, dad," Edna said cheerfully; "it's a lot worse than we'd thought." Gillespie's handsome face looked startled. "Well?" he asked.

"Aunt Nelly's fallen in with a missionary man who has kindly agreed to assist her in giving all her millions to charity," Edna told him, and went on to describe her conversation with Lucia.

"I've been rather expecting her to do some such noble act," Gillespie observed dryly, "but I'd hardly counted on her being in such a tearing hurry to impoverish herself." He shrugged. "I must say there are no half measures about Nell. She fairly pines for the hair shirt and the rush bed."

"The trouble is," Edna observed, "she doesn't mind mortifying our flesh any more than her own. We've got to do something, dad."

Gillespie shook his head. "What the deuce is there to do?" he asked. "It's in her blood—a sort of monomania. As a young girl she spent all she had on settlement work, and then as that didn't seem enough, what does she do but sell herself into slavery to old Stephen Duane. When a lovely woman as sensitive as Nell is ready and willing to sacrifice her own person for the sake of carrying on her charities she must be either a saint or a lunatic. Nell's a bit of both. She's got the will of a Joan of Arc in that dainty body of hers. You can't help but admire it."

"Just at this moment," Edna answered dryly, "we've scarcely the time to admire it. We've got to stop it."

"How can we stop it?" asked Gillespie with a listless air. "I can see precisely how the thing will work out. She'll get this big plant going and figure on a certain yearly cost of upkeep. Suppose, after the initial expense, she estimates that it will take, say, two-thirds of her income. Those affairs always cost a lot more than the figures would indicate, and each year there will be the need of more money. As long as she's got it Nell will continue to pour it out, and the first thing you know she'll have sold the Newport estate and this place and the camp at Moosehead and be wondering how she's going to make up the deficit."

"We mustn't let her," cried Edna fiercely.

"She's a free agent. The money's hers. After all she earned it by eight years of slavery."

"How can you talk that way, dad—and you say that you're in love with her?"

Gillespie's clear gray eyes shot a look at his daughter, then returned to the pond. "I asked Nell to marry me before I asked your mother," he said lifelessly. "I've loved her ever since I first laid eyes on her. When she refused me I went to your mother for consolation—and she certainly gave it to me with both hands. Now that she's gone these many years and Nell's free again, I suppose it's natural enough that the old feeling should revive. But what's the use? She won't marry me, and to tell the truth I feel like a fool to ask her. She doesn't give a hang for me and she's planned out her own life. If she weren't so rich I could make a better showing. Her money and my lack of it put me off when I try to talk to her."

Edna gave her small, slippered foot an impatient stamp. "Upon my word, dad," said she, "this is the first time I've ever known you to be lacking in sand. Aunt Nell is a normal flesh-and-blood woman, who has made rather a mess of life through an oversense of duty. If she'd met the right man she'd never have sacrificed herself as she did. Mother herself once told me that she was terribly in love with you ——"

"What's that?" Gillespie wheeled about so quickly that the girl was startled. "You say your mother told you that?"

His face was white and drawn and his eyes bored like gimlets into those of his daughter. Edna met their gaze steadily.

"Yes," she answered a little breathlessly; "I knew that you were once terribly in love with Aunt Nelly. Mother told me all about it. She said that when Aunt Nell refused to marry you she was ill for half a year afterward; but she was stubborn about it because she felt that you were idle and self-indulgent and not in sympathy with her views. You fell below her ideals. When mother found that she was fixed in her determination she married you herself. Of course she loved you devotedly and couldn't bear to see you unhappy."

Gillespie turned away and stood for several moments erect and silent. Edna stepped to his square, well-shaped shoulder.

"I never told you this," said she, "because mother forbade it. But you see, dad, if you could make Aunt Nelly love you once you can do so again. She's a different woman from what she was a year ago. Her strength is coming back and she's growing really lovely, and when a woman grows lovely there's always the chance of love. Let me tell you, dad, if you don't marry her somebody else will. The minute I saw her face I saw that there was something stirring that I'd never got a hint of before."

Cort Arrived in Florida With a Humble and Contrite Heart

"You think she's interested in this missionary chap?" Gillespie growled without looking round.

"I don't think that rosy flush comes altogether from the anticipation of the joys of philanthropy," said Edna rather dryly.

"Has she seen much of him?"

"Not a great deal as yet; but he's coming down here to spend a month. Just now he's buying land for the proposed institution."

"Confound him!" growled Gillespie.

"That's more like it, dad!" Edna's voice was cheerfully encouraging. "Arch your neck, old boy, but don't bite or kick. Now anybody can help spend somebody else's money, so why don't you take a stack in the game yourself? It would be the surest way to win Aunt Nelly."

Gillespie looked at his daughter curiously.

"What d'you mean, you pussy-cat?"

"I mean this. When Aunt Nelly tells you about her scheme, which no doubt she's rather dreading and will get over with as soon as possible, ask her to let you help. Tell her what is the truth, that you don't want to let her go out of your life and that you want to work with her. You do, don't you?"

"Yes, of course," he muttered. "But what would I look like helping to run a baby farm?" He gave a wry grin. "I can imagine what people would say."

"What do you care? There'd be a lot of outdoor work that would interest you—laying out grounds and farms and buying and raising stock and all that sort of thing. You're all fed up on this sort of life and you'd really like it. No doubt this missionary will want to run the inmate part of it, but why don't you put in an application for the outdoor part? Think how it would bring you and Aunt Nelly together; and besides ——" Edna checked herself. She had been on the point of saying "And besides you will have a chance to restrain her expenditures." But a swift instinct told the girl that such an argument would be impolitic. Gillespie was a proud man.

He stood for a moment, slapping his gaiters with the light bamboo cane he carried. Edna watched him eagerly. Little by little the clouded face began to clear, and presently he looked up, caught his daughter's eye and laughed a little sheepishly.

"By Jove, Eddie, let's marry you to a diplomat—and give him a vacation. You'd make 'em look like nigger-babies playing with molasses and a feather. I wonder if Nell would take me on?"

"She'd ask nothing better. She's always tried to interest us in charities. I might even lend a hand myself."

"I can see you doing it—Watteau shepherdess rôle! Joking aside, I am a bit sick of poking round killing things for fun; likewise of bridge and billiards. Who's this coming?"

It proved to be a maid with the request that Mr. Gillespie go to Mrs. Duane's boudoir, if he were not otherwise engaged. Gillespie sent word that he would be right up.

"Don't let her know that you have heard of the plan, dad," Edna warned him as he turned away.

"Why not?"

"Because Aunt Nelly told Lucia not to tell and Lucia told me not to tell."

"And now you tell me not to tell," retorted her father with a grin. "All right; being a man I probably won't."

Gillespie walked slowly back through the gardens and up under the pergola to the bungalow, as it was called, though architecturally it was rather a spacious Italian villa of the renaissance period, constructed of reënforced concrete with tiled roof and floors. On the eastern side a broad terrace rose level with the second story, the rooms opening upon it, so that one might pass directly from the magnolia grove to these apartments by a broad flight of concrete steps, where the terrace descended to a rose garden in the middle of which was a Persian fountain. Beneath this terrace was a sort of basilica that ran half the length of the house and looked down upon a Neapolitan sunken garden with snowy paths of ground shell and coral.

Gillespie mounted to the terrace, and pausing before one of the big French windows ran the end of his stick lightly down the overlapping jalousies. This was the customary form of announcement which took the place of knocking.

"Come in," called a softly modulated voice, and he entered, to find Elinor Duane sitting at the desk of her boudoir. She wore a kimono of pale amber embroidered silk, and the mellow light from a shell window struck softly on her ruddy hair, which was heaped loosely on her head. Gillespie's face lightened as he looked at her.

"It's nice to see you in color, Nell," said he.

She smiled. "This is only *en famille*," she answered. "Excuse the dishabille, Malcolm. I haven't unpacked yet, and Martha found this kimono in a cupboard. How has everything been going?"

Gillespie gave her briefly the news of the place, but Mrs. Duane appeared scarcely to be listening. She sat with one elbow resting on her desk, the loose silken sleeve falling back from her graceful forearm, absently tapping her lips with the end of a jade penholder and from time to time glancing at Gillespie as if on the point of interrupting. Once or twice a shadow crossed her face, and it was evident that she was nervous and preoccupied. Knowing her direct and rather impetuous nature, Gillespie was not surprised when presently she said:

"Malcolm, don't you ever get rather bored looking after these places of mine? Really, what with this and Newport and the Maine preserve, it must mean a lot of overseeing."

Gillespie shrugged. "Nobody gets any more good out of 'em than I do," he answered.

"But even so, how much good do you really get out of them? You hunt and fish and shoot and sail and see something of your friends, of course; but don't you ever get rather tired of all that?"

He nodded. "I'll admit, Nell," said he, "I get bored to death sometimes. Why?"

"Tell me," said she, disregarding his question; "are you ever dissatisfied with your life as it is?"

The color crept up under his weather-hardened skin. "That's rather an unnecessary question for you to ask, isn't it, Nell?"

Her eyes met his and a quick, answering flush rose in her soft cheeks, but her expression grew suddenly stern.

"I am leaving what you have in mind out of the question, Malcolm," she answered almost sharply. "It is not fair for you to refer to it. You've already heard my sentiments in that regard. I mean, of course, that quite aside from that, do you find your life sufficiently full of objective for a man of your character and abilities?"

"No," he answered, "nor can I think of any other that might suit me better, under all the circumstances. Now don't make any mistake, Nell; I'm not going to hound you with offers of marriage. You know how I feel toward you, and you might do me the justice to treat that feeling with a little consideration, even if you can't return it. I wouldn't

marry you anyhow, if you couldn't return it, so, as you say, there's no use in talking about it. But when a man of my nature wants one thing very badly and can't have it, the others don't matter a great deal one way or the other. I've been following the line of least resistance for the last few years, living principally at your expense, but trying to pay my shot by looking after your interests. So long as you were satisfied with the arrangement so far as it went, so was I. But if you've got other plans ——"

"Malcolm! Stop it!" Mrs. Duane's voice held a real note of pain. "That's not fair. You know how fond I am of you and of the children, and how much I love to have you all with me or enjoying what I happen to have. But lately I have felt that perhaps I have done you far more harm than good."

"Meaning that you've pauperized us?" Gillespie's face hardened.

"Don't be bitter, Malcolm!" Mrs. Duane's voice was almost pleading. "And don't be angry at what I'm going to say. I do feel that if it hadn't been for Stephen Duane's millions you would all be better off. Carl and the girls would be far less extravagant in their ideas ——"

Gillespie leaned forward suddenly. "Look here, Nell," said he, "has Carl been writing to you about that silly scrape?"

She nodded, her face distressed.

"The little swine!" growled Gillespie. "I thought that he was more of a man than that. I suppose he told you what I wrote him?"

"Don't be angry, Malcolm. He did it for your sake as much as his own. I have instructed my lawyers to settle the matter as judiciously as possible, so let us try to think no more about it. But what hurt me the most was to think that you yourself should have been unable to meet the situation and not have come to me."

Gillespie gave her a steely look. "I'm harder to pauperize than Carl," he answered dryly; "besides I hoped to be able to meet it. The yacht's worth forty thousand and she's now offered for sale for twenty. That's the amount that Carl's been whumpering for. However, since you've undertaken to square the boy I'll assign her over to you." He gave her a bleak smile. "And with your kind permission, Nell, I'll tender my resignation as steward of the Duane country estates."

Mrs. Duane's face whitened. "What do you mean, Malcolm?" she asked rather faintly.

Gillespie rose to his feet. He was one of those men of fibrous type who find a sedentary position insupportable when aroused. What he had just heard sickened and humiliated while it angered him. But he was a thoroughbred, and none of these emotions gave any evidence in his manner beyond a slight squaring of his broad shoulders and a certain air of careful politeness.

"You are absolutely right, Nell," he said. "I've been too long an idler. We've all been dwellers on your bounty until we've begun to soften at the core. I've fooled away my fortune in stock gambling until there's mighty little left; but with my connections and acquaintanceship there's enough to make a fresh start. I can still scrape up the price of a seat in the stock exchange, given a little time, and I'll take the boy out of college and turn him to work with me. Carl is all right at heart; the only trouble is that between us we've come near spoiling him. I'll stop on here until my chum, Freddy Wentworth, gets back from Europe, which will be in about a month, and then I'll look him up and see what can be done. He's been urging me for some time to chuck loafing and get back in the game. You're quite right, my dear; I haven't the qualities for the successful idler."

Mrs. Duane looked up at him with glistening eyes. Her breath was coming quickly and the color had come back to her cheeks.

"Oh, Malcolm," she cried eagerly, "I'm so glad. Because, since you feel that way you can be of such help in a great idea that has come to me. It's not necessary for you to go back to Wall Street. You are an open-air man and have always detested office work, and it's really not necessary for you to return to it if you can only interest yourself in my idea. I want your help and coöperation for a great work, Malcolm."

"Tell Me, are You Ever Dissatisfied With Your Life as It Is?"

She looked up at him eagerly. Gillespie's expression did not relax, although he thought that he had never seen her so lovely, with her intense, inspired face and pleading eyes.

"What do you want me to do?" he asked.

"Sit down, please, and let me tell you all about it." She motioned to his chair and he reseated himself. Mrs. Duane, leaning toward him, explained in detail her idea for the children's home. She talked with the impetuous earnestness habitual to her when describing something in which she was intensely interested, but her words, though rapid, were well chosen and comprehensive. Gillespie listened quietly and without interrupting. His eyes scarcely left the animated, charming face, but it is doubtful if his mind was centered entirely on the prospectus offered him.

"There, Malcolm," she exclaimed, when she had finished speaking. "Don't you think that the direction of such a work as this is a far worthier occupation than Wall Street?"

"If You Could Make Aunt Nelly Love You Once You Can Do So Again"

"No doubt, Nell; but I don't think it in the best of taste to slam the Street. If it weren't for Wall Street you'd never have been in a position to carry it out."

Mrs. Duane looked slightly taken aback. Old Stephen Duane had been one of the ablest manipulators of his day.

"That may be true," she admitted, a little nettled. "Still, it's a comforting thought to me that this money which came from the poor is going back to the poor."

"Most of it came from the rich," said Gillespie dryly. "Old man Duane was a big-game hunter. The bulk of it, though, came directly from the soil, and the middlemen got their share. Really, Nell, to hear you one would think that your millions had been acquired by savings-bank robbery or the floating of a de Lesseps' canal scheme. It's not quite fair to the old gentleman."

Mrs. Duane's eyes flashed. "That's not very nice of you, Malcolm," she said; "also it's beside the question."

"Right," he answered quietly. "So far as the charity scheme itself is concerned I think it's a splendid thing. It certainly would give a lot of poor little devils a start in life such as they'd never get otherwise, and bring a lot of happiness into their starved little lives. I must say that I'd never knock anything to help the kids. Go ahead with it, Nell; it's a grand thing."

"Then you really believe in it?" she cried, her whole face lighting wonderfully.

"I think it's magnificent."

"And you'll help?"

"Of course I will. Just at this moment, though, I'm rather up against it financially. But I'll contribute the yacht, if you like, and try to square with you for Carl a little later when I get on my feet. You could make use of the schooner, though, as a sort of recreation barge, or strip her down and use her to carry building materials."

"Malcolm, what in the world are you talking about?" Mrs. Duane's voice was half distressed, half vexed. "You know that I wouldn't think of asking you for any financial support. I want your personal help. The lawyers and trust companies can take care of the financial part—searching titles and buying in mortgages on our land, and all of that. But there is so much to be done in the selecting of the land and the laying out of the buildings, and the questions of wharves and water supply, and plumbing, and central stations for heat and light, and roads and gardens. It's the building of a community, Malcolm. There's where I want you to help."

"But I thought that Doctor Penfold had undertaken that end of it," said Gillespie.

"He has; but one man's powers are limited ——"

"Not those of such a man as you have described Doctor Penfold to be," said Gillespie. "All he needs is a corps of engineers and architects. After all, Nell, it's not such a complicated undertaking. It's going to be mighty interesting, and I must say that if I didn't have to get back to work I'd a lot rather lend a hand than fool away my time as I've been doing."

"Oh, Malcolm," cried Mrs. Duane despairingly, "you don't understand at all. I want you to interest yourself in this charity with me as one of the family. It isn't necessary for you to go back into business when I have all of these millions. I've considered all of that. You and the children shall be amply provided for. All I ask is that, instead of spending your time here and at Newport or in the woods of Maine, you help me with the administration of this charity of mine. Don't you see?"

Gillespie's gray eyes narrowed slightly. His clean-cut face hardened.

"I'm beginning to, Nell," he answered, and there was the slightest hint of a drawl to his voice. "You mean that instead of acting as steward, without pay, to these country places of yours, I might be holding down the same sort of a job on good pay for the Duane Memorial Home."

"Don't be nasty, Malcolm."

"But I'm not, Nell—at least I don't mean to be. I'm merely trying to get the situation straightened out, so far as my part of it is concerned. If I still had money I'd ask nothing better than to contribute my services to what strikes me as a magnificent charity; but since I haven't, I can't offer them at all."

"But why not?"

"Because I have frequently observed that the person who undertakes to help administer a charity for a *quid pro quo* is rather more a beneficiary of that charity than its proper objects. These positions are usually held by poor relations, whose compensations are far beyond what they could possibly earn on their own account. I don't like the rôle, Nell, and I won't play it. What I will do is this: I'll try to get on my feet again; and if I succeed, I'll become a patron of your charity, because I think it's a bully one. Meantime, I'll make an effort to stand on my own wobbly legs. By the way, how much do you pay your Doctor Penfold?"

"He is like you," said Mrs. Duane lifelessly.

"That's damning him with faint praise," said Gillespie with a smile.

"I mean he will not take any money for his services. He says that working on a salary for a charity is like being paid to say your prayers. He says that nobody connected with the administration of a charity ought to be paid."

"You haven't taken his lesson much to heart, Nell."

"Perhaps not. Touch a match to that lightwood, Malcolm; it's chilly. And haul up the jalousies. No, shut the windows first and slide the slats round the corners. You will like Doctor Penfold, Malcolm; he's very much of a man. I wish you'd show him a little sport while he's here. Take him drum fishing—and you might get Oertel to take him up. I want him to enjoy himself, and he's keen about aëroplanes. He's never seen one in flight. However I know you'll be nice. I'm sorry, Malcolm, that you feel as you do." Mrs. Duane's manner was not reposeful. "You'll excuse me for dinner tonight. I'm tired from traveling, and this air is so different to that in the North." She gave him her hand, turning away at the same time. Gillespie had seen this swift change of mood before. He had never known exactly what it meant, beyond that it was time to go.

IV

MALCOLM GILLESPIE found it unnecessary to remove his son and heir from Yale. The faculty saved him this trouble; and Carl arrived in Florida with a humble and contrite heart, not quite sure whether he

would be welcomed with a fatted calf or the hide of that animal neatly sewn to the paternal shoe. His escapade had been a serious one, not only for himself and two of his chums, but also for the Ganymede of a low Bridgeport bar and a member of the constabulary of that city, the two latter of whom were convalescing in the Bridgeport hospital, with the cheerful knowledge that their hurts would be well paid for. His two companions, young men of heavy frame and normally peaceful habits, had been suspended; but Carl, who was known to have figured prominently in other brawls, had been expelled.

Gillespie had received his son with noncommittal silence but no reproof. When Carl made a clumsy effort to express his regret at what had occurred, Gillespie merely answered: "Say all that to your Aunt Nell, boy. She's paying the damages, not I." Carl had wondered at the bitterness of his father's tone.

He understood a little better when Edna and Lucia carried him off to the schooner for a swim. The yacht was an old wooden vessel of the centerboard type, about seventy feet on the waterline and very roomy. Broad of beam and drawing but about six feet of water she made an excellent cruising craft for those waters, especially as Gillespie had installed in her motor power that enabled him to work about in narrow waterways. Her accommodations were far more comfortable than those of many modern craft of her size, with their fine lines and great angular heel, and she was by no means a dull sailer. Gillespie was his own sailing master, though the nominal skipper was a grizzled Nassau negro known as Captain Mackerel Handy, which, as he claimed Scotch descent, may have been derived from "Machrihanish," this ancestry dating vaguely from some ship of that name. Whatever his escutcheon, Captain Mackerel Handy knew not only the Bahamas but also the West Indies like a cormorant, which black, bleak bird he strongly resembled. His great, gaunt frame was like a Rodin statue done in teak with an ax, and his cavernous eyes were supposed by the negro crew to have the power of piercing the blue ink of the Gulf Stream as others might look through tinted glass.

Gillespie, himself a Virginian, understood negroes and preferred a black crew, always carefully selected. The cook, steward and mess boy were trained house servants, and though one hears much of the slovenliness of negro servants, there was none of it in evidence on the Twilight, as Gillespie had renamed his yacht in honor of her age. Formerly she had been the Foam Queen; but as Gillespie had observed, such names ought to be reserved for fat scows carrying slag, which never get farther to sea than Perth Amboy.

As the light gig shot alongside the staging there came from overhead a voice that commanded gruffly:

"Quot'marster, frow out dat bowman. He ain' no good. He done sprinkle Mis' Lucia when he done ship de oar. Yo' de leas' smartes' niggers I ebber see. What yo' t'ink yo' doin'—diggin' ersters er what? Look 'live, yo' trash!"

The three young people came on deck, when the manner of the captain underwent a sudden change. He drew himself up stiffly, and his great, gaunt hand went to the visor of his cap. But the bulging, mottled eyes brightened.

"How do you do, captain," said Carl, returning the salute.

"Sarvice, Marse Carl. Dat's shore a fair win' done fotch you souf."

"Hope so, captain. How's the boat?"

"She leakin' a mite dis moment, Marse Carl. De Marster done try her sorely de udder day, bumpin' in ober de bar cause 'e ain' got patience to wait fo' de tide. But dat ain't hurt her none. Jus' 'nough water to sweeten de bilge." He grinned expansively, and the chocolate skin of his big face which was as smooth as satin broke into a thousand fine wrinkles. "Yo' contemplatin' to swim, Marse Carl?"

"Yes. Seen any sharks about?"

"I done see a ol' shobel-nose browsin' roun', but he ain' obnoxious. Quot'marster, beat dat shark drum."

Carl followed his sisters below, presently to reappear in his bathing suit. He was a well-made young fellow, but of a graceful rather than powerful build. At college he had won his "Y" on the track team as a runner and jumper; but he was not of the fibrous type required for football nor had he the power to get him on the crew. Carl could never possess his father's iron strength, though nothing would have made him believe it. He was a good boxer and fond of the sport, game enough in a "mill," but too light of bone to stand much heavy punishment. This, however, did not prevent his getting into a fight at the slightest provocation. Carl was quick of temper and full of self-confidence. He was handsome in a highbred way, with his father's clean-cut features, but with a rather petulant expression about the eyes and lips that were rather too full and red.

Climbing out on the end of the main-boom he made a clean dive into the clear, delicious water, and rising quickly began to splash about. Edna and Lucia presently joined him, slipping in from the staging of the accommodation ladder, and for a while they played about like a young triton and a pair of mermaids; then out again to dress and sit under the quarterdeck awnings—for the weather had changed and the sun was hot, while a faint air, warm and perfumed with the balsam of simmering pine needles, wafted off the shore. The steward made Carl a long drink, consisting of limes and a copious allowance of gin. The girls sipped orangeade and nibbled macaroons.

Carl lighted a cigarette and sat smoking silently, while the gloom gathered on his face. Presently he flicked his cigarette over the rail and said sulkily:

"Not much more of this sort of thing for us, I fancy. Aunt Nell told me last night about this rotten scheme of hers for chuckin' away all her money on a lot of measly little ashcats. Somebody ought to stop it!"

"Aunt Nell Told Me About This Scheme for Chuckin' Away All Her Money. Somebody Ought to Stop It!"

"Then it's up to us," said Edna, setting down her glass. "Dad has gone and flubdubbed his part of it. I had him all primed up, and he went straight off and made a mess of everything. It was your fault too."

"How was I to know?" snapped Carl. "The governor had written me that he was rather hard up for ready cash before ever I got mixed up in that darned row. Aunt Nell's got money fairly runnin' out of her ears, so I naturally turned to her."

"Just what happened, Carl?" asked Lucia.

The boy gave her the bored, heavy-lidded look of a blasé young blood of the Georgian period.

"It's not fit for your young ears to hear," he answered.

"But I want to hear. Jim Stillwell and Barney Rutherford were in it, too, weren't they?"

Carl languidly drew out a gold cigarette case, which bore the Gillespie crest, and extracted therefrom a cork-tipped cigarette that likewise bore the family crest.

"Yes," he answered, lighting his cigarette from a silver briquette that occasionally condescended to ignite. "Jim and Barney and I went down to Bridgeport to a prize-fight—Danny the Crab and a useful lightweight who'd been Keefe's punchin' bag, and whom I nicknamed the Christian Scientist, because he doesn't know there's such a thing as pain. That name of mine kicked 'em in the ribs; the sporting editors swiped it, but I started it. I've got some clippings over at the house." He nonchalantly blew the ash off his cigarette.

"Well, what happened?" demanded Lucia.

"Why, this Christian soldier of mine was workin' to windward fast under steam and sail, and I was glad of it, as I had a couple of hundred on him. Danny was a cheap skate. I knew him quite well, and Sophomore year, when he was doing a stunt at Poli's, I'd taken him over to the gym for a swim in the tank and introduced him to some of the crowd. What does he do but touch the Octopus-Billy Green, you know—for a hundred disks, and I had to make good. I've got no use for Danny. He's too much of an opportunist."

"He can't be a real gentleman," said Lucia limpidly.

"I doubt his mother was a lady," Carl answered, and tried to assume the expression of his father when bored. "I was sore with Danny, and told him so before the fight. He said: 'Aw, youse colluglans jar all de make-up off my face. Youse mean well, but you was all born too young. When I was a day old I strangled de cat. If I hadn't went and done it de cat would 'a' strangled me while de old woman was dredgin' for poils in de tub.'"

"I rather like the Crab," said Lucia.

"Oh, he's hot, all right," Carl admitted; "but that comes of a short circuit. He doesn't shine. He made me tired, and I bet him a hundred that in ten rounds the Christian Scientist would put him where there was no such thing as pain. The gatekeeper held the money. Then he did a Paul Revere's ride in a motorbus."

"Who? Daniel?"

"No, the gatekeeper. But he got a hotbox before he'd passed the outposts, and one of my boy scouts brought me the news in a cleft stick. The fight was stopped, and I led the proletariat to Mike Grogan's place, where we found him wasting our substance in sinful pride. Then a lot of things happened. Jim and Barney were making work for the Painters and Plasterers' Union and I was killing the dead ones, when the Dago that laughs at drunken jokes and burnishes the cuspidors told me how this infamous collector had crawled between the spokes of the pinwheel and was about to ruin our perfect roads in the bile-colored car. So I did a flank action and joined them, just as they were leaving for a less turbulent sphere of action. The chauffeur and I got into an argument over the steering wheel, and the result was we tried to pass a trolley car going the other way on the same track. Anthony, make me another Tom Collins, and you may put some lime juice and soda in it, if you insist."

The steward who had been hanging in the hatch disappeared like a gopher. Carl flicked away his cigarette.

"And was anybody hurt?" Edna asked.

"That is not the question," answered Carl. "There was one person who was not hurt—I am it. Nobody in the trolley car was hurt a bit, because it was an empty going down to the sheds. The motorman suffered abrasions, and the people in the motor car are still shuffling round the ward. Nobody was killed, which proves that Satan protects his own. I woke up, wondering how I had managed to get mixed up in the wreck of the Crystal Palace. A yogi in blue clothes explained that I was still on the material plane. Meanwhile Jim and Barney had destroyed Grogan's place and a few of its habitués. The whole affair was very painful to me and ruinous to my clothes; but I fail to see how a gentleman could have acted differently."

(Continued on Page 45)

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GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

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Tariff and Trade

ACCORDING to the elaborate investigation made by the London Board of Trade three years ago, wages for skilled labor in the United States are one hundred and thirty per cent higher than in England; and in the Canadian market England gets a tariff preference amounting to thirty-three and a third per cent. Any high protectionist who is true to the basic protectionist dogma that ability to compete depends upon the wage scale will tell you that, under those conditions, the United States cannot possibly compete with England for Canada's trade. But the United States does compete, and with signal success.

Eliminating all those items in which we have a decided natural advantage over England—including breadstuffs, meat, mineral substances, and manufactures of wood—and taking only articles as to which England is fairly on all fours with us, a Scotch investigator finds that our sales to Canada have increased two hundred and eighty per cent in ten years, while England's sales have increased only a hundred and thirty-eight per cent.

Of iron and steel manufactures, books and printed matter, boots and shoes, electric apparatus, brass manufactures, and like articles—which England, paying less than half our wages, should theoretically make much cheaper than we can—we sold Canada last year more than a hundred million dollars' worth, while England sold only sixteen million dollars' worth. On the other hand, England can take our cotton, make it into cloth and beat us selling the cloth to Canada; and of textiles as a whole, England sells Canada four times as much as we do.

The tariff has *nothing* to do with it. The wage scale has comparatively little to do with it. Ability to compete—that is, to make goods cheaply—depends upon the efficiency of the labor. Where our labor is most efficient, as in machinery, agricultural implements, and so on, we beat England in spite of a much higher wage scale. Where English labor is most efficient she beats us.

Some Wild Radicalism

HARDLY ever in Louis Fourteenth's long reign did any subject venture to remonstrate with him; but a notable exception occurred in 1670. Twelve women of Normandy had been convicted of witchcraft and condemned to be burned at the stake. Louis pardoned them on condition that they would forthwith leave the kingdom and never return. This amazingly radical act, so plainly destructive of morality and social order, emboldened the provincial parliament to adopt a solemn protest, beseeching the king to withdraw his pardon "for the glory of God and the relief of your suffering subjects." It is reassuring to know that, though the stiff-necked monarch persisted in refusing to let the women be burned, French civilization was not subverted.

In the reign of George the Third, Englishmen convicted of treason were hanged, but cut down before life was extinct, then eviscerated, partially roasted, beheaded and quartered—the quarters being set up for public inspection in different places. A wild-eyed radical, named Romilly, started a popular agitation to have traitors dispatched by simple hanging, and thus brought upon himself a bitter denunciation by law officers of the crown, who declared that he was seeking to "break down the bulwarks of the Constitution." The ingenious embellishments upon a simple death sentence disappeared, but the Constitution has survived to this day.

So we hope those standpat senators who think that American civilization will be subverted if protective duties are reduced from forty per cent to only twenty-five per cent will cheer up. Horribly radical things have been done in the past, but nations have survived them.

The Business Autocrat

SEVERAL years ago an important railroad was looking for a president. The directors invited a man of high reputation to the post at a very large salary. The man looked the situation over and discovered that the directors, instead of turning the road over to him to do with as he pleased, actually proposed to retain considerable power in their own hands. Whereupon he scornfully declined the position, with a remark that what the directors wanted was not a president but a messenger boy. The incident was repeated by the man's friends as proof of his ability.

He was the typical American captain of industry—impatient of any restraint, contemptuous of advice, relying upon himself and bound to have his own way. Such men have accomplished large things, but on the whole their type has been overdone and overpraised. The American Government itself can show no more scandalous instances of graft, waste and mismanagement than are discoverable in American business. In a majority of cases the evil is traceable to the same source—a boss system. To have large powers and wide discretion is good. To fill a board of directors with dummies or bully it into sheeplike submission, insisting that a single will shall have autocratic sway everywhere, is bad. Taking it by and large, a one-man company is not a company to tie to. Our captains of industry, on the whole, suffer from swollen heads.

It used to be said of a famous captain that he told his directors to vote first and debate afterward. For a good while now the Government has been sticking pins through his company and pulling its legs out to see how they work. Intolerance of control from within is one reason why there is now so much control from without. It is high time for the business autocrat to join his moldy predecessors in the political line.

Guessing at Incomes

SINCE Washington statisticians estimated that some four hundred thousand persons, with yearly receipts aggregating about six billion dollars, would be subject to the income tax, guessing at incomes in the United States has been a popular diversion.

Up to a certain point the guessing is fairly easy. Over thirty million persons above sixteen years of age are gainfully employed. Six and a half millions of them are wage-earners in manufactories, whose average pay is five hundred and eighteen dollars a year. Four and a half millions are agricultural laborers, with an average income, no doubt, below that sum. Five and a half millions are engaged in domestic and personal service—cooks, hired girls, waiters, laundresses, barbers, and so on—among whom thousand-dollar incomes are the exception. Bookkeepers, clerks and salesmen number more than a million and a half and are generally far removed from any fear of the income-tax collector. Steam and electric railroad employees, draymen and hackmen, stenographers, telegraph and telephone operators make up another million and a half. It is easy to count up twenty million breadwinners whose share in the national prosperity consists mostly of a meal ticket.

After that the guessing becomes more difficult. There are nearly six and a half million farms the average income from which has been estimated at six hundred and odd dollars; but the variation in farm incomes is so wide that—unlike the case of factory wage-earners—an average means nothing. Indeed, if you rely altogether on averages you can divide the total national income by the number of inhabitants and prove that Mr. Rockefeller has only enough to live on. You are perfectly safe in guessing that the national income is inequitably divided; but when it comes to finer distinctions difficulties arise.

Decline of Country Towns

TOWNS in the last census period gained three inhabitants for every one that rural districts gained; but all those living in incorporated places of less than twenty-five hundred inhabitants are classified by the census as rural population. The gain in population, broadly speaking, was confined to towns of more than twenty-five hundred inhabitants; and a table prepared by the National Federation of Retail Merchants shows more than six thousand country towns, in eight states, that actually lost population in the ten years. This table includes one hundred and fifty-six county-seats in Missouri, Iowa, Indiana, Michigan and Illinois, out of a total of four hundred and ninety county-seats in those states.

This rather extensive stagnation or decay in country-town population in that great agricultural region approximately bounded by the Missouri, Ohio and Hudson rivers is described by a correspondent as appalling. It certainly indicates that the country town should take stock of itself.

Several months ago an investigation of the same phenomenon within a relatively restricted area led to a strong presumption of an intimate relationship between good roads and country-town population—those towns that enjoyed the advantage of improved highways tending to hold their own, or to gain, and those under the disadvantage of bad roads tending to lose. For a country town that depends upon rural trade, this is the very first point to be considered.

Studying Rural Coöperation

CONGRESS assisted, with an appropriation of twenty-five thousand dollars, the American commission for the study of agricultural coöperation that recently sailed, a hundred strong, from New York. President Wilson appointed seven persons to accompany and aid the commission, and the State Department provided it with appropriate letters to European governments. The commission represents three-fourths of our states and Canada. It proposes to investigate foreign coöperation as applied to farm production, marketing and finance; the effect abroad of coöperative organizations upon rural social conditions; and the relation of organization among farmers to cost of living.

This is a big and important object. In Germany, France, Denmark and other European countries the commission will find abundant examples of successful rural coöperation that might profitably be adapted to this country.

And when it returns, full of enthusiasm and information, it will be reminded of a law upon our statute-books that threatens to punish with fine and imprisonment any coöperation among farmers sufficiently extensive or so planned as to do the farmers any good.

Dietary Superstitions

IN RURAL Germany one still meets with a superstition that he who eats during a thunderstorm will be struck by lightning. Abstaining from food during an eclipse is common among savages; also a belief that in eating the flesh of any animal one absorbs that animal's characteristics. Thus an Indian tribe highly prizes tigers' flesh as food for men, but forbids women to eat it lest it make them too aggressive.

In the Congo, women are forbidden to eat birds of prey on the same principle, but are encouraged to eat frogs, which the men on no account ever touch. In the Caroline Islands blackbirds are a favorite dish with women; but men must not eat them, because if one did and afterward climbed a cocoa tree he would surely fall to the ground and be killed.

Among the Dyaks warriors must not eat venison, because it would make them as timid as the deer. Fowls and eggs are forbidden to women of a Bantu tribe, because on eating either a woman would certainly fly into the brush and never again be seen. Again, the flesh of many animals is forbidden, because the animals themselves—for example, swine—are disagreeable to the eye or have untidy habits.

These simpler superstitions we have discarded, in order to adopt the modern superstition that a healthy, vigorous person's diet should be regulated according to the needs of an elderly dyspeptic. Most popular dietary rules are written by aging and sedentary physicians for valetudinarians; hence the notion that to eat heartily is unhealthful.

School Hygiene

THERE are about twenty million pupils in the public schools. Most of them are required by law to be there. For their future success and usefulness nothing is more important than their health; but the state, though taking them in charge during the greater part of the year, pays too little attention to that point. An investigation by the Sage Foundation, covering more than a thousand cities, shows that only two-fifths of them have any regular system of medical inspection in the schools, and in only one-fifth does this include a real physical examination by physicians. Dr. Thomas D. Wood calculated that something like six million school-children have enlarged tonsils, adenoids or enlarged cervical glands, which could easily be corrected, which interfere with the child's progress in school.

Many city schoolrooms are menaces to health, being ill-lighted, ill-ventilated, and not clean. As to rural schools, a bulletin by the Bureau of Education observes: "A majority of them are housed in uncomfortable buildings, unsuitable from almost every standpoint, without proper furniture or facilities for heating, lighting and ventilating."

This is the condition the International Congress on School Hygiene, to be held in Buffalo next August, proposes to attack. The congress appeals to every one who is interested in the health of school-children—which ought to result in a mass meeting of the entire population.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

He Who Laughs Last

IN ADDITION to being a Yellow Peril the Japanese are an ingenious people. They invent what they can't copy and copy everything any one else invents. One of their specialties is warscares and another is toys.

They are particularly strong on toys—odd gimcracks to amuse the children—mostly fantastical in character, but always, despite the grotesquery, useful for their designed purposes. I remember once seeing a Japanese rubber ball elaborately painted to resemble a round and rolypoly man, with gorgeous whiskers, splendid clothes and various other bedizenments, that looked very little like a rubber ball; but it was a rubber ball. It bounced perfectly. It had all the resilience of a plain, unornamented rubber sphere. The point is this: The decorations did not interfere with the utility of the ball as a ball.

I never think of that rema kable rubber ball without thinking of James Hamilton Lewis, senator from Illinois. The analogy is close. The embellishments of the ball did not prevent it from being a success as a ball; nor do the adornments of James Hamilton Lewis prevent his being a success as a politician. To be sure, it may be argued that the rubber ball is no better as a ball because of its pictorial enrichment; and, with equal justice, it may be urged that Jim Ham would be just as good a politician and as much of a success without the garnishment of pink whiskers, yellow waistcoats, maroon spats, and his affectations of speech and manner. Those statements are probably true; but, on the pearl-gloved other hand, speaking Lewisly, the fact that at the age of forty-six Lewis is a United States senator from the great state of Illinois seems to prove that his whiskers and his spats have not deterred him much.

The late Francis W. Cushman, of the state of Washington, tall, angular, ungraceful, homelier in feature than a cubist portrait, used to laugh over the time when he first came to Congress as the successor of this brilliantly plumaged Lewis, now in the Senate. Cushman tried to get into the chamber of the House of Representatives. A doorkeeper stopped him.

"I am Cushman, of Washington," he said; "the successor of Jim Ham Lewis."

The doorkeeper gaped at him in amazement.

"Great Scott," he said, "don't they raise nothin' but freaks out in that country?"

Well, that is about the way the general run of people looked then and look now on Lewis. But let's take another angle of it. Isn't it possible that Lewis, instead of being a joke, is a joker? Has no one ever gone deeper into this Lewis person than to observe his pink and marcelled whiskers, and his maroon spats, and comment thereon and laugh thereat? It may be—it has an air of probability—that James Hamilton is wiser than his whiskers, craftier than his purple vests, more subtle than his exaggeration of speech and his elaboration of affected action. Perhaps he figured it all out in advance. Perhaps he has been putting something over on the populace all the time.

It Pays to Advertise

CONCRETELY, James Hamilton Lewis is senator from the state of Illinois, has been a Democratic representative in Congress from the state of Washington, and corporation counsel of Chicago—to say nothing of various other forms of temporary eminence attained for himself by himself. And it may be—it may be, fellow citizens—that the absurdities of James Ham have been as carefully thought out and put into effect as the consistencies of many another statesman who has clung to black clothes and a serious mien.

I have watched Jim Ham in operation for many years; have seen him strut and pose; have heard him spout the polysyllabled results of his explorations in the dictionary; have observed the waxing and the waning of the pinkness of his whiskers; have gazed with awe at his waistcoats; have marvelled at his supply of spats; have talked to him and about him; have discovered his imperturbable egoism, his absolute heedlessness of rebuff, his capacity for horning in, his skill at landing topside up—and I desire to set down here my opinion that James Hamilton Lewis is a deliberately contrived, a well-defined, a definitely planned advertising device for James Hamilton Lewis. Moreover there is a pretty fair stock of goods on hand to back up the advertisement.

It is quite likely there are persons who have seen Lewis when he was not on exhibition. I never have. But I venture the statement that when he is off watch, when he is alone, it is his turn to laugh—and he does laugh. You cannot tell me that any man who is smart enough to get as far as Jim Ham has, isn't clever enough to maintain his

Ability Plus Eccentricity

pose in any and all circumstances—isn't smart enough not to know it is a pose. In his heart of hearts Jim Ham knows he is acting; but that is all right, for he is a good actor and he has had some good parts. If one could get behind the pink whiskers one would find that Jim Ham is under no delusions about himself. He understands exactly what he is doing and what he has been doing. He is the useful, resilient, utilitarian rubber ball, and the decorations on the outside don't hinder his bouncing ability, while they do attract attention to the ball itself.

If he would tell the truth about himself—but why should he?—we should learn that early in his career he figured it out, on the basis of the natural chicken-wittedness of the populace, that he could go farther by means of the combination of ability plus eccentricity than he could by utilizing merely his natural ability. So he cultivated his whiskers, tended and pruned and grafted and pampered them; and he fussed and fixed and waved and curled his hair; and he shod himself with gay-colored spats; and he affected many-hued waistcoats; and he exaggerated the cut and the texture of his clothes; and he copied the airs of a dancing master; and he larded his vocabulary with big words; and he forgot what rebuff meant; and he indurated himself and played the public for what the public is—a gullible mass of people, eager for something approximately new. Seeking novelty, Jim Ham gave them a novel sort of politician—and he won at it.

If you could get Lewis into a psychological test tube for analysis you would find, after the ephemera of clothes and beard and manner had been cast off, there would be a residue of shrewdness; of accurate knowledge of the public mind; of clearly defined determination of course; of astute conception of the volatile consideration our people give their public men. You would find that beneath the trappings James Hamilton Lewis, apparently a macaroni, is in reality a shrewd person, who is under no delusion as to exactly what he is doing every minute of the day.

The whiskers and the spats, and the gorgeous ties, and the marcelled hair, and the affectations—and all the rest—are but a part of the great joke he has been playing on the people all these years. He hasn't been the butt, though it has been the fashion to consider him that. Instead he has kept himself before the public, he has played his chosen part as becomes a good actor, and he has gone much farther than most of those who have japed and jeered at him. The laugh isn't on Jim Ham. The laugh is on those who have been doing the laughing.

If you will consult the Congressional Directory, page twenty-two, you will discover that he is the senior United States senator from Illinois, and that his term of service will expire in 1919, on March third. And he is forty-six years old. Those pink whiskers seem to have had their uses after all.

The moral of this homily seems to be just this: The opportunities for advancement in this great and glorious country of ours are as numerous as the individuals able to embrace them. Lewis selected his plan and it worked. Still, possible emulators of the pink-whisker and maroon-spat method of attaining the United States Senate should remember one thing—there must be combined with the whiskers and the spats a certain amount of ability and intelligence. James Ham has both in large supply.

Painting the Lily

A CHURCH in Illinois decided to send a box of Christmas gifts to a negro school for girls in Mississippi. The pastor urged the members of the congregation to bring useful gifts. On the night the box was packed it developed that three of the young ladies of the congregation had brought curling irons!

Grandma's Old Friend

AN OLD lady laughed immoderately at a story told at a dinner in Chicago.

The story-teller looked at her inquiringly.

"Oh," she gasped, "it's a great favorite of mine. The first time I heard it I laughed so hard I almost kicked the footboard off my crib!"

A Nice Distinction

OHIO candidates for office advertise their merits. A man who was running for probate judge out there bought half a page of space in a local paper and presented his case in this modest manner:

1—I am the best-qualified man for the office!

2 I am the only strictly non-partisan candidate in the field!

3—I have especially educated myself for the duties of this office!

Finally, in large capital letters:

4—I am not a politician, but try at all times to be an honest and upright man!

In the Sweet By-and-by

A FRIGHTFULLY henpecked Missouri man was summoned to the bedside of his dying spouse. For forty years she had made his life a burden.

"I think I am dying, David," she said; "and before I leave you I want to know if I shall see you in a better land."

"I think not, Nancy," he replied—"not if I see you first!"

Dear Ancestors

TWO close-fisted Missouri brothers sued a neighbor for three hundred and seventy-five dollars owing on a land deal. They engaged the best lawyer in their county-seat.

The lawyer won the case. The brothers called to see about his fee. One stayed outside and the other went in.

"How much is it?" he asked.

"Well," said the lawyer, "I won't be hard on you. I have known both you boys since you were children, and I knew your pap. I guess three hundred dollars will be about right."

The inquiring brother went out dazed.

"Lordy, George," he said to the one outside, "I'm durn glad he didn't know grandpap too!"

Necessary Noise

A POET and a musician wrote a comic opera. When it was first performed it was noticed that the music was very loud.

"Why did you write such strenuous music?" asked a friend of the composer.

"You wouldn't ask that," the composer replied, "if you had read any of those lyrics. I didn't want the audience to hear them!"

BENSINGER'S LUCK

Two Strings of Pearls—By Will Payne

ILLUSTRATED BY IRMA DÉRÈMEAUX

"WELL, do you think it's going to suit you?" Bensinger inquired, putting his arm round his wife. She laughed and cuddled against him.

"Everything suits me now. Steve, do you ever pinch yourself to see whether it's real?"

"No; I just look at the stubs of my checkbook," he replied soberly.

They were in the sunny room at the rear of the second story, which Elsie called her own. Two years and a half before, when they took this house on a five-year lease, it had seemed to both of them all that anybody could reasonably wish in the way of a residence. Now, however, a large square of pasteboard stood on Elsie's dressing table, covering half the mirror and bearing an architect's sketch of a front elevation that might have been of a summer-resort hotel or a sanatorium, but was actually of the new home they were going to build—on grounds comprising an entire square at the end of Prospect Avenue. Even the Skellenger mansion would be only a patch beside it.

"I pinch myself—a little," said Elsie thoughtfully, brushing her cheek against his shoulder. "I don't mean only the new house and all the money." She circled him with both arms, looking up with a small, fond, accusing smile. "Why weren't you always nice to me, Steve? There was a while—honestly!—when I thought you were sorry you ever married me!"

"Rats!" Steve replied unsentimentally, twinkling down at her pretty, upturned face. "Of course for a couple of years or so I was so blamed busy I didn't have time for anything else. I couldn't afford to be nice to you then. No use trying to be nice to a woman—is there?—unless you've got the price!"

"You needn't have had an important engagement every time I wanted you to go somewhere with me," she persisted; "and then try to square it by giving me a present! I got so I hated to see a package from the jeweler's come into the house. It reminded me that I'd been snubbed by my husband."

Steve chuckled.

"That's really why you won't wear pearls—eh?"

The question seemed to displease her.

"Oh, no! I really don't care for pearls," she replied gravely, and turned to the sketch. "When will they send the full plans?"

Her subterfuges were usually transparent, and Steve chuckled to himself as he replied: "Next week"—at the same time stepping up to the dresser. From the upper right-hand drawer he took a blue morocco case, opening it. A string of pearls lay within.

"First time I ever really blew myself for you," he commented, twinkling down at the jewels. "When I dug up eight thousand plunks for that I didn't know but I'd have to hold up a train before the week was out. And you thought you were the Queen of Sheba when I brought 'em to you!" He chuckled aloud. "And now you wouldn't tie 'em to a dog!"

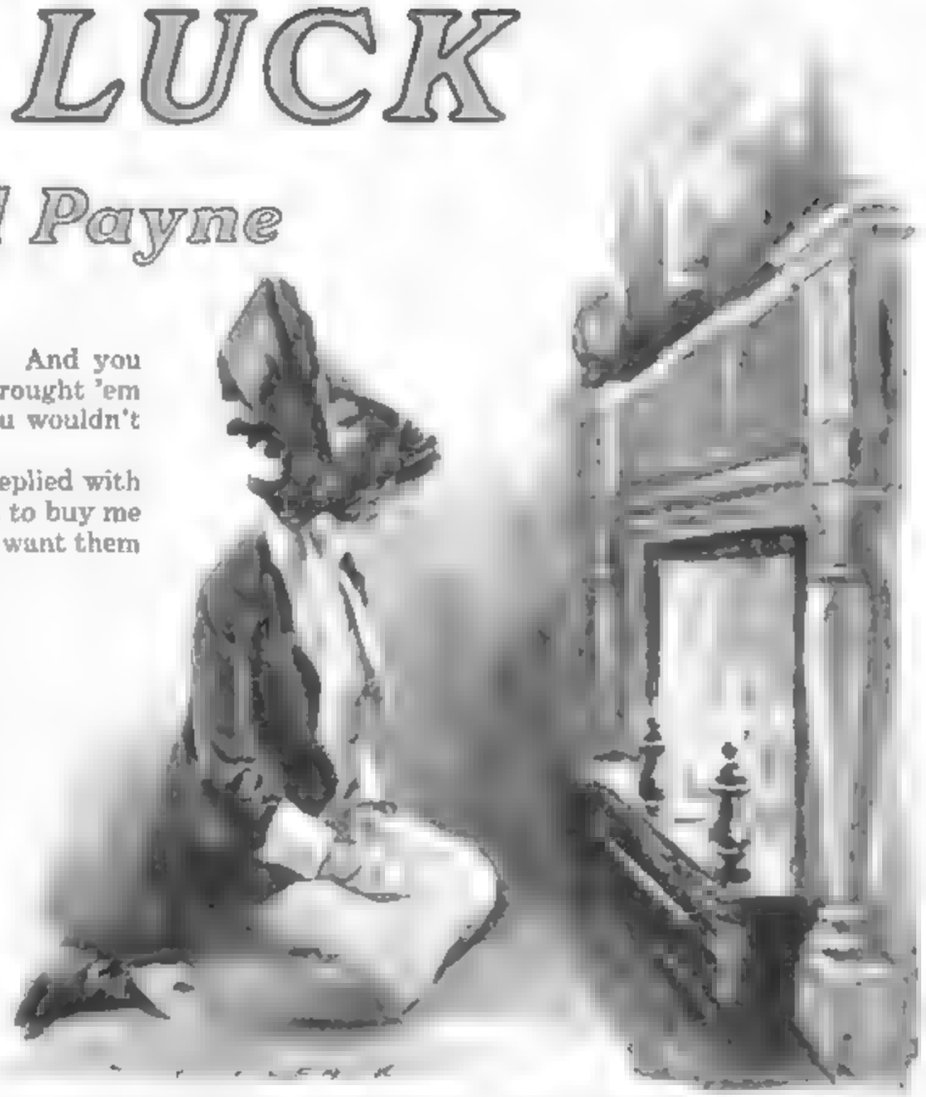
"I tell you I don't like pearls, Steve," she replied with nervous insistence. "You know I told you not to buy me those others in Paris. I told you truly I didn't want them and would never wear them—and I never shall! They can lie down there in the safe-deposit vault until they fall to pieces! And, Steve, if you don't put these in the vault for me I'll do it myself. I don't want them round the house." She had sat down at the dresser and was nervously brushing her hair, without looking at him.

"You used to like them all right," he persisted, with amusement over her unaccountable whims as he stirred the pearls with a big forefinger. "You used to wear these every time you got a chance, and always carry them round with you. I remember you took 'em to New York last fall when I closed up my Traction deal. And if you don't wear those Paris pearls pretty soon I'll wear 'em myself! Why, woman, a duchess would lick her chops over 'em! That lecture on pearls that the old guy gave us in his dago English was worth half the price. Remember? To tell whether they're genuine—— Hello!" He had lifted the jewels from the case and was holding them up to the light. "By golly! . . . Where's that magnifying glass of mine?"

He hurried from the room, carrying the pearls. Elsie dropped her brush and sat staring at the empty case, with parted lips. Presently she began again—slowly and mechanically—to brush her hair.

"By jiminy! I believe they're bogus!" Steve announced, returning with the jewels and glass. "Look at 'em yourself. Wouldn't that be great now, if Paulson and Company had put one over on me like that—when I was young and innocent, and hardly knew whether I was broke or not! Yes, sir; I'm going to take 'em right down to Wilson in the morning and have him examine 'em; and if he can't tell I'll have him send 'em to New York. Wouldn't that be a joke now"—he was putting the pearls back in the case as he spoke—"Paulson and Company, too! I'll make them sit up and ——"

But Elsie interrupted. Of course the pearls were genuine! It would be absurd to suppose otherwise. Would Paulson and Company sell bogus jewels? She didn't wish the pearls examined. They were hers! She was satisfied with them as they were. She put her two slim hands over the case, holding it down to the dresser. He should not have it!



She Watched the Last Bit of String Curl Into Blackened Ashes

"No, Steve! No, I say! You shall not! They're mine! You shan't take them! Don't you dare, Steve!" Her pleading voice trembled at the verge of tears as she exerted all her strength.

He saw, indeed, with astonishment that it was no joke at all and in half a second she would cry. As he desisted from the playful effort to lift her two hands with two fingers, she caught the case to her bosom and there was already a trace of moisture in her eyes. Her face was flushed and her lips unsteady.

"Why, of course, little girl—of course," he stammered contritely, "I didn't suppose ——" He stooped to put his arm round her. "What makes you so fussed up?" He chuckled a little, with his cheek against hers. "I thought you didn't like pearls anyway. And if they're bogus, you know ——"

"But they're not, Steve—I know they're not!" she insisted tremulously, touching his face with her hand. "How could they be? Please—Please don't bother me any more about them. I wish from the bottom of my heart I'd never seen them!"

The little incident passed. Elsie quieted down and put the pearls in her lap, going on with her toilet.

They were discussing the house when Martha, the maid, stepped in. It struck Steve that she was a bit disconcerted at finding him there—perhaps merely from a spinsterly sense that there was something immodest in a male person's presence at a woman's toilet. At any rate she halted on the threshold and spoke to Elsie:

"Telephone, ma'am."

"Who is it?" Elsie replied rather sharply—for it seemed to her also that Martha looked disconcerted; and that was no way for a maid to look in informing a respectable gentlewoman of a telephone message.

"Mr. Judd, the lawyer," said Martha apologetically. "He says it's very important."

Steve was surprised; for, both as citizen and lawyer, Wilbur P. Judd's reputation was decidedly below par. Elsie's hands dropped to the dresser. She lost color and for a moment seemed dazed. Then she rose silently and left the room, carrying the jewel case.

Steve's back was to the door and he did not turn round; but he looked into the mirror. The telephone on that floor was in the small room at the front of the house known as his den; but Elsie did not go there. She stepped to one side. It was Martha who went down the hall to answer the telephone. After a moment she returned. Mistress and maid were hidden from Steve's view. Then Elsie came back to her own room. Naturally Steve wondered what message Wilbur P. Judd could have for his wife, and why, if she didn't wish to receive the message, she had not told Martha so in his presence. He made a few incidental remarks about the new house, however, and went downstairs to await dinner.

"Do you remember when it was we got back from New York last fall—before we went to Europe?" he asked casually at the dinner table.

"Yes, I remember—it was the sixteenth of September," Elsie replied, though usually she was not good at recalling dates. "We left here the twenty-sixth and sailed the second of October—eight months now."

"I Wonder Who That Could Be From?"

"Go Away. I'll Call Carl to Put You Out"

Now and then one or the other of them remarked about the house or the weather, and they got down to the salad.

"Do you ever hear anything about Eddie Skellenger now, Steve?" Elsie inquired abstractedly.

"No—guess he's still down there in Texas, where the old man shipped him," Steve replied. "Understand the old man swears he'll have him locked up if he ever comes back here. Last fall—wasn't it—that he was locked up?"

"Yes—in September. It was just after we got back from New York. I remember it very well," said Elsie absently. "He passed a worthless check, you know."

"Guess as a matter of fact he forged his father's name to a check," Steve commented; "but they held him on the easier charge until he dug up the money to square it. I was talking with Wade about that the other day—forgery, I mean. Seems you can get anybody's handwriting imitated nowadays with no trouble at all. I've thought I'd get yours imitated and send old N. G. a note making an appointment and see if he'd come."

Elsie came out of her abstraction long enough to laugh.

"To see whether he would! Of course he'd come! If he sent me a note I'd keep the appointment!" N. G.—meaning the president of the First National Bank of Three Falls—was sixty and ridiculously fat.

Having finished the salad, Steve observed abruptly:

"No, I don't hear anything of Eddie Skellenger. Worthless pup!"

Elsie's blond head bowed over her plate.

"Yes, I suppose he is worthless," she murmured; "but I can't believe he's really bad, Steve—only terribly weak." She looked up at her husband. "We used to be very good friends."

"Yes; I know," Steve replied dryly.

Her eyes fell again to the plate. She turned the fork between a slim thumb and finger for a moment, and murmured: "We used to correspond."

Personal mail, as usual, was on the breakfast table when they came down next morning—a heap beside Steve's plate, which he pushed aside without looking at it until his secretary at the office should have separated the wheat from the tares; and several letters at Elsie's plate.

"I wonder who that could be from?" she commented aimlessly, surveying an envelope that appeared to Steve, on the other side of the table, to be addressed in a big sprawling hand. He noticed the envelope contained a single sheet and that she changed color when her eye fell upon the signature. She tore the sheet in small bits and laid them in a little pile on the table; then tore the envelope in two and added that to the pile. Quite often he had seen her dispose of correspondence that failed to interest her in the same way; but after breakfast he contrived to get half the torn envelope and put it in his pocket.

They strolled out-of-doors a few moments before he went to the office. Though the place was only leased, Elsie had taken much pains with the grounds. The lots occupied the corner of the block, with a hundred feet of lawn and shrubbery south of the house. There was no porch, but Elsie had built a summerhouse midway between the dwelling and the street, inclosing it with wire screens. It was a pretty place to sit of summer evenings, and there was a shaded electric lamp so one could read there. The lawn and greenhouse kept a gardener busy—Carl Jansen, whom Steve had originally employed as a porter at the office, but who yearned for the soil.

Elsie, too, liked the soil and the plants. Every forenoon, these days, she was to be seen in short skirt, boots and straw hat, working somewhere about the lawn. After the loitering stroll with Steve she went into the house to put on her gardening costume and Steve went out to his waiting car. He turned back, however, sought Carl and held a brief conversation with him before finally leaving for the office.

It was an early tulip bed that Elsie was working at this morning kneeling on the grass and tenderly digging up the bulbs, which had already produced their blooms for that year. She was aware presently of somebody standing beside her, and thought it was the gardener.

"Did you see any rose-bugs, Carl?" she asked, lifting a bulb.

As there was no answer she looked up, and the trowel dropped from her hand.

Wilbur P. Judd, attorney, stood over her, hat in hand, saying: "Good morning, Mrs. Bensinger!" with grave deference. The lawyer was middle-aged, squat and powerful, with bandy legs, wide shoulders, a deep chest. He wore his hair uncommonly long and a flowing black bowtie; his rugged countenance was picturesquely homely, but he looked greasy.

"What are you doing here?" Elsie gasped. "Go away. I'll call Carl to put you out." The burly gardener was only two rods away, spraying the rosebushes, and Elsie thought—with a sense of relief—that he had them under his eye.

"That would be very unfortunate, Mrs. Bensinger—for you and your husband," Mr. Judd replied soberly. "Something is going to get into the newspapers. I thought you ought to know about it."

"The newspapers!" Elsie repeated incredulously. "They couldn't!"

"Yes, I assure you it's all going to get into the newspapers—unless you do something to prevent it. You don't understand the situation at all. Really, you'd better let me explain. It would be very disagreeable for your husband, you know—the newspapers pawing it all over and everybody talking about it."

Elsie gaped up at him round-eyed. "I don't believe you!" she said, but he noted she turned pale.

"Better let me explain," he suggested patiently; and when she rose silently and led the way to the summerhouse he followed.

She confronted him in the summerhouse, a slim and pale image of righteous indignation, and exclaimed:

"You are a vile man! I don't believe anything you say. You lied to me before."

"Oh, you misjudge me, Mrs. Bensinger. I should have explained that to you before," Mr. Judd replied good-naturedly. Indeed, the moment they were hidden in the summerhouse his manner became assured. He dropped the greasy slouch hat on the stand by an electric lamp as if he had come to stay.

"You know what a terrible fix Eddie was in then," he continued amiably—"locked up; had to raise five thousand dollars or go to the pen; his father wouldn't cough up a nickel—and I was his lawyer. The boy's weak, Mrs. Bensinger—dreadfully weak. When he suggested that he had some letters from you that you were extremely anxious to get back, I told him the thing had a dishonorable look. I told him outright, Mrs. Bensinger," said the lawyer, oratorically lifting a stubby hand, "that it looked just like blackmail; but he was in a desperate fix and insisted, and as his attorney I reluctantly took the thing up. And you came across, Mrs. Bensinger, very handsomely—very handsomely! It was very generous of you."

"I told you then—but you didn't believe me—that I did it because I was really sorry for Eddie. I had—we had been good friends. I couldn't bear to see him go to the penitentiary. As for those letters—go and show them to my husband if you want to. You could have shown them to him then if you'd wanted to. I'm not afraid of them. Of course—I'm not anxious my husband should see them," Elsie wavered, trying for the thousandth time to remember just what was in several of the letters she had written in moments of revolt against Steve's absorption in business, which seemed to make her of such small account in his life. "But if anything bad can be read into those letters it's only because Eddie has gone bad. If they were written to an honorable man I wouldn't care. It's the scandalous things he's done that makes my writing to him seem scandalous."

"Very true, Mrs. Bensinger—very true," Mr. Judd concurred heartily. "I appreciate the point. Of course no honorable lady likes to seem mixed up, as you might say, with a disreputable man. I'm terrible sorry you didn't get the letters."

Elsie stiffened again.

"That was you! You did that!" she accused.

"No; believe me, Mrs. Bensinger, I was innocent as the newborn babe," the lawyer protested. "When I handed you that packet of letters right down there by the hedge and took your money I hadn't the least idea in the world they were not what they seemed to be. Why, of course, my dear young lady, I wouldn't think of doing such a thing as examining your letters to my client! I simply took them as he gave them to me. That he would do anything so low-down as tie up a packet of bogus letters, with only one of yours on top, never for a moment occurred to me."

"I don't believe you!" she declared. "Eddie never would have thought of anything so villainous as that. He isn't smart enough. You did it. You kept my letters, and you mean to blackmail me again; but I've made up my mind. Go and show the letters to my husband. I shall not give you a cent."

"And still, Mrs. Bensinger," the lawyer urged mildly, "it would be pleasanter for you if he didn't see them—wouldn't it? If I could arrange it now so that you could recover them quite easily, you would prefer that—wouldn't you?"

"Oh, yes! I would prefer that," she replied eagerly. "Of course, as you say, it would be—an unpleasant thing. You see—well, my husband and I may not always have agreed exactly; but we do agree now. Everything—is right; and to have anything—from the past—come up, you know ——" But she abruptly checked the ingenuous babbling into which he had trapped her. "You wouldn't do anything kind or honorable. You mean only ill to me. Go and show them to my husband if you like."

"Oh, I don't like at all!" he protested. "Besides, it isn't a question of showing them to your husband. That's why I felt it absolutely necessary to explain the situation

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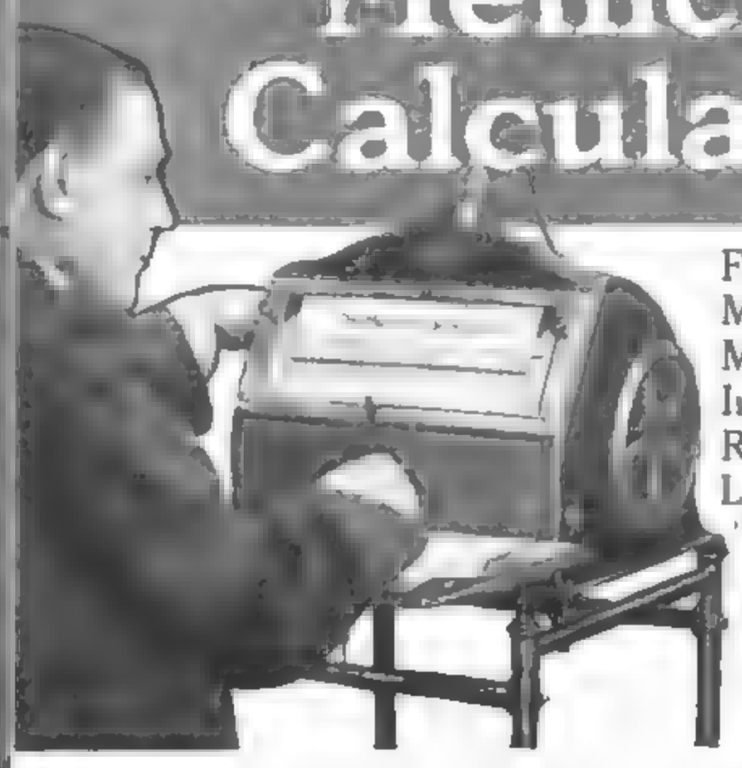

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We have planned a number of co-operative [illegible] We are [illegible] bringing in thousands of inquiries from bankers and merchants who want to know more about the Meilicke Calculator. These inquiries will [illegible] representatives, so that [illegible] be made. They form an excellent basis to start an agency on. It will take only ordinary effort to close sales. You may employ salesmen to do this if you wish. We will co-operate with you in every way.

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If you are in a position to establish a business and manage the sales for a state or a portion of a state or for any metropolitan community, tell us of your qualifications and we will send you a prospectus outlining our offer to you.

We want men who are capable of opening sales offices and establishing permanent businesses—men who are seeking a good income—men who realize the possibilities of this proposition. If you are sincerely interested wire us at once and tell us of the territory you are considering. We will then send you complete details of our offer. Quick action is necessary. Wire or write today.

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to you—and to do anything I possibly could to help you out of it, in spite of the bad opinion you have of me, Mrs. Bensinger. You see, the letters are no longer in Eddie Skellenger's possession or in my possession."

If he had expected to startle her he was satisfied.

"Where are they then?" she asked faintly, staring at him.

"Well, it's a very disagreeable subject—very disagreeable—especially to discuss with a lady. Our friend Eddie is weak—terribly weak. I suppose you don't know just why he was banished to Texas?" he inquired, watching her carefully.

"No!" he continued as she shook her head. "Well, the painful fact is, his father discovered he was in danger of marrying a—well, a female person here. It seems he had been, as you might say, in this person's toils for a good while. Probably you never heard of her, Mrs. Bensinger, but many others have—men especially. It's a disagreeable subject; but I must say the female in question—well, she's shady, decidedly shady, Mrs. Bensinger. And Eddie was guilty of the criminal folly or carelessness of permitting her to get hold of your letters. Now you see what a situation that makes," he suggested compassionately.

Elsie saw nothing very clearly. Even Mr. Judd's squat figure wavered before her eyes. She put her hand on the back of a willow chair and weakly helped herself to a seat in it.

"A very painful situation," Mr. Judd went on after she was seated. "Here you are, living very happily with your husband; rolling in wealth—about to build a magnificent new home, I understand, and naturally looking forward to taking that high position in society to which your wealth, intelligence and beauty entitle you. And here this shady female proposes to sue Eddie Skellenger for breach of promise and put all your letters in evidence. Of course—shan't I get you a glass of water? Better fan yourself with this."

He hastily proffered the greasy hat. "Rather sultry today!"

He stood by anxiously until she seemed to rally. After a while, moistening her dry lips, she asked faintly:

"How much does she want?"

"Well, her demands are extortionate—quite extortionate," Mr. Judd replied. "She wants fifty thousand dollars. Not a cent less, she says."

After another pause Elsie made a despairing little gesture.

"I have no money."

"But I suppose you must have quite a lot of jewels," Judd suggested hopefully.

He noted with relief that she summoned energy to sit upright.

"That was your villainous idea too!" she accused. "I never should have thought of selling my real pearls and buying imitation ones if you hadn't put it into my head."

"A very good idea too, I think," he replied good-naturedly. "You got the money you wanted and you still have pearls that look quite as well as the others. When you wear them who knows the difference?"

"I never have worn them and never will," she declared. "No! I'll not steal from my husband again."

"Well, which would you prefer now—provided he knew the circumstances?" the lawyer argued candidly. "Would he prefer to have you wear some imitation jewelry that nobody could tell from genuine, or to have all this muss in the newspapers? Of course the newspapers would pounce on it, for they always aim at the rich. They know how envious people are; and our Evening Call, I am sorry to say, is not at all friendly to Mr. Bensinger anyway. It would not only, as one might say, mix you up with Eddie Skellenger, but—you know how malicious people are—it would put you in a position where they might say you were a sort of rival of this shady female. I expect, as a matter of fact, she would charge that in her bill. It is awfully unfortunate that she knows about your selling your pearls and giving five thousand dollars for the letters. Eddie had no right to tell her; but probably she's put that in her bill. You know what gossip is. It would be a position, certainly, that no gentleman would desire to see his wife occupy. It would sort of take all the shine off his new house; and however attached —— Oh, I say, don't do that! Mrs. Bensinger!" He shook her by the shoulder, looked hastily round for a water faucet, and in deep disgust ejaculated "Hell!" under his breath.

That evening Martha entered Steve's den unbidden, folding her capable hands over her white apron and standing before him with as grim a determination as though he had been an inquisitor who might order her to the stake.

"Perhaps I shouldn't tell you," she said. "Mrs. Bensinger made me promise not to, but she fainted away in the summerhouse this morning."

"Yes, I know; Carl told me," Steve replied somberly.

"It may be none of my business," Martha persisted grimly, "but I don't think she ought to do that work in the plants any longer—especially as it's so warm. She can't be too careful from now on."

Steve considered it gravely a moment.

"Well, perhaps you're right. I'll speak to the doctor about it," he said. "We must all keep watch of her the best we can, Martha," he added humbly—for there was to be not only a new house but an heir to it; and in his helplessness over that fact he felt Martha to be a tower of strength.

Elsie did not recover well from the fainting spell. With the doctor's sanction she resumed the gardening; but her color and appetite did not come back. She said she was sleeping quite well, but it was not true.

She could, of course, tell her trouble to Steve. He would protect her, and she knew the letters were only foolish. Men were very lenient to many feminine follies—but how would a husband regard his wife's folly in writing imprudent letters, after marriage, to a former beau? It had really been in part because she pitied Eddie Skellenger that she gave five thousand dollars to get them back; but, as Mr. Judd had pointed out, the fact that she technically submitted to blackmail had an unpleasant look. More than all, there was that odious imputation of rivalry with a shady female—for a man who had turned out a worthless pup!

However lenient Steve might be, she felt it couldn't help but sully and cheapen her, and she could not bear to be sullied and cheapened—not now.

At times she became almost cheerful, assuring herself that Judd was a monstrous liar and bully, and only trying to frighten her—that there was no shady female and he was seeking the money for himself! But if there were no shady female doubtless he could procure one; and again the newspapers, the gossip, the pointed thumbs and grins rose before her stricken imagination.

Thursday afternoon—three days after the fainting spell—a messenger brought a note from Mr. Judd. "My client is impatient," he wrote; "must have answer tomorrow forenoon. I will walk by the south side of your grounds at half past nine."

At the dinner table that evening Elsie observed casually:

"I must run over to Chicago the first of the week to do a little shopping. It will be the last chance I'll have in a good while."

"I'll go over with you," Steve suggested.

"Oh, no; I don't want you to do that," she objected. "It's just shopping and that bores you. I'd rather go alone. It will be only for a day or two."

Steve cracked a nut and ate it in silence.

"Well, guess I'll run down to New York then. I've got a few little things to see to. May as well get my trip out of the way before dogdays."

The suggestion evidently pleased her.

"Yes, do that!" she exclaimed quite eagerly. "Then we can both be away at the same time and get home together," she added.

"I might come from New York to Chicago, say Saturday, and we'd come home together," he said, cracking another nut.

"No," she replied. "I don't want to stay that long. I must be home by Thursday, the twelfth."

They dropped the subject then; but next morning, drinking her coffee, Elsie said:

"Will you get my Paris pearls at the bank for me today, Steve? I've decided to have them made into a collar. I'll take them to Chicago with me."

"Oh, sure!" he replied lightly.

Coming home that afternoon, he did not, however, bring the pearls.

"Plenty of time to get 'em Monday morning before you go to the train," he explained. "No use having them round the house; burglars might get 'em. I'll bring 'em up Monday morning, sure."

Half an hour before traintime Monday morning he brought the Paris pearls in a rosewood case.

"Kind of pretty—don't you think?" he said, holding up the rope of shimmering

jewels at arm's length. "Sort of nifty, I think. I like pearls myself."

Elsie, in the final hurry of getting ready, did not reply. He took the blue morocco case from her dresser and held up the little string of pearls beside the big ones.

"Make the Chicago pearls look like something to hang on the charity Christmas tree for poor children—don't they? All the same, I thought that dinky little string was some splurge when I bought it. Oh, don't get nervous; we've got plenty of time." He put the rosewood case into her bag, saying: "Don't get robbed now!"

He drove to the station with her and saw her on the train, as his train for the East went two hours later. When the train was in motion she turned her chair so as to face the window and hide her tears.

At the hotel in Chicago she lay down for a while. There was no need of seeing Mr. Paulson before morning. The business would not take a great while and she had no serious apprehension about it—because she had done it all once before. That was precisely what made her so deathly sick of it and of herself. She remembered how terribly frightened she had been when she took in her small string of pearls to sell them and buy imitations, and how disgustingly nice Mr. Paulson had been about it—as though it were quite understood between them that swindling one's husband was an everyday affair!

She kept mostly to her room, and after dinner got out the rosewood case to look her guilt in the face. She opened it—and gave a little cry of dismay. It did not contain the Paris pearls, but the small imitations—on which possibly she might raise twenty-five dollars! An explanation came to her at once—in the hurry of departure clumsy Steve must have mixed the two strings. After some time she mustered up sufficient wit to send down for a timetable. There seemed nothing to do except hurry back to Three Falls by the first train in the morning, get the right pearls and return. No doubt she would still be able to get home with the money by Thursday evening.

There was a morning train that would get her into Three Falls at one o'clock. Then she could take a train back at half past three, reaching Chicago in the evening. That would take up Tuesday; but she would still have all day Wednesday and Thursday forenoon to do her business with Mr. Paulson. It was fortunate, also, that she had allowed herself a good margin of time. She could even take a train as late as three-fifteen and still reach Three Falls by half past seven Thursday evening.

She decided not to wire Martha, and on arriving at Three Falls took a cab to the house. No one was in sight when she entered. Hurrying up to her room on the second floor, she ran to the dresser, but as her hand went out to the drawer an object lying in the center of the dresser caught her eye. It looked like a pasteboard collar box, clumsily done up in brown wrapping paper. It was addressed to herself in a sprawling, inky hand that she instantly recognized.

She picked the object up in a painful fascination and for some moments aimlessly examined it—top, bottom and sides. Undoubtedly it was from Judd, but why—when—what —— She crossed the room, box in hand, with a dazed intention of ringing for Martha to inquire how it came there; but, after all, why not open it at once?

She closed the door, returned to the dresser and cut the cord. There was wastepaper inside the box, a packet of letters tied with a stout string, and a slip of paper tucked under the string, on which was written in a sprawling, inky hand: "I have thought better of it."

She saw at once that they were her letters to Eddie Skellenger, and purblindly found her way to a chair. Over and over she examined them, taking each one from its envelope. There could be no question whatever about it; they were her letters—all of them. For quite fifteen minutes she sat still with the heap in her lap, now smiling a little, now crying a little; now picking up a sheet to look at it with misty eyes and dropping it again. At the end of that time she went over to the empty grate and made a little bonfire. Kneeling before it, with her hands clasped in her lap, she watched the last bit of paper, pasteboard box, wrapper and string curl into blackened ashes. Then she opened the door and rang for Martha.

"Why, are you home!" the maid exclaimed upon seeing her, and immediately resumed her wonted manner. The package on the dresser had been brought by a messenger boy that morning, she explained.

"Very well—I only wanted to know how it came here," said Elsie, smiling. "Yes; I decided to come home—too hot in the city. Any wire from Mr. Bensinger yet?"

"Why, Mr. Bensinger didn't go," Martha replied—"that is, he only went as far as New Manheim and drove back last evening. He's gone somewhere today, but said he would be home for dinner."

Elsie was not surprised at that, for Steve's movements were always subject to abrupt change; and she had eaten luncheon before she even thought of the pearls again. She ran to investigate then and, as she expected, found the Paris pearls in the blue morocco case, where the smaller ones should have been, though they so overflowed from it that the case would not shut.

Later on she cautioned the maid: "Martha, don't you tell Steve I'm home. I want to surprise him."

At a quarter to seven Steve was standing in the living room, his hands in his coat pockets, looking out the window. He heard a little sound, as of some one gently tapping against wood, and turned round. Elsie was on the stairs in her finest evening gown, with a rope of pearls round her neck. She laughed aloud as he turned, and flew down to throw herself into his arms.

They were at the dinner table before she noticed his bandaged right hand.

"Why, Steve, how did you hurt it?" she asked compassionately.

"Well, sir," he replied soberly, "a couple of dogs got into a fight in our summerhouse last night. I heard 'em and went out there to drive 'em away; and in striking at 'em I put my knuckle out of joint."

"Mercy! But how did they ever get in there?" she asked in astonishment.

"I dunno," he answered. "My notion is that one of the dogs came in thinking he was going to find a bone, and the other came along; and they got into a fight. I must have left the summerhouse door open. We'll keep it closed after this. They mussed up your summerhouse quite a bit."

After dinner they strolled out to the scene of the combat.

"Goodness!" Elsie exclaimed as she looked in. "I should say there had been a dozen dogs instead of two."

"Yes, they were big fellows—must have fought pretty hard," Steve commented. "Quite a chapter of accidents last night—man run over by an automobile right here in our street!"

"Oh! Any one we know?" Elsie inquired sympathetically.

"Probably you've heard of him—Judd—Wilbur P. Judd—lawyer."

Elsie gave a little pitying cry and asked anxiously:

"Was he badly hurt, Steve?"

"Why, I understand he was rumpled up quite a lot, but no permanent injury. I hear he'll be out of the hospital in a week or ten days. Seems he sort of fainted away. Great weather for fainting."

Elsie scarcely heard the latter comment. She was thinking very gravely and with a full heart. She knew that bad men, being confronted with death, often repented and tried to make amends for their sins. She was silent as they walked back to the house, but with her hand at the door she turned gravely to her husband:

"Steve—you wouldn't mind, would you, if I sent poor Mr. Judd some flowers? I'd like to."

"Oh, no! That would be great! Send him some flowers and I'll send a little note with 'em. We can't be too charitable." For a moment she had an uneasy doubt as to whether he had something in his windpipe or was laughing.

"But—really—you wouldn't mind?" she pleaded.

Somehow as she spoke—a little confused, with a pleading note in her voice, looking earnestly up at him as though she were trying to make him out—somehow it came back to him how they had driven into the country the day of their runaway marriage before a justice of the peace and she had pleaded: "Be good to me, Steve!" She wore an expensive gown and a rope of pearls now; but he saw her as exactly the same girl.

"A good big dog that knows how to fight—they can't beat us in a hundred years!" he said quite irrelevantly, dropping his arm over her shoulder. And he was heartily glad he had not looked at the letters after taking them away from Judd.

Editor's Note—This is the eighth and last of a series of stories by Will Payne.

What does your car weigh?

THE expense of running an automobile is in direct proportion to its weight. As the weight goes down the expense decreases. A light car is safe, comfortable and easy to drive.

Tire mileage, gasoline mileage and upkeep are all intimately connected with weight. The most economical engine made cannot show low cost of operation, if to move a certain number of passengers it has also to move a body and chassis of excessive weight. Excessive weight handicaps ability; cuts down hill climbing; and makes outrageous expense for tires and fuel. The remedy for heavy tire expense is a light, resilient car equipped with large tires.

Weights and tire sizes of the fact-backed Franklin

Six "38" touring or phaeton	3328	pounds, tires	4½" and 5"
Six "38" 7-passenger touring	3480	" "	5"
Little Six "30" touring	2993	" "	4½"
Four "25" touring	2520	" "	4"

These weights include full equipment, gasoline and oil, ready for the road. Compare these weights and tire sizes with other cars. Franklins, 700 to 1200 pounds lighter, are equipped with larger tires.

You may think your car is light; weigh it.

The capacity of a tire to carry its load comes practically all in the width or cross section of the tire and not in its diameter. A 4½" tire is 25 per cent more tire than a 4" tire of the same diameter. A 34x4½" tire is 19 per cent more tire than a 36x4" tire and costs 15 per cent more.

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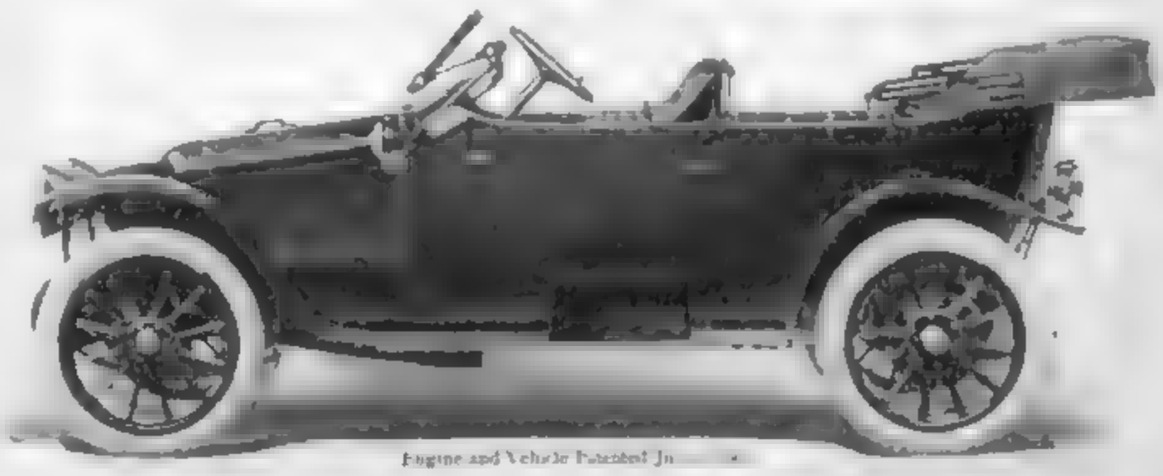

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JONES MEETS A DUCHESS

(Continued from Page 15)

The strange waiter was standing at the supper-room door. Then Mr. Jones went to his room.

"Great many strangers here tonight," he said to Albert.

"Blackett's doin' supper—nearly all waiters strange," yawned Albert.

Anna, who always feared breakdowns, had packed him a bag with things for the night. Mr. Jones found them in his little room, which was in the servants' quarters. His door had no key and no bolt to it. Looking carefully, Jones noted that the bolt catch was but newly taken away.

He walked round and round. He opened the window, because he practiced hygiene; and then he disposed of all the cases under his mattress. He did not put on the nightshirt Anna had packed, but lay down fully clothed—and heard the clock strike four.

Mr. Jones did not mean to sleep; he had, in fact, only just dozed when he felt a hand on his throat and smelt the sickly odor of chloroform. He opened his eyes to see himself surrounded by three men in the dress of waiters.

"You give 'em up quick!" one said fiercely. "Quick! You sparrow!"

Mr. Jones blinked. The car breakdown had been no accident. He had been caught by the gang who robbed Mosenthal's. Archibald Jones was ashamed because he had not been ready with his bulldog in his hands.

"Tie him up," another said, "and gag him! We'll make him write!"

Mr. Jones was tied up deftly, his right hand left a little loose; he looked intently at the three men and was interested to note that one had uneven eyebrows. He had no intention of writing anything, and his mild eyes said so so plainly that one of the men answered in words.

"Oh, you won't—won't you?" he whispered. "Won't you, my beauty?"

A cold ring of metal was pressed against Mr. Jones' forehead.

"Now you write or off it goes," whispered a merciless voice.

Little Jones played for time. The dance had lasted until late; with dawn would come hope of rescue. He took the pencil and wrote rapidly.

"Murder," penciled Archibald Jones, "is requited by hanging, which is final and unpleasant. Robbery is different. If you kill me"—he blinked gently—"remember that before I came up here I sent off a full description of the gentleman with the curious eyebrows, whom I have seen before."

The person referred to snatched at the paper, calling Mr. Jones "Murderer yourself!" in bitter tones and with a foreign accent. But he looked alarmed.

The three whispered together. One came forward and began to bend back Mr. Jones' thumb until the agony was excruciating. He signed with his free right hand for the pencil.

"Before God, we'll kill and maim you, and chance hanging Antoine for those shiners!" rasped one of the men in his ear.

Mr. Jones wrote "Wardrobe" in a die-away hand. That cheap painted piece of furniture was locked. It took a few minutes to pry it open silently, and then the thin door swung open—to reveal blank emptiness!

The three gathered round Jones—hawks hovering over a helpless pigeon! His endeavor to faint was frustrated by the thrust of a knife into the ball of his thumb; he took the pencil again.

"Much confused. Chest of drawers," wrote Mr. Jones feebly.

All the drawers were locked. The keys, Mr. Jones could have confided, were in the waterjug. One by one the locks parted—and there were no cases!

"Don't be hard on the blighter or he'll faint an' cheat us," whispered a voice. "Now you Jones!"

"*Nom de Dieu — nom de Dieu!* He's lyin' on dem!" rasped Antoine. "Pull him out! We are fools!"

Little Jones, glad that he was fully clothed, was hauled swiftly from his bed and flung upon the floor. With him, among the bedclothes, came his bulldog revolver. As they dumped him among his sheets and blankets, the discomfort of his couch became apparent—the cases humped up unevenly beneath the mattress.

Antoine pounced on one, growling over it. The cases shut with spring locks and Jones had the key. He bore pain badly—Anna, his wife, always said so—and the time he had played for was lost. Then, just as Antoine reft the flat necklace case forth, a door was opened and shut with a bang. In the tense silence they could hear the flopping noise of slippers.

"Any one about?" asked a man's voice. "Any one?"

He was answered by the flight of the three robbers down the passage, stuffing cases into their pockets as they slithered away. The sharp bark of a revolver was answered by another. Some one shouted, and a whirring of alarms thrilled and jarred through the night. Antoine had found time as he fled to kick Jones brutally on the head. Through a mist of pain the little man saw the butler's astonished face looking down at him, heard footsteps and fresh voices, and the squeaks of frightened women.

"They've got the cases!" faltered Jones. "It was all planned!"

Here Mr. Jones sank into black oblivion. When he came to himself he was in a beautifully furnished room, lying on a sofa drawn close to a blazing fire—several people fussing about him with brandy and salts and soda water. Some one cried: "No brandy!" Mr. Jones sat up, supported by the butler, and apologized for his weakness.

The crowd melted away. As he gathered his scattered senses he was aware of the duke, partly dressed, bending over him, and of the young duchess, wrapped in something soft and pink and silky, weeping bitterly as she held out a bottle of salts.

Mr. Jones noted, for Anna's edification, that duchesses did not go to sleep with several leaden curlpins screwed into their hair, and with the remainder tied behind in a pigtail; but let that adornment fall loosely and untidily.

He was absolutely shocked at causing so much trouble in a ducal house, and he said so twice; then he told the whole story.

The duke called him "Poor chap! Brave chap!" gloomily; and the duchess wept on, sobbing out that it was "Awful! Awful!"

"So very sorry, your strawberry!" murmured Jones, whose head was swimming—"that is, your guchess! I did my best."

"He—di-di-did his best!" sobbed the duchess. "I can't help it, Dicky—it's thousands and thousands; and the last bit of place will have to go—all for my si-silly plan! We're ruined, Dicky!"

And the duchess ran to weep on the duke's shoulder, who held her closely and muttered in awkward tones:

"Oh, buck up, Ciskins, old girl! I'm not blaming you."

The duchess raised her head to look with red-rimmed eyes at little Jones. "You fought! You're hurt. But I ought to have looked at your bolt—I ought to have!" Here she choked. "We're only just ruined!" she said, returning to the duke's shoulder, with a flop of despair. The duke suggested hopeful pursuit, and the duchess stopped sobbing to say: "Pursue—your grandmother!" which Mr. Jones decided was not at all ducal.

"They had a car waiting," wailed the duchess. "I heard it drive off. They all separate and disguise, and do whatever thieves do while our men fetch the fools of police."

"The telephone, your grace," said the butler at the door. "We've got through to the chief constable."

The duke left, and the duchess sat up and wrung her sopped handkerchief; she made a pathetic picture.

Little Mr. Jones drank some soda water and staggered to his feet. His senses came back. He took the duchess by the arm, quite forgetting that she was anything except a sobbing, distraught girl.

"There now, my dear—there now! Come with me"—as he might have to his niece, Daisy—"Come with me an' don't you fret, your gracey!" said little Jones, patting the hand he held.

The duchess ceased crying. A woman can always forget to be unhappy when there is some one else to comfort—and she believed Mr. Jones to be crazy.

"Come to the flowers," said Mr. Jones. "Come to the pretty flowers, my dear!"

"Oh, poor thing! He's silly—and I must humor him," said the duchess to herself. "Poor little man!" She rang her bell as she passed it and whispered to her maid to call the duke quickly.

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Mr. Jones led the duchess, who still sniffed now and then, down the oaken stairway and on to the conservatory. Morning was coming wanly through the glass, the place looked dreary, with its litter of old programs, chairs and burnt-out Chinese lanterns. The duchess shivered and signed to her husband, who came hurrying after her.

"Dicky!" She tapped her head and whispered aside: "He would come to the flowers. He's poor thing—quite —— I had to humor him. I expect it was because I gave the diamonds to him here last night. Last night —— Oh-h!" The duchess sat down on a pot of maidenhair fern and wept afresh. "If I'd only taken them myself! If I ——"

Mr. Jones went down to the big palm; he grubbed in the mold, throwing out handfuls of it—and then he flung round to the Duchess.

"There, my poor child!" he cried excitedly. "There! And there! And there! And don't you fret any more, my dearies."

The Duchess of Dackminster sat gasping beneath a shower of earth and—diamonds! Mr. Mosenthal's great necklace glittered coldly in the dim light. The tiara, brooches, pendants and ornaments fell as hail on to her silken dressing gown. The duke, who had jumped forward to protect his wife, stood gasping.

"You see," said little Mr. Jones, "when I caught sight of the man's eyebrow I grew afraid of bedrooms. The hiding was no doubt a risk; but I intended to be up before the gardeners in the morning—so I just buried the diamonds here. The cases," observed Mr. Jones thoughtfully, "are not likely to be carefully kept by those persons who took them—from under my bed."

The next moment the duchess had kissed Mr. Jones. She said she could not help it—then she caught his hands and danced him round among the flowers, with all the Mosenthal jewelry clattering on to the tiled floor. And then the duke relieved Mr. Jones from dancing, but shook his hands himself. And then the butler shook his hands and the French maid called him Napoleon—and Archibald Jones, with his swimming head, knew the proudest moments of his life—but he regretted two smashed pots of bulbs.

"But if they had had time to open those cases ——" said the duchess. "Mr. Jones, you are a brave man! They would have made you tell—tortured your poor other thumbs!"

Mr. Jones counted his thumbs carefully—he did not like to point out errors to a duchess—before he observed mildly that he had thought of quite half a dozen places to suggest searching in, and that the light must have come soon.

"You see, I laid before them the danger of murder," he added; "and, for the rest, hurting can only hurt, your grace—even if one bears pain badly, as Anna says I do."

Mr. Jones was rather surprised when the duke shook his hand again; he considered that he had merely stated a simple fact.

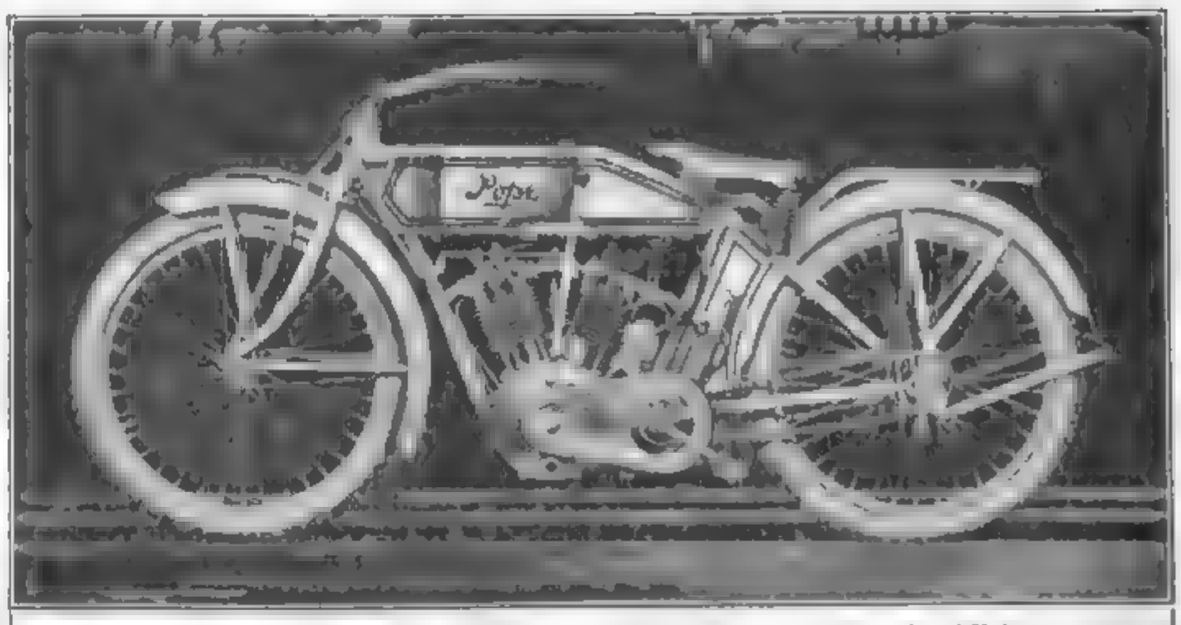
Mr. and Mrs. Archibald Jones have two large photographs in silver frames on their chimneypiece, which they generally manage to show to their guests. Anna Jones is never quite sure that the duchess' appearance in pink silk, with her hair loose, was quite nice; but then she says she knows what one may expect from the aristocracy. Also she strongly objects to an enormous palm, which the duchess, without any idea of lack of space, sent up as a memento of her gratitude.

Mr. Samuel Mosenthal heard the whole story in silence. When it was finished he sent for his own expensive physician to see Mr. Jones' head, and he used language of a blighting and pungent nature.

"For if we sent any one but an—er—er—well, a Jones," he stormed, "every jewel would have gone! To leave 'em there unprotected in a flower-pot—oh, tub, if you like, Jones—there all night—my dinmonds!"

"You see, sir, I knew they would not realize my powers and resources," said Mr. Jones mildly.

Editor's Note—This is the third in a series of six stories by Dorothea Conyers. The fourth will appear in an early issue.



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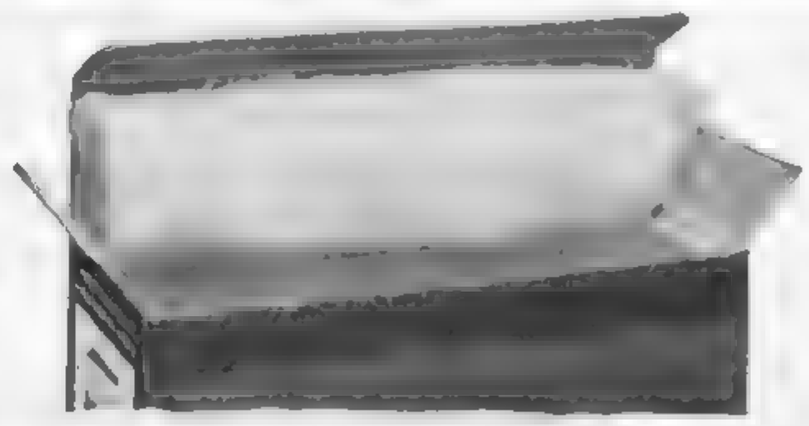

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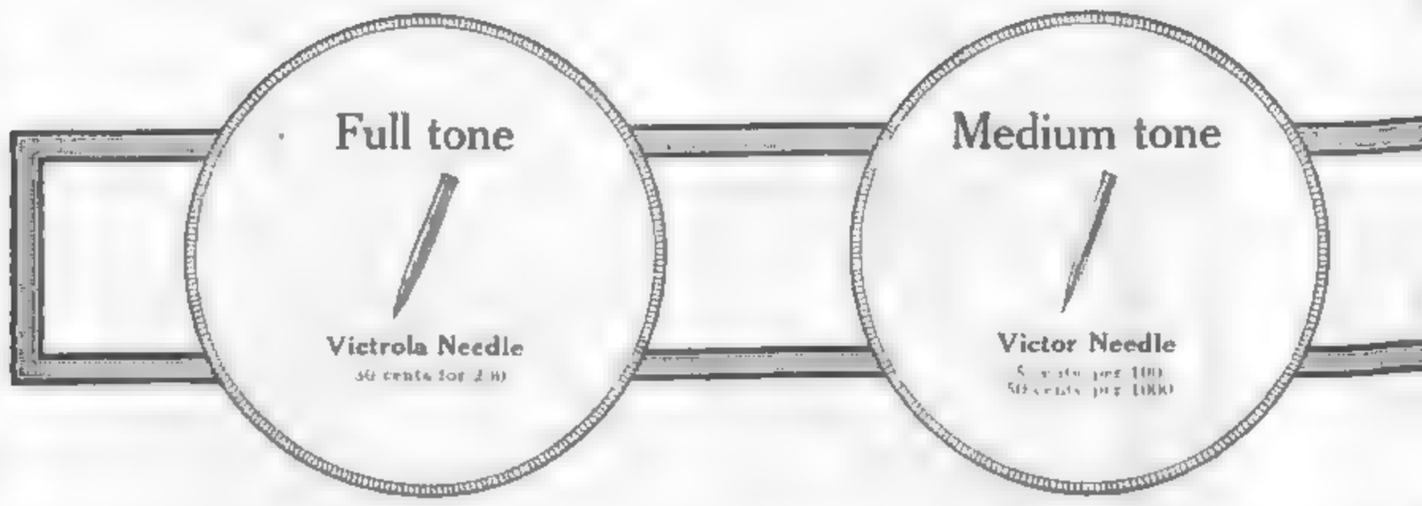

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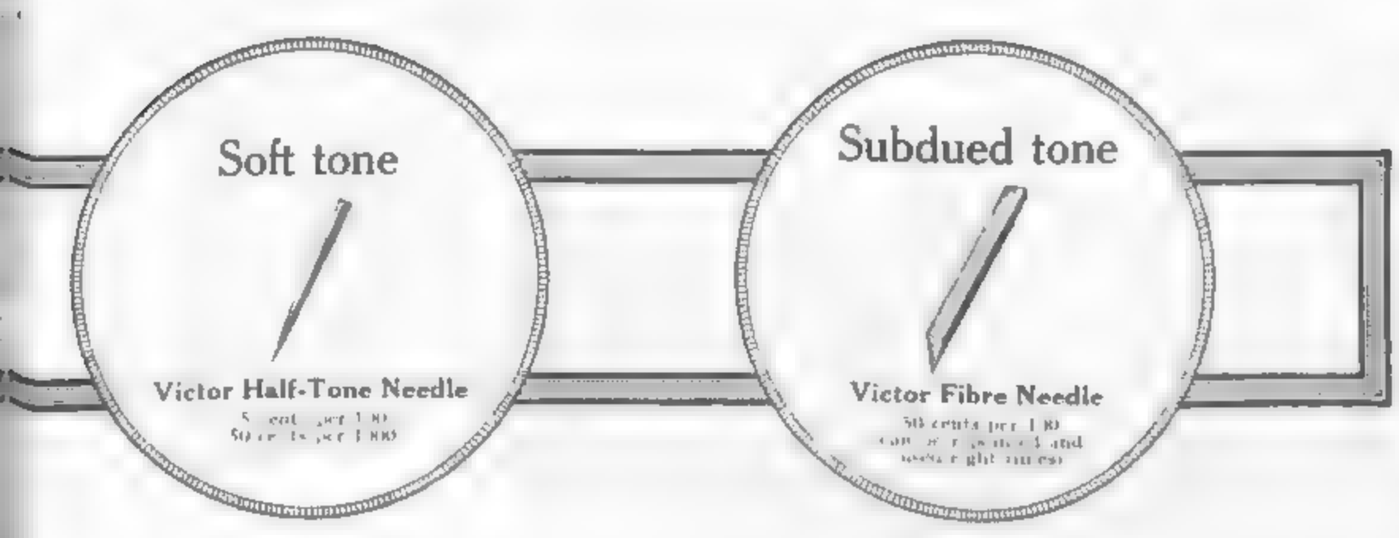


Needle which gives the fullest tone-volume, these needles vary in the intensity of the sound down to the Fibre Needle, which yields the softest tone of all.

All of these needles are inexpensive and with the four kinds on hand you can play every record precisely as *you* like to hear it or as your friends like to hear it.

Victor Changeable Needles give you definite graduated effects, adding immeasurably to the variety, beauty, and enjoyment of the music.

Because the Victor is always subject to your complete control, it gives you *more* entertainment, *more* variety, *more* personal, individual satisfaction day in and day out.

Any Victor dealer will gladly play any music you wish to hear and demonstrate the value of the changeable needle.

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.

Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors.

Always use Victor Machines with Victor Records and Victor Needles—*the combination.* There is no other way to get the unequaled Victor tone.

New Victor Records are on sale at all dealers on the 28th of each month

P. A.
Chases Grouches

Honest, fellows, what's better than a bully good pipe? You men with the tenderest mouths enjoy the first few whiffs of a well-seasoned jimmy pipe. If the last half didn't start your tongue to smarting you'd be strong for the pipe always—eh? Well, listen to this jimmy pipe music. It's all in the easy key of C; no sharps, no flats.

5c

gives you a knockdown to P. A. in the toppy red bag. A light, flexible, nice-to-carry cloth pouch, sealed in glazed paper that keeps it clean and dry; lined inside with waxed paper that keeps that P. A. good flavor unspoiled. Just the pouch to carry in summer clothes.

PRINCE ALBERT
the national joy smoke

makes the last half of a pipeful taste as good as the first. No sting. No trying to find a cool place to taste with after smoking your fill. No getting hardened to it through tongue torture. We take the roast and bite out with our patented process. Get out your old jimmy pipe—or go buy a new one. Jam in a load of P. A. and get smoke happy. My, how good it smells!

P. A. is sold everywhere in the toppy red bag, 5c; in the tidy red tin, 10c; in pound and half-pound humidors.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

WHAT NEXT?

The Cryptographic Wireless

THE cryptogram wireless is one of the most wonderful machines of recent invention, for it will take an ordinary message in plain English or any other language, turn it into a cryptogram that cannot be deciphered except by a key, and send it through the air in this form; then at the receiving wireless station a similar machine will catch the jumble and translate it into the original language. No other wireless station that picks up the message can make any sense of it.

Even without the cryptogram feature the machine is marvelous, for at both the sending and the receiving ends it operates like a typewriter. To send a message, the operator simply writes it on a standard typewriter keyboard and the machine does the rest. At the receiving end the message is automatically caught and written out as if by a typewriter.

The sending and receiving mechanism is not unlike that of stock tickers. The pressing of a letter key on the sending machine flashes out a wireless message of certain dots and dashes; and at the receiving instrument those dots and dashes bring up the same letter on the printing mechanism. Each letter of the alphabet has its own combination of dots and dashes.

The cryptogram attachment is ingenious but simple. There are seven hundred and twenty different cryptograms or codes possible on the apparatus. Thus each letter can be sent by seven hundred and twenty different combinations of dots and dashes. In cryptogram number eleven, for instance, the letter E may be represented by the same dots that represent the letter P in cryptogram number thirty-two—or even by dots and dashes that are not used in any of the other cryptograms for any letter.

A cryptogram number must be agreed upon first by the sender and receiver, exactly the same as in the case of written cryptograms. Each machine is then set, by a sort of dial arrangement, to this cryptogram number—number eleven for instance. The message to be sent is now written on the typewriter keyboard in plain language. The machine selects for the letter A the dots that represent A in cryptogram number eleven, and for letter B the dots and dashes that represent B in that code. As the wireless message flies through the air it can be caught by eavesdroppers on wireless receivers, but it will mean nothing to the listeners. At the receiving station the machine set for number eleven recognizes certain dots as meaning A in number eleven and prints A on the paper—and so with all the other letters.

Edgar Allan Poe made common knowledge of a simple method of deciphering cryptograms, but his system can be defeated easily.

At the end of each sentence a few consonants jumbled up may be sent and, though they will be recognized at the receiving station as simply a jumble for caution's sake, they will not interfere with the message proper; but they will throw any outsider off the scent.

Messages have been sent with this instrument by wireless from Norway to Berlin, and from London to Berlin, with speed and very fair accuracy.

The machines used so far have not been constructed substantially and errors have crept in due to the flimsiness of the apparatus; but even with this handicap the errors have averaged less than two in every hundred letters transmitted.

Pampered Policemen

GLASGOW policemen are being provided with electric stoves to heat up their lunches. The boxes from which policemen report to the stations are all located in little booths at the curbing on side streets, and in each booth has been fitted an electric hot plate apparatus.

At his lunchtime the policeman can heat up coffee or even cook some lunch if he desires, though he is not given much room for elaborate preparations as the boxes are only three feet and four inches long by two feet and four inches wide, and the policeman has to stand inside with the door shut in order to use the stove. The designers figured that a policeman might use a stove and then go away with the current still on, an expensive waste, so they made connections which will permit current to flow only when the booth doors are closed and will shut the current off completely when the doors are opened.

A Safety Margin for Motion

WHEN the winning run for the home team comes across the plate in the ninth inning and every fan in the grandstand jumps to his feet with delight, the steelwork of the stand has to brace up its back and carry for an instant nearly double its ordinary load.

An American engineer, who was not satisfied with the old rule-of-thumb figuring on the loads that stands, theaters and bridges may carry, has carried out some experiments showing the surprising difference between the apparent weight of a crowd sitting quietly and the same crowd jumping up, or running from one side of a bridge to another to see a passing boat race. He found that a man who weighed one hundred and fifty-five pounds sitting on a chair on the scales for an instant apparently weighed two hundred and seventy-five pounds as he suddenly stood up; and when he jumped up and jounced the scales shot up even higher.

The safety margin of load ordinarily allowed for stands and floors takes care of this extra weight unless the whole crowd starts jouncing in unison. He discovered, however, that a crowd hurrying and then suddenly stopping, like the crowd running across a bridge from side to side or rushing on a wharf from a steamer, gave a horizontal push to the floor that might equal the weight of the crowd, which has not been properly guarded against in designing many structures.

The Latest Zeppelin

ON THE latest Zeppelin airship Germany is fitting up a platform to carry a small aeroplane. The great dirigible is being fitted with a two-decked car, the upper deck being the bridge, corresponding to a ship's bridge; and it is on this upper deck that the aeroplane platform is located. Details of the latest Zeppelin are to a considerable extent being kept secret, so that it has not yet been stated whether or not the platform is fitted with some device for launching the aeroplane while the dirigible is high in the air, or whether it is simply intended to carry an aeroplane along, so that if the dirigible is forced to land because of accident the aeroplane may be used to seek help.

A launching device is not unlikely, for it would not have to be very elaborate. The new Zeppelin is expected to go at a speed of fifty or even more miles an hour, and this speed would provide most of the necessary impetus for starting the aeroplane off in the air.

Perfecting the Player-Piano

A SOLEMN discussion on how a player-piano operates recently developed among half a dozen members of the greatest learned society of the world—the Royal Society—because one of the Fellows of the society had bought a player and, like a true scientist, took it to pieces to see upon what principles it worked and how those principles could be improved. Out of his study has come an attachment they believe will enable a person more closely to imitate the human playing of a piano.

Prof. G. H. Bryan, F. R. S., bought the player, and reported his discoveries to the physical society at a meeting when a number of other Fellows of the Royal Society were present. He reported to them that a player-piano is operated by air-pressure; and that, though other controls were offered the operator, there seemed to be no method in his instrument to vary the pressure on the strings to correspond with the varying pressure of touch by a pianist. He rigged up a lever to vary the striking pressure. By means of this lever the operator could control the "touch."

Some of the scientists doubted whether varying pressure on the keys of an ordinary piano can be distinguished in the music, but most of them agreed it could be, and that Professor Bryan's device would be an improvement.

DOES YOUR CLOTHIER THINK ABOUT YOU?

THE Key-note of modern business is Service. What is service? In general, it is something done in the interest of another.

In store keeping it means considering the customers' interests first.

The successful store today is founded on service.

Let a merchant ask the credit-man of any large wholesale house. He will tell him that ideals of new and better service plus the energy and organizing ability to carry them out are a better guarantee of mercantile success than mere capital, however ample. This seems so plain, one might think every dealer would see it. Yet we find that stores differ greatly in service. What is the matter?

You Can Tell by the Kind of Service He Gives You

The fact is that this new demand for service calls for a higher type of merchant. It calls for higher qualities than some merchants possess—for instance, the quality of imagination.

It takes imagination to put yourself in the other fellow's place, and that is what service means—seeing the thing as your customer would see it.

The old style of successful business man knew exactly what he wanted—for himself.

The new type of merchant sees your side of the picture and believes that the way to get what he wants for himself is by good service to you.

Does He Show an Interest in Your Individual Clothes?

In the clothing store, service means a number of things: prices, styles, the way you are treated and the way the goods are treated.

Where do we find the worst service today in the clothing business?

It is in those stores where the dealer thinks of his goods as "stock"—where he treats his suits and overcoats as "stock"—where he buys in the lump and thinks of his profits in the mass—where he is either too stupid or lacking in imagination to think about *you* and *your clothes*.

Yet your clothes to you are the most intensely individual thing in the world. You have to wear them, live with them. They must accompany you, introduce you, explain you and represent you wherever you go.

A hundred piles of suits are of no interest to you. The only thing you care about is the chance to see, compare and select intelligently the one suit you are to wear.

Your suit or overcoat is a personal question, not a stock question. You are not interested in clothes in the lump, yet look around some stores—at the counters and stock tables! You see nothing but lumps—lumps of suits, lumps of overcoats. The clerk yanks a garment out of a lump and expects you to be happy about it.

The New Kind of Dealer, Who Does Think About You. He Respects the Personality of His Customers, and Carries Every Garment on Its Individual Shoulder Form in a New Way Crystal Wardrobe.

For the Highest Type of Service—Find the New Way Clothier

One would think that a clothier who was nothing more than intelligently selfish would see the wisdom of the personal appeal—would think a little about *you*.

Of one thing you may be sure—this method of thinking about clothes in the mass and showing them in the lump does not represent the highest ideals in the clothing business, nor the best clothes—nor the fairest prices either.

Fortunately there is the new kind of dealer, who does think about you. He considers his garments individually when he buys them, and he keeps every one in its natural form on a separate hanger behind glass in a New Way Crystal Wardrobe.

Let us say right here that the best looking clothes, the most stylish, the best value for the money, are the clothes you buy ready-to-wear. There are so many reasons for this that we are going to write a book about it. There never was a bigger mistake than the idea that to get individuality in your clothes you must have them made to measure.

The New Way Means Service to the Clothier as Well as to His Customers

Now, we are not in the clothing business. We are the world's largest manufacturers of modern store fixtures and equipment. We have done more than most people know to bring about the new way of merchandising in all lines. We have succeeded, because we have known but one master—and that is the ultimate consumer. We have thought about *you*.

We have our own ideas of service to our patrons, too. When we equip a man's store in the New Way we have not finished with him, but just begun. We help the people of his community and the whole country to understand what his new service means—and the people respond.

Stores that identify themselves with the New Way equipment and methods increase their business twenty-five to fifty per cent., and they hold what they gain.

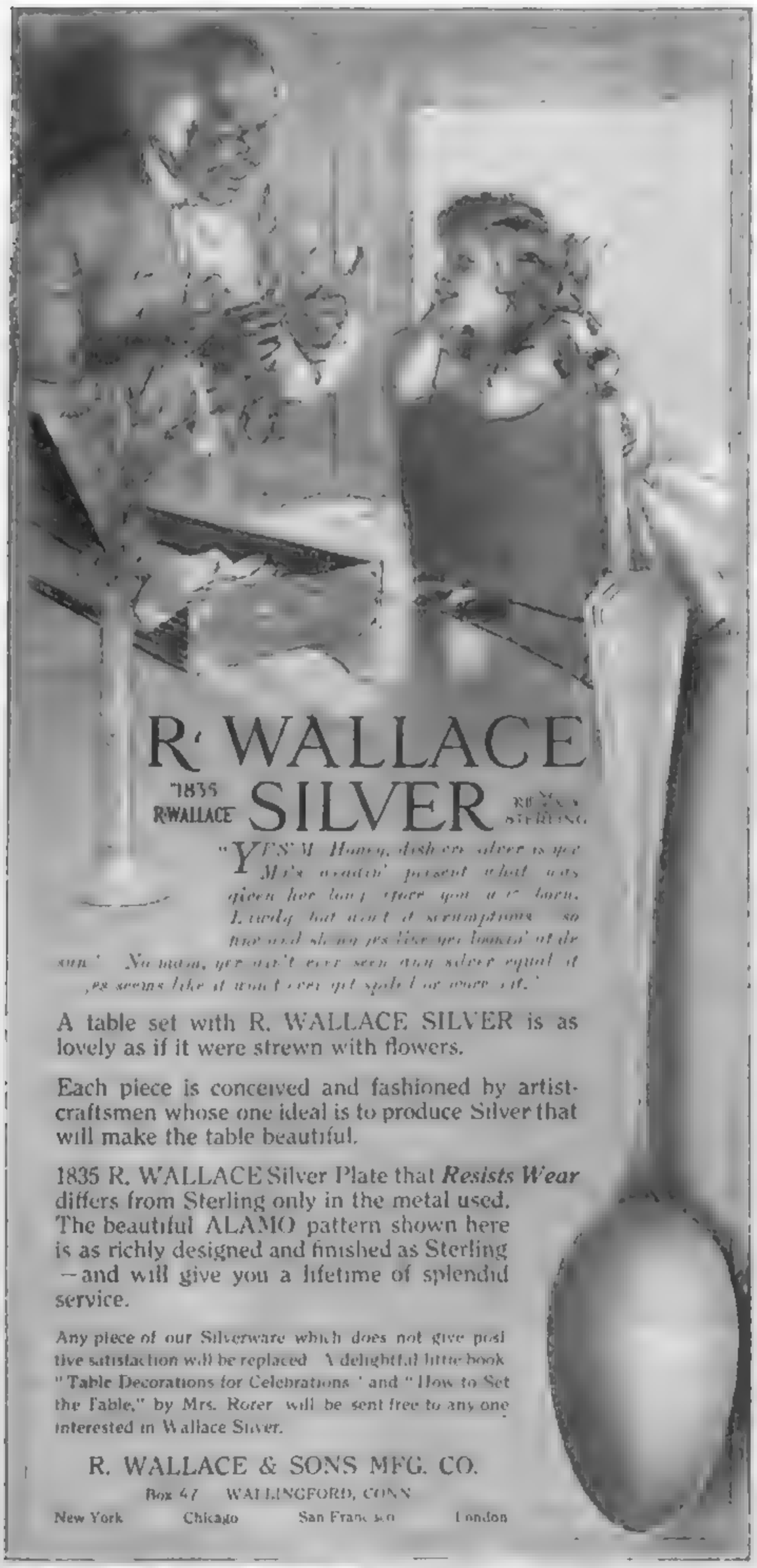
Grand Rapids Show Case Company

The Largest Show Case and Store Equipment Plant in the World

(Licensed under the Smith Patents)

Grand Rapids, Michigan

Show Rooms and Factories: New York, Grand Rapids, Chicago, Boston, Portland



R. WALLACE SILVER

"1835 R. WALLACE" STERLING

"YES'M Honey, dish-ere silver is yer Ma's weddin' present what was given her long 'fore you a-er born. Lawdy but ain't it scrumptious — so true and shiny yes like yer looked at de sun. No'm, yer ain't ever seen any silver equal it, 'pears seems like it won't ever get spoiled or wore out.'

A table set with R. WALLACE SILVER is as lovely as if it were strewn with flowers.

Each piece is conceived and fashioned by artist-craftsmen whose one ideal is to produce Silver that will make the table beautiful.

1835 R. WALLACE Silver Plate that *Resists Wear* differs from Sterling only in the metal used. The beautiful ALAMO pattern shown here is as richly designed and finished as Sterling —and will give you a lifetime of splendid service.

Any piece of our Silverware which does not give positive satisfaction will be replaced. A delightful little book "Table Decorations for Celebrations" and "How to Set the Table," by Mrs. Rorer will be sent free to any one interested in Wallace Silver.

R. WALLACE & SONS MFG. CO.

Box 47 WALLINGFORD, CONN.

New York Chicago San Francisco London

Elegy Written in a Broadway Café

By Robert C. McElravy

With apologies to the author of Gray's Elegy)

THE curfew tolls no knell upon Broadway;
The flowing herds wind slowly out to tea;
Let's pause a while in yonder cabaret,
Where brightly burn the lights for you and me.

Now fade the woes of labor from the mind,
As on the cares of life we tie a can,
Anon we hear, surrounded by his kind,
The laughter of the Tired Business Man

No sadness here, save, as with anxious cry,
Some thirsty Owl a waiter doth implore;
He and his friends are getting rather dry,
And will the waiter kindly bring some more?

Behind those potted palms the orchestra
Saws out the numbers, savagely and wild;
Whene'er it stops, up goes a loud hurrah—
Perchance an encore thus may be beguiled.

The breezy call of dames décolleté;
The shallow twittering of beardless boys;
The cop's shrill clarion at the break of day,
Alone may put a stop to all this noise!

For these no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or angry housewife sit around and wait;
The children don't expect their sire's return,
And mother's Suffrage always keeps her late.

List to the shuffling music as it plays,
The dancers past the table lightly skim;
How jocund Johnny's smile as close he sways,
And how, indeed, Lulu looks up at him!

Let not Intolerance mock their useless moil,
They would not heed it, just as like as not;
Why, who should smile at Johnny and his "goil,"
Somebody's got to do the Turkey Trot!

The boast of dignity, the solemn jays,
Who would not do the Tango on a bet,
These may not withhold Johnny from his ways,
The paths of prudence only prudence get.

Can storied lips or palpitating bust
Recall the foolish promises they've made?
While Johnny's here and Johnny has the dust,
The waiter's ear is soothed and bills are paid.

No doubt within this place some youngster sits,
Who might be up and doing other things;
But work is such a tax upon one's wits,
And who can resist Lulu when she sings?

He might be holding down some steady job,
But Dalliance has got him in her clutch;
So now he listens to the gurgling blob
Of sparkling wines and don't amount to much.

Full many a Miss these places never know,
Some girls may yet have thoughts of pride and self;
Full many a box of paint sits in the row
And wastes its brilliance on the drugstore shelf!

Within this madding crowd's unending swish,
'Tis lots of fun to laugh and talk and play.
A goodly place to sit around and wish,
And listen to the noisy tenor's bray.

When Johnny dances to the latest rags,
He puts to shame the older forms, inept,
He laughs to think of those old-fashioned drags
The rude forefathers and their sweethearts stepped.

The minuet once charmed with stately swing,
The dainty waltz for others held a bug,
But now to be a bearcat is the thing,
And Johnny's master of the Bunny Hug!

To think of those old ginks in the quadrille,
Their balancing with chaste, averted eye,
Their smelling salts, to breathe when one felt ill—
From Johnny's Goat this gets a passing sigh!

Once Johnny used to work like other guys;
Forth to the office he would daily go,
But working clothes, he found, were not his size,
So now he trots on syncopated toe.

Here now he dips and shrugs from night till morn,
A youth amidst the white lights not unknown,
He views the calmer walks of life with scorn,
Since Turkey-trotting marked him for its own.

No further let us ponder o'er his past,
Nor on his present pry beneath the lid,
Suffice it, that midst others who are fast,
He is—as he himself admits—Some Kid!

Get Acquainted with the Butter that Pleases

Don't worry any more. Make up your mind to use

Meadow Gold Butter

and be convinced of its freshness and sweetness and delicacy of flavor. Taste it and you will know why it comes so carefully wrapped and sealed in the patented package. Meadow-Gold Butter is worth protecting. Meadow-Gold Butter is made from pasteurized cream.

THE FOX RIVER BUTTER CO.
Chicago

EXTENDED FOLDED

Acme Folding Canvas Boat Co. Miamisburg, Ohio

The Majestic Coal-Chute
Protects the Building

Looks Automatically

PRICE $10.00

The Majestic Co.
Huntington Indiana

PATENTABLE IDEAS WANTED. Manufacturers want Owen patents. Send for 3 free books; inventions wanted.
RICHARD B. OWEN, 33 Owen Bldg. Washington D. C.

Hang Your Pictures

weighing up to 100 lbs. the correct and artistic way by using invisible supports, thus eliminating the unsightly picture wire. You will improve the appearance of your home.

Moore Push-Pins

Glass heads, needle points. For small pictures, calendars, draperies, etc. Two sizes, 10c half dozen.

Moore Push-less Hangers

Two sizes, 10c half dozen and 10c quarter dozen. At stationery, hardware, photo supply and department stores or by mail. *Send 2c stamp for samples.*

No. 27 MOORE PUSH-PIN CO., 112 Berkley Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

When your engine is "killed" in a tight place like this, a touch of the driver's finger starts it again with

The Aplco Electric Starter

"It never stops starting"

You want a starter that helps you out of an embarrassing situation every time; that you can depend on under any usual or unusual conditions. The Aplco starter is absolutely reliable; it is powerful; it is simple and convenient; it will always do the work.

If you're buying your first motor car this year

(or your fifteenth); making the rounds of the salesrooms; you're bound to hear a lot of different ideas about self-starters and electric lighting systems. But no salesman will try to sell you a car without a self-starter; 1913 marked the end of cranking labors and dangers. You will want a car that is electrically-lighted.

Why you should prefer the Aplco Starter

Because it properly takes care of the storage battery. The control of the Aplco system will not permit the battery to be either over-charged or under-charged, but maintains it in a condition in perfect accord with the scientific principles governing the care of storage batteries.

You will be able to satisfy yourself of the truth of these statements easily; anyone in the automobile industry will tell you that Apple Electric Company equipment is soundly made, soundly tested, and developed to the highest degree. The Aplco system is the one to make your motoring a pleasure.

The Aplco Lighting System

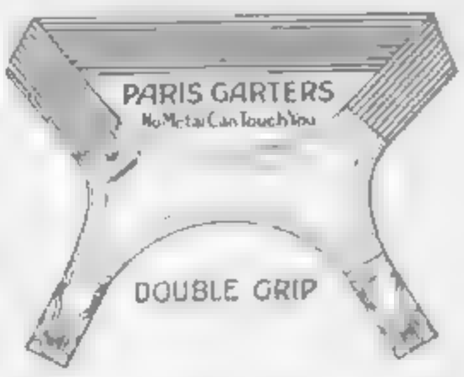
The same scientific manufacture and experienced, rigid tests that made the Aplco a real starter are back of the Aplco lighting system.

You must remember that any good electric system *must* be reliable, you must be able to depend on the batteries *always*, the system must recharge the batteries without fail. This is what you get in the Aplco; we believe your salesman will tell you that no other system is its equal in any of these simple but essential requirements. Aplco lights can be switched on and off from one controller; also "dimmed" or turned down when you choose.

Here's another thing that will interest you about the Aplco equipment, and it *will* interest you: We have a comprehensive service organization in the following cities: New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, Detroit, Kansas City, San Francisco, Los Angeles, and are rapidly placing others.

When you select your new car, if it has the Aplco system of starting and lighting, you can rely upon it that its designer has looked deeper than the surface when studying your requirements, and very likely the car is painstakingly and reliably equipped throughout.

The Apple Electric Company
61 Canal Street, Dayton, Ohio



When the days of thin underwear come—knee lengths and that sort of thing

DOUBLE GRIP PARIS GARTERS

will give you double comfort. You'll like them.

Ask for them by name; find it on the back of shield.

25c and 50c

A. Stein & Company

Makers

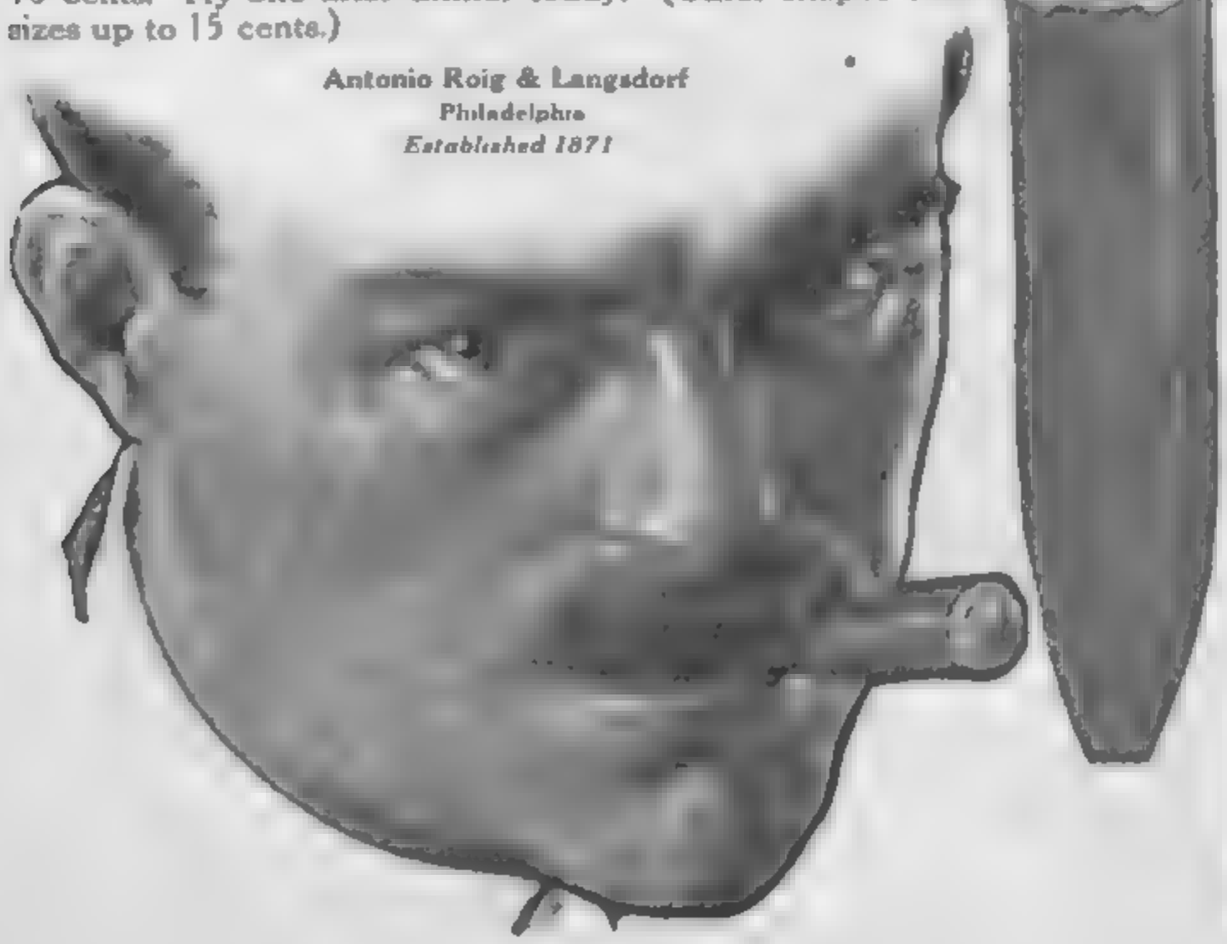
Chicago and New York

KEEP A CLEAR HEAD FOR BIG THINGS

The Girard is *the* cigar for the man who loves a good smoke but who does not love to have his nerves shaken and his thoughts muddled. It is so full-flavored that it furnishes just as much pleasure as a stronger cigar. The secret lies in the blend—unique and exclusive.

GIRARD Cigar

The illustration represents the "Broker" shape, actual size, 10 cents. Try one after dinner today. (Other shapes and sizes up to 15 cents.)



Antonio Roig & Langsdorf
Philadelphia
Established 1871

STARLIGHT AND MOONSHINE

(Concluded from Page 18)

She's a classic—a masterpiece! Bill, old boy, you've slipped one over on 'em at last. At last!"

Then, because he was not in the least displeased with himself, Bill rose and, tilting his hat far back on his head, went down to Herman's place, where he trailed one foot from the waterwagon, merely to see it splash.

It was there that the office boy found him with a telegram.

Late that afternoon, when the last edition was on the street and the city room was deserted, Ed Mayhew laid an apologetic hand upon the knob of the ground-glass door.

The brightest beam of the Evening Star was huddled in his chair, staring with dull and fishy eyes at a yellow slip of paper upon his desk.

"Hey, Scotty!" said the foreman.

Bill roused himself with great difficulty, and after some time was able to recognize his visitor.

"'Z I live'n breathe," said he thickly, "'s my ole pal, Eddie! My pal—ain' you, Eddie?"

"Yes, I'm your pal," said Mayhew soothingly. "Will you rouse up and listen to me a minute?"

"Could lis'n t' your gen'le voice—hic!—forever, Eddie!" said Bill, rising, with a hazy intention of embracing his friend. "Waz'r ma'ar, Eddie? You—you broke again?" He began to fumble in his pocket.

"No, I'm not broke," said Mayhew. "Sit down and listen, Scotty." He spoke very slowly and distinctly, trying to force his message upon a befuddled brain. "The make-up man says the Starlight page is just about a dozen lines short. Understand? Could you pull yourself together long enough to give us something to pad out the page so it'll justify? It's a dirty shame to bother you, I know; but ——"

"'S all ri', Eddie," said Bill, drawing a deep breath through his nose. "Ole Eddie—my pal! Wha'-wha' story you mean, Eddie?"

"Why, the one about the convict," said Mayhew patiently. "The page is *short*, Scotty. It's short about a dozen lines. If you could pad the story somewhere—if you feel well enough to ——"

"Feel fine!" said Bill suddenly. "Never better in my life, Eddie! You wait! Stick roun', Eddie. Don' go 'way. Got jus' very thing you—you want!"

He leaned forward, hiccuping, and scrawled a few lines upon the telegraph blank. Mayhew glanced over his shoulder, and his jaw fell.

"Great Cæsar's ghost, Scotty!" he ejaculated. "You can't do that! It turns the whole story into a joke!"

Bill Scott laughed uproariously, clinging to his desk with both hands as he rocked back and forth.

"Sure 's a joke!" he cackled. "I'm laughin', ain't I, Eddie? Good joke—an' 's on ole Bill! You—you don' know how funny I am! I'm s' funny ——" He stopped laughing and regarded his friend with sudden gravity. His chin began to quiver and two large tears rolled slowly down his cheeks. "Poor ole Bill!" he whimpered. "Only writes one real story in las' fourteen years, Eddie! Only one—jus' one poor li'l' sob story—an' got to put a laugh in it after all! Big laugh! I'm awful funny, Eddie—awful funny! I'm s' funny, you—you be'er go 'way 'fore I get you cryin' too!"

This is the amazing paragraph that appeared at the end of the story of The Man Who Wanted to Get Out, by popular vote the best practical joke Bill Scott ever played upon the public:

Editorial Note—The following telegram from Warden Ryan explains itself:

"WILLIAM SCOTT, Evening Star,

"Stung! Original Harvey Henderson still here. If man using his name has one eye it is Thomas Dolan, alias Tommy the Talker, sneak thief and petty grafter. Dolan never was married, never had a kid, and got all his injuries fighting bartenders. How much did you give him for the story of the girl and the street fair? That's his meal ticket!

"JOHN A. RYAN, Warden."

Good For Both

Parents frequently deny children the table beverage they drink themselves, because "it isn't good for the little folks."

It's different with

INSTANT POSTUM

This new food-drink, made entirely from wheat and the juice of sugar-cane, is genuine nourishment, and has fine color and aroma.

It tastes much like high-grade Javas, but is absolutely free from caffeine or any other harmful ingredient.

Instant Postum is regular Postum so processed that a level teaspoonful in an ordinary cup of hot water dissolves instantly and makes it right for most persons.

A big cup requires more and some people who like strong things put in a heaping spoonful and temper it with a large quantity of cream.

Experiment until you know the amount that pleases your palate and have it served that way in the future.

For a summer "cooler" add cracked ice, sugar and a little lemon juice.

Instant Postum is sold by grocers. 45 to 50 cup tins, 30c. Larger tins (90 to 100 cups), 50c.

Regular Postum (must be boiled 15 to 20 minutes) large package—about 50 cups—25c.

"There's a Reason"

for

POSTUM

Sold by grocers everywhere.

$5,000.00

IN CASH PRIZES

The Ajax-Grieb Rubber Co. offers to Licensed Chauffeurs 208 Cash Prizes for the Greatest Mileage Beyond 5000 Miles Obtained Between April 1, 1913, and March 31, 1914, on

AJAX TIRES

1 Prize	$500.00	10 Prizes of	$50.00
1 Prize	300.00	40 Prizes of	25.00
1 Prize	200.00	50 Prizes of	20.00
5 Prizes of	100.00	100 Prizes of	10.00

208 Prizes, $5,000.00

In case of ties prizes will be divided equally among tying contestants.

To the Chauffeur

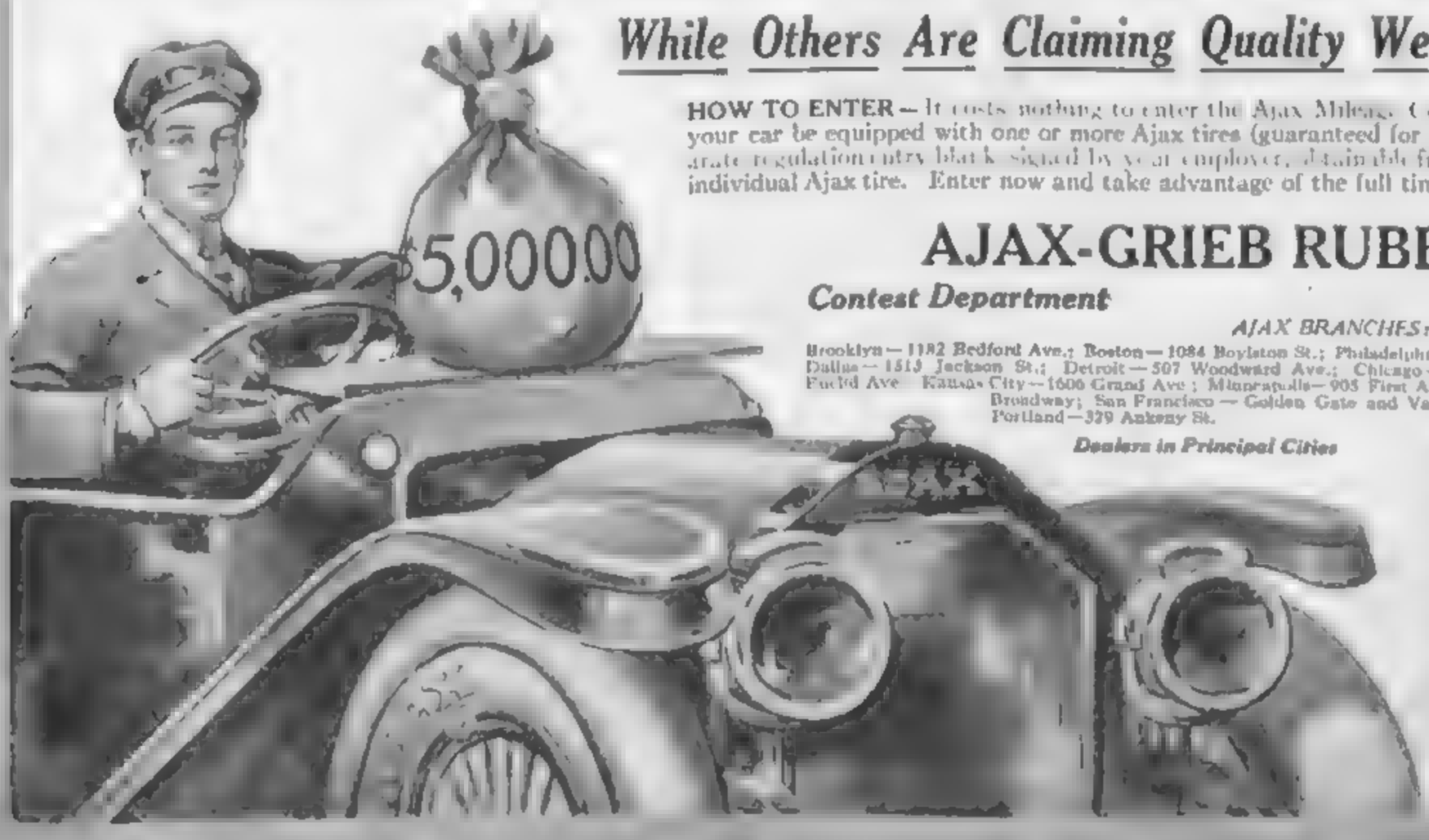
Every Ajax tire for the past eight years has been guaranteed in writing, for 5000 miles. But 5000 miles should be the *minimum* mileage, provided you give your tires the same care and attention you give to the mechanism of your car.

Guard against improper inflation, cuts, bruises, running in car tracks. Use the throttle *more* and the brakes *less*, and you'll save both tires and machine.

To the Car Owner

Three-fourths of all tires come to an untimely end through lack of proper care. It is to insure you against carelessness and to avoid abuse and neglect that prompts us to make this offer.

Our compensation will come in the satisfaction which every Ajax tire will give, with an added reward in the continued patronage of the satisfied owner.



While Others Are Claiming Quality We Are Guaranteeing It

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Educational Division
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The Curtis Publishing Company
Philadelphia

TALLEYRAND PENROD

(Continued from Page 5)

"We could tell him it was lickrish water," added Sam, liking the idea. "The two bottles look almost the same."

"Then we wouldn't have to go to his ole cotillon this afternoon," Penrod sighed.

"There wouldn't be any!"

"Who's your partner, Pen?"

"Who's yours?"

"Who's yours? I just ast you."

"Oh, she's all right!" And Penrod smiled boastfully.

"I bet you wanted to dance with Marjorie!" said his friend.

"Me? I wouldn't dance with that girl if she begged me to! I wouldn't dance with her to save her from drowning! I wouldn't da——"

"Oh, no—you wouldn't!" interrupted Mr. Williams skeptically.

Penrod changed his tone and became persuasive.

"Look here, Sam," he said confidentially. "I've got a mighty nice partner, but my mother don't like her mother; and so I've been thinking I better not dance with her. I'll tell you what I'll do; I've got a mighty good sling in the house, and I'll give it to you if you'll change partners."

"You want to change and you don't even know who mine is!" said Sam, and he made the simple though precocious deduction: "Yours must be a lala! Well, I invited Mabel Rorebeck, and she wouldn't let me change if I wanted to. Mabel Rorebeck'd rather dance with me," he continued serenely, "than anybody; and she said she was awful afraid you'd ast her. But I ain't goin' to dance with Mabel after all, because this morning she sent me a note about her uncle died last night—and P'fessor Bartet'll have to find me a partner after I get there. Anyway I bet you haven't got any sling—and I bet your partner's Baby Rennsdale!"

"What if she is?" said Penrod. "She's good enough for *me!*" This speech held not so much modesty in solution as intended praise of the lady. Taken literally, however, it was an understatement of the facts and wholly insincere.

"Yay!" jeered Mr. Williams, upon whom his friend's hypocrisy was quite wasted. "How can your mother not like her mother? Baby Rennsdale hasn't got any mother! You and her'll be a sight!"

That was Penrod's own conviction; and with this corroboration of it he grew so spiritless that he could offer no retort. He slid to a despondent sitting posture upon the doorsill and gazed wretchedly upon the ground, while his companion went to replenish the licorice water at the hydrant—enfeebling the potency of the liquor no doubt, but making up for that in quantity.

"Your mother goin' with you to the cotillon?" asked Sam when he returned.

"No. She's goin' to meet *me* there. She's goin' somewhere first."

"So's mine," said Sam. "I'll come by for you."

"All right!" Penrod sighed again.

"I better go before long. Noon whistles been blowin'."

"All right!" said Penrod dully.

Sam turned to go, but paused. The Schofields' house occupied a corner lot, and a new straw hat was peregrinating along the fence near the two boys. This hat belonged to some one passing upon the sidewalk of the cross-street; and the some one was Maurice Levy. Even as they stared he halted and regarded them over the fence with two small, dark eyes. Fate had brought about this moment and this confrontation.

"'Lo, Sam!" said Maurice cautiously. "What you doin'?"

Penrod at that instant had a singular experience—an intellectual shock like a flash of fire in the brain. Sitting in darkness, a great light flooded him with wild brilliance. He gasped!

"What you doin'?" repeated Mr. Levy.

Penrod sprang to his feet, shook the bottle with stoppering thumb, and took a long drink with histrionic unction.

"What you doin'?" asked Maurice for the third time, Sam Williams not having decided upon a reply.

It was Penrod who answered.

"Drinkin' lickrish water," he said simply, and wiped his mouth with such delicious enjoyment that Sam's jaded thirst was instantly stimulated. He took the bottle eagerly from Penrod.

"A-a-h!" exclaimed Penrod, smacking his lips. "That was a good un!"

The eyes above the fence glistened.

"Ask him if he don't want some," Penrod whispered urgently. "Quit drinkin' it! It's no good any more. Ask him!"

"What for?" demanded the practical Sam.

"Go on and ask him!" whispered Penrod fiercely.

"Say, M'rice!" Sam called, waving the bottle—"Want some?"

"Bring it here!" Mr. Levy requested.

"Come on over and get some," returned Sam, being prompted.

"I can't. Penrod Schofield's after me."

"No, I'm not," said Penrod reassuringly. "I won't touch you, M'rice. I made up with you yesterday afternoon—don't you remember? You're all right with *me*, M'rice."

Maurice looked undecided. But Penrod had the delectable bottle again and, tilting it above his lips, affected to let the cool liquid purl enrichingly into him, while with his right hand he stroked his middle façade ineffably. Maurice's mouth watered.

"Here!" cried Sam, stirred again by the superb manifestations of his friend. "Gimme that!"

Penrod brought the bottle down, surprisingly full after so much gusto, but withheld it from Sam; and the two scuffled for its possession. Nothing in the world could have so worked upon the desire of the yearning observer beyond the fence.

"Honest, Penrod—you ain't goin' to touch me if I come in your yard?" he called. "Honest?"

"Cross my heart!" answered Penrod, holding the bottle away from Sam. "And we'll let you drink all you want."

Maurice hastily climbed the fence, and while he was thus occupied Mr. Samuel Williams received a great enlightenment. With startling rapidity Penrod, standing just outside the storeroom door, extended his arm within the room, deposited the licorice water upon the counter of the drug store, seized in its stead the bottle of smallpox medicine, and extended it cordially toward the advancing Maurice.

Genius is like that—great, simple, broad strokes!

Dazzled, Mr. Samuel Williams leaned against the wall. He had the sensations of one who comes suddenly into the presence of a chef-d'œuvre. Perhaps his first coherent thought was that almost universal one on such huge occasions: "Why couldn't *I* have done that!"

Sam might have been even more dazzled had he guessed that he figured not altogether as a spectator in the sweeping and magnificent conception of the new Talleyrand. Sam had no partner for the cotillon. If Maurice was to be absent from that festivity—as it began to seem he might be—Penrod needed a male friend to take care of Miss Rennsdale; and he believed he saw his way to compel Mr. Williams to be that male friend. For this he relied largely upon the prospective conduct of Miss Rennsdale when he should get the matter before her—he was inclined to believe she would favor the exchange. As for Talleyrand Penrod himself, he was going to dance that cotillon with Marjorie Jones!

"You can have all you can drink at one pull, M'rice," said Penrod kindly.

"You said I could have all I want!" protested Maurice, reaching for the bottle.

"No, I didn't," returned Penrod quickly, holding it away from the eager hand.

"He did too! Didn't he, Sam?"

Sam could not reply; his eyes, fixed upon the bottle, protruded strangely.

"You heard him—didn't you, Sam?"

"Well, if I did say it I didn't mean it!" said Penrod hastily, quoting from one of the authorities. "Lookyhere, M'rice!" he continued, assuming a more placative and reasoning tone. "That wouldn't be fair to us. I guess we want some of our own lickrish water, don't we? The bottle ain't much over two-thirds full anyway. What I meant was, you can have all you can drink at one pull."

"How do you mean?"

"Why, this way: You can gulp all you want, so long as you keep swallering; but you can't take the bottle out of your mouth and commence again. Soon's you quit swallering it's Sam's turn."

"No; you can have next, Penrod," said Sam.

"Well, anyway, I mean M'rice has to give the bottle up the minute he stops swallering."

Craft appeared upon the face of Maurice, like a poster pasted on a wall.

"I can drink so long I don't stop swallering?"

"Yes; that's it."

"All right!" he cried. "Gimme the bottle!"

And Penrod placed it in his hand.

"You promise to let me drink until I quit swallering?" Maurice insisted.

"Yes!" said both boys together.

With that Maurice placed the bottle to his lips and began to drink. Penrod and Sam leaned forward in breathless excitement. They had feared Maurice might smell the contents of the bottle; but that danger was past—this was the crucial moment. Their fondest hope was that Maurice would make his first swallow a voracious one—it was impossible to imagine a second. They expected one big, gulping swallow and then an explosion, with fountain effects.

Little they knew the mettle of their man! Maurice swallowed once; he swallowed twice—and thrice—and he continued to swallow! No Adam's apple was sculptured on that juvenile throat, but the internal progress of the liquid was not a whit the less visible. His eyes gleamed with cunning and malicious triumph, sidewise, at the stunned conspirators; he was fulfilling the conditions of the draught, not once breaking the thread of that marvelous swallering.

His audience stood petrified. Already Maurice had swallowed more than they had given Duke—and still the liquor receded in the uplifted bottle! And now the clear glass gleamed above the dark contents full half the vessel's length—and Maurice went on drinking! Slowly the clear glass increased in its dimensions—slowly the dark diminished.

Sam Williams made a horrified movement to check him—but Maurice protested passionately with his disengaged arm, and made vehement vocal noises remindful of the contract; whereupon Sam desisted and watched the continuing performance in a state of grisly fascination.

Maurice drank it all! He drained the last drop, threw the bottle in the air, and uttered loud ejaculations of triumph and satisfaction.

"Hah!" he cried, blowing out his cheeks, inflating his chest, squaring his shoulders, patting his stomach, and wiping his mouth contentedly. "Hah! Ah! Aha! Waha! Wafwah! Ha! But that was good!"

The two boys stood looking at him in a stupor.

"Well, I gotta say this," said Maurice graciously: "You stuck to your bargain all right and treated me fair."

Stricken with a sudden horrible suspicion, Penrod entered the storeroom in one stride and lifted the bottle of licorice water to his nose—then to his lips. It was weak, but good; he had made no mistake. And Maurice had really drained—to the dregs—the bottle of old hair tonics, dead catsups, syrups of undesirable preserves, condemned extracts of vanilla and lemon, decayed chocolate, ex-essence of beef, mixed dental preparations, aromatic spirits of ammonia, spirits of niter, alcohol, arnica, quinine, ipecac, sal volatile, nux vomica and licorice water—with traces of arsenic, belladonna and strychnine.

Penrod put the licorice water out of sight and turned to face the others. Maurice was seating himself on a box just outside the door and had taken a package of cigarettes from his pocket.

"Nobody can see me from here, can they?" he said, striking a match. "You fellers smoke?"

"No," said Sam, staring at him haggardly.

"No," said Penrod in a whisper.

Maurice lit his cigarette and puffed showily.

"Well, sir," he remarked, "you fellers are certainly square—I gotta say that much. Honest, Penrod, I thought you was after me! I did think so," he added sunnily; "but now I guess you like me, or else you wouldn't of stuck to it about lettin' me drink it all if I kept on swallering."

He chatted on with complete geniality, smoking his cigarette in content. And as he ran from one topic to another his hearers stared at him in a kind of torpor. Never once did they exchange a glance with each other; their eyes were frozen to Maurice. The cheerful conversationalist made it evident that he was not without gratitude.

"Well," he said as he finished his cigarette and rose to go, "you fellers have treated me nice—and some day you come over to my yard. I'd like to run with you fellers. You're the kind of fellers I like."

Penrod's jaw fell; Sam's mouth had been open all the time. Neither spoke.

"I gotta go," observed Maurice, consulting a handsome watch. "Gotta get dressed for the cotillon right after lunch. Come on, Sam. Don't you have to go too?"

Sam nodded dazedly.

"Well, goodby, Penrod," said Maurice cordially. "I'm glad you like me all right. Come on, Sam."

Penrod leaned against the doorpost and with fixed and glazing eyes watched the departure of his two visitors. Maurice was talking volubly, with much gesticulation, as they went; but Sam walked mechanically and in silence, his head sidewise, staring at his brisk companion.

They passed from sight, Maurice still conversing gayly—and Penrod slowly betook himself into the house, his head bowed upon his chest.

Some three hours later Mr. Samuel Williams, waxen clean and in sweet raiment, made his reappearance in Penrod's yard, yodeling a code-signal to summon forth his friend. He yodeled loud, long and frequently, finally securing a feeble response from the upper air.

"Where are you?" shouted Mr. Williams, his roving glance searching ambient heights. Another low-spirited yodel reaching his ear, he perceived the head and shoulders of his friend projecting above the roofridge of the stable. The rest of Penrod's body was concealed from view, reposing upon the opposite slant of the gable and precariously secured by the crooking of his elbows over the ridge.

"Yay! What you doin' up there?"

"Nothin'."

"You'd better be careful!" called Sam. "You'll slide off and fall down in the alley if you don't look out. I come pert' near it last time we was up there. Come on down! Ain't you goin' to the cotillon?"

Penrod made no reply. Sam came nearer.

"Say," he called up in a guarded voice, "I went to our telephone a while ago and asked him how he was feelin', and he said he felt fine!"

"So did I," said Penrod. "He told me he felt bully!"

Sam thrust his hands in his pockets and brooded. The opening of the kitchen door caused a diversion. It was Della.

"Mister Penrod," she bellowed forthwith, "come ahn down from up there! Y'r mamma's at the dancin' class waitin' fer ye, an' she's telephoned me they're goin' to begin—an' what's the matter with ye? Come ahn down fr'm up there!"

"Come on!" urged Sam. "We'll be late. There go Maurice and Marjorie now."

A glittering car went rapidly by, disclosing briefly a genre picture of Marjorie Jones in pink, supporting a monstrous sheaf of American Beauty roses. Maurice, sitting shining and joyous beside her, saw both boys and waved them a hearty greeting as the car turned the corner.

Penrod uttered some muffled words and then waved both arms—either in answer or as an expression of his condition of mind; it may have been a gesture of despair. How much intention there was in this act—obviously so rash, considering the position he occupied—it is impossible to say. Undeniably there must remain a suspicion of deliberate purpose.

Della screamed and Sam shouted. Penrod had disappeared from view.

The delayed dancing class was about to begin a most uneven cotillon under the direction of its slightly frenzied instructor, when Samuel Williams arrived.

Mrs. Schofield hurriedly left the ballroom; and Miss Rennsdale, flushed with sudden happiness, curtsied profoundly to Professor Bartet and obtained his attention.

"I have telled you fifty times," he informed her passionately ere she spoke, "I cannot make no such a changes. If your partner comes you have to dance with him. You are going to drive me crazy, sure! What is it? What now? What you want?"

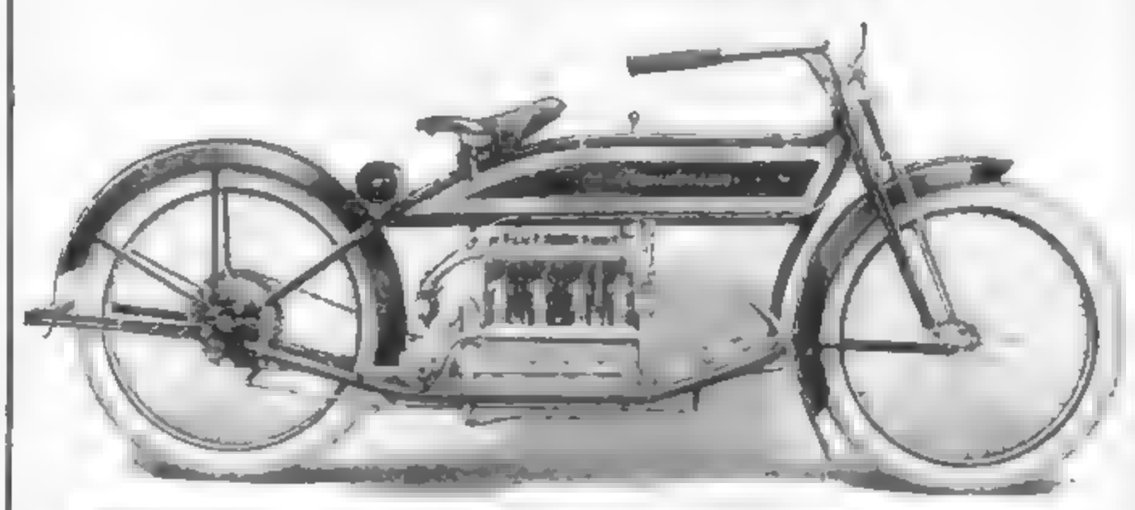
The damsel curtsied again and handed him the following communication, addressed to herself:

"Dear Madam Please excuse me from dancing the cotillion with you this afternoon as I have fell off the barn

"Sincerly yours

"PENROD SCHOFIELD."

HENDERSON



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You remember when you were taught how to carry a rifle, how to load it, to clean it, how to climb a fence with it—parents believed then there was safety in *knowledge* and not in ignorance of firearms. Perhaps that was the day of the muzzle-loader, when father gave force to his remarks by taking the ramrod to you.

Times change, guns have changed, fathers are often too busy to think much about the boy. But boys do not change in their desire to shoot, and the fact does not change that there is nothing like marksmanship to train the boy's eye, steady his nerve, develop his judgment, his character and his self-reliance.

It was a sad day for the boy when fathers got busy and mothers got timorous, and he was forced to the makeshift of the toy-rifle, the toy-pistol and the cheap revolver. These are the trouble-makers—not only while the boy uses them, but through all the rest of his life. A man must respect a firearm or he will never learn to handle it right.

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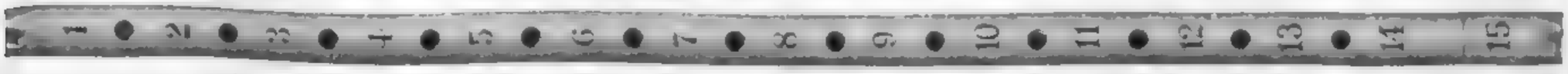

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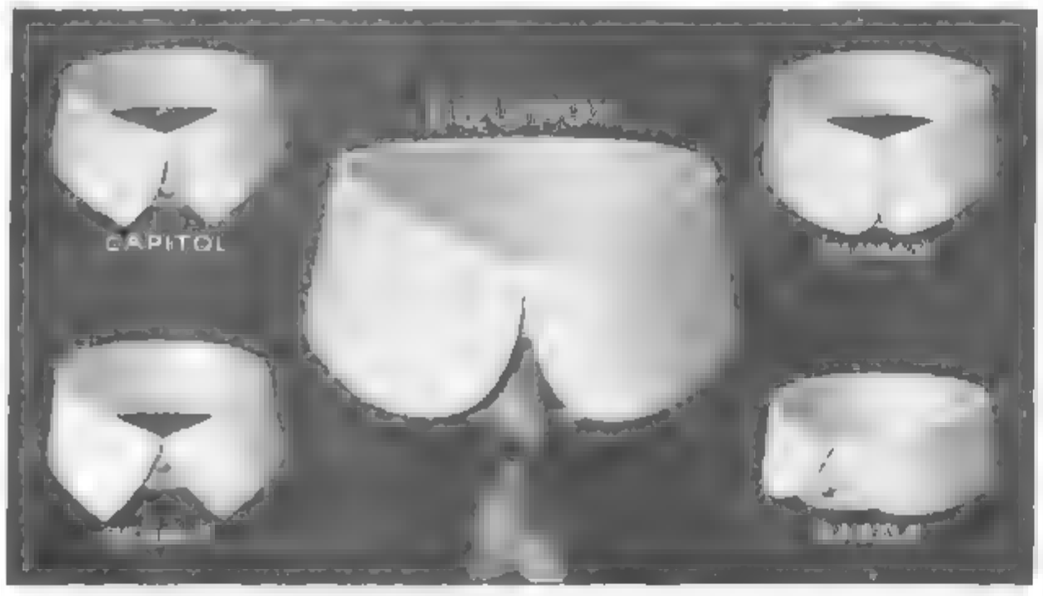

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THE RISE OF THE BOOKKEEPER

(Continued from Page 11)

company. The plant department installs the instrument, tests it, starts the service and so on by a routine that specifies just what is to be done under any one of the many different conditions that may be met, and other routines put the subscriber's name in the directory, enter him on the books, keep track of his traffic and send him his monthly bill.

Last summer the general manager of a big telephone company went fishing for two weeks. When he came back he found two letters from a friend waiting at his home. One was dated the same week he had gone away, and stated that the friend wanted his telephone switchboard moved, that he had notified the company, and that now he wished the general manager would use his personal influence to have the job done promptly. The other letter was dated about a week later. The friend's switchboard had been moved. He said he had never heard of anything in that line being done so quickly, and thanked the manager profusely for attending to it. Clearly he was persuaded that his personal appeal had hastened matters; but in reality the regular routines of the company were responsible, for everything had been carried out in the regular order of work, and the manager, off fishing, knew nothing about it until he came home.

All big business nowadays is done along this line, and the routines are often thick binders full of rules and regulations, kept on the loose-leaf principle to facilitate quick changes. What has been found best for big business is also being adapted to smaller concerns.

Facts Bookkeeping Must Give

Old-fashioned bookkeeping kept track of the money affairs of the individual manufacturer or merchant. Assets and liabilities, debits and credits, revenues and expenses: all these refer to money received or paid. But today, as the auditor of a large public service corporation puts it, business is no longer the money-making activities of an individual so much as a complicated economic process, and the importance of every person connected with a modern business is gauged by his relation of control or service to that process. The art of accounting is no longer asked merely to tell whether Jones, the baker, is making money. It must indicate whether the Jones Consolidated Baking Company is under good management, and ably manned, and headed in the right direction. Time was when Jones might have become as rich as Crœsus in the baking business, and still his accounting would have been nothing more than bookkeeping. Crœsus himself was an old-fashioned magnate in a simple age, and bookkeeping would have sufficed for his purpose. But the economic basis, with business spread out as well as magnified, is something different. Jones Consolidated cannot be treated as a gigantic Jones the baker, because it is a great group of activities, a complexity of processes, and must be organized, managed, manned and recorded in a modern way. Here is where functional organization and administrative accounting comes in—the very terms, this auditor believes, would have rather puzzled Cresus.

A new telegraph line is being built across two states. Many different gangs of men are needed to do the work, not only in different localities but for different jobs, such as digging the holes, setting the poles, stringing the wires. Wages, team-hire and other elements of cost will vary. Bookkeeping of the money items alone might show that Kelly, foreman of a certain gang digging holes, pays fifty cents a day more for his men than any other foreman on the job. From that, old-fashioned bookkeeping usually deduced that Kelly was too expensive a man, and again and again it discharged him. But administrative accounting looks into Kelly's costs for digging holes. It finds that he has a better eye for men than other foremen, and a brisker way of working his gang, and that he can dig a hole for a telegraph pole seven cents cheaper than any other foreman. So administrative accounting studies Kelly's particular way of doing the thing, so that it may be made standard practice in the routine.

Of course the engineer and executive have as much to do with laying down routines as the accounting department, and sometimes there is a little jealousy about this, and a dispute about credit for good work. But in the end the routines all run to the accounting center, and information is compared on an accounting basis, for it all hangs on costs.

The modern idea of doing work under routines gives plenty of scope for red tape and blunders.

One of the salesmen for a public service corporation made a sale to a Wall Street magnate. The interview was very brief.

"Can you give me so-and-so?" asked the magnate, describing what he wanted.

"Certainly!" was the salesman's reply.

"Then I want it in operation tomorrow morning."

"All right, we'll give it to you—that's what we're in business for."

This was a fine sale. The time of that customer is worth a hundred dollars a minute, so the salesman did not bother him to sign a contract for service amounting to about five dollars a month.

But all this company's work is done under routines, and all the routines start with the customer's signature on a contract. When the salesman reported to his chief saying that he had made a sale to J. Pierpont Jones, the chief, with company details most prominently in mind, asked for the contract.

"I didn't get a contract," said the salesman. "Mr. Jones is responsible for any transaction."

"Why, we can't give him service without a contract!" declared the chief in horror.

"He wants it tomorrow morning," added the salesman, "and he's got to have it—I promised."

"But under our regular routine he can't possibly have service until next week," objected the chief.

"See here," said the salesman; "this is J. Pierpont Jones, and he always gets what he wants. Moreover he lunches with our president once a week. If you don't give him what I promised, he'll mention the matter to the Old Man, and we'll probably be fired."

Such sales argument brought to bear on a technical man was too strong even for the company routines. Routines were disregarded, the great Jones got his service, and the salesman forgot the case.

Chasing Jones With a Dotted Line

But from that day the technical men began to worry. Having no contract they could not start the train of wheels that would produce a bill for service. Several months went by, and the great Jones paid nothing. Technical men called on him, explained matters, and tried to get the signature that would make everything standard. Their explanations were always technical, and the great Jones never listened to them more than two minutes.

"Nope!" he always said. "Won't sign anything—good day."

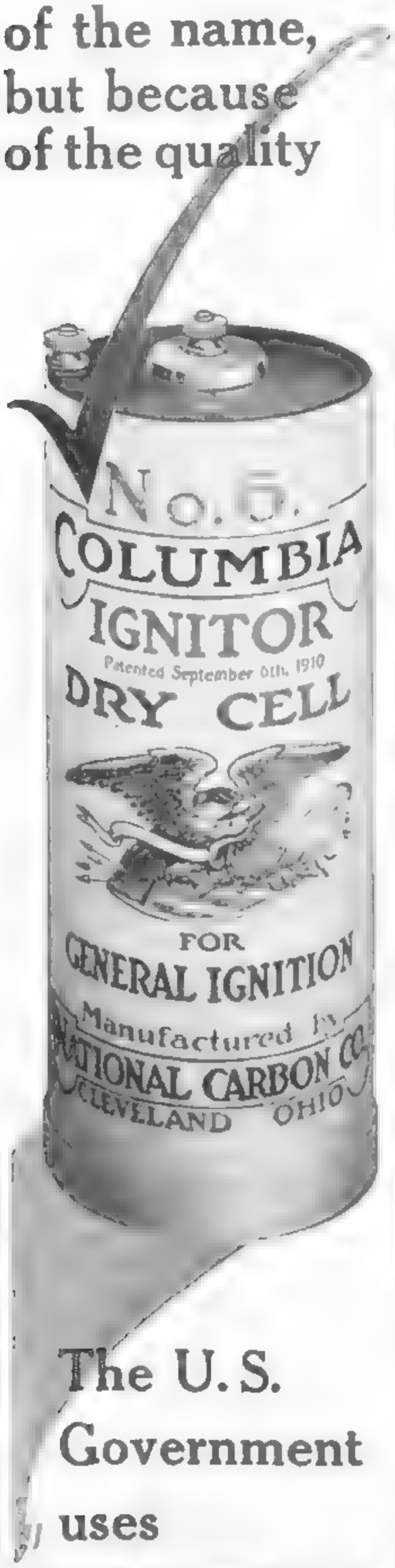
Then the technical men wrote him until he refused to reply to their letters, and routine got into such a tangle that the Jones case was famous for its complications. One day the great Jones' daughter married, and an extension of service was needed. The technical men washed their hands of the whole affair when they heard about this, and put a thick package of reports and correspondence in the salesman's hands—the papers in the Jones case. The salesman called on Jones, had another two-minute talk, got his signature to a contract for the new service, and said as he was leaving:

"Oh, by the way, Mr. Jones, shall we send you a bill for the service you've had?"

"Why, certainly," said the magnate, and so the tangle was cut.

In another business run by routines a young married couple ordered some fixtures installed in their new home. The work was done promptly and in fine shape, but though that was more than three years ago they have never been able to get a bill for it, and nothing has been paid. Repeated requests for information as to how much is owing for the fixtures bring no results. Something apparently went askew in the company's routines. The installation machinery works all right, but the billing and collecting machinery slipped a cog. Somebody forgot to enter something, or is puzzling over the records and rules instead of taking the case up on a common-sense basis and settling it in spite of routine.

Not because of the name, but because of the quality



The U. S. Government uses

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Many of the big departments at Washington, the Army, the Navy and Isthmian Canal Commission use "COLUMBIA."

Uncle Sam thinks so much of Columbia that it is used on all his battleships.

You, too, can enjoy its long life and dependability by saying "Columbia" to your dealer instead of merely "battery."

It costs no more and lasts longer. For ignition, household and all dry-battery uses.

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Nine factories in United States and Canada.

The very ease with which accounting information may now be gathered and tabulated sometimes leads to the compilation of useless figures, or more than can be digested. More than two years ago one of the public service commissions maintained under state government ordered a public service company to prepare certain statistics about its rates and customers. The work was done by tabulating machinery, yet it took several months and cost seventy-five thousand dollars, being quite outside the company's own statistics. When ready it was delivered to the commissioners. Wrapped up in bundles, there was a fair wagonload of the stuff.

Just the other day the auditor of that company happened to look in at the offices of the commission, and saw his statistics lying just as the truck driver had piled them up. The bundles were coated with dust. They had never been opened. After the information was prepared for them the commissioners lacked either time or helpers to deal with it.

There are other abuses of the new accounting, such as frequent attempts to cure business evils by accounting methods alone. Figures are so cheap and plentiful today that there is temptation to use too many of them.

The very compiling and recording machinery that produces them is tempting. It seems to say, "Tell me what you want to know and I'll grind it out in a jiffy."

But the good points far outweigh the bad after all. The results of the new bookkeeping amply justify it, and the tendency is always to use it with judgment. The processes may be mechanical, but the conclusions that may be drawn from them are human enough. Routines are designed to do away with thinking. But they deal chiefly with points that come up over and over again, and which have already been so well thought out that there is seldom anything to be added. And when it is charged that accounting on the new principles crushes individuality, the charge—often made—is hardly borne out by the facts. For though the accounting department looks like a machine shop nowadays, it offers better opportunities for initiative and advancement than did the bookkeeping of other days.

Editor's Note—This is the third article in a series by James H. Collins. The fourth, and last, to appear in an early issue, will show some of the human phases of the new accounting as it applies to office employees.

A Monster Airship

A MONSTER airship, with a mirror surface of polished metal that will make it a dazzling sight in the sky, was proposed recently to the British Institute of Naval Architects by Baron A. Roenne, who assured the engineers that he intends to build it at his own expense. The mirror surface is intended to prevent the heating of the gas by the sun's rays; for the sunlight, reflected from the metal, would be shot back into the air instead of being absorbed as heat.

He plans a ship eight hundred and fifty-three feet long and seventy-two feet wide, shaped much like a Zeppelin, though considerably larger than any German dirigible so far planned. The gas envelope he intends to make of thin chrome-aluminum plates welded together, braced by rings of chrome-aluminum going completely round the envelope, a few feet apart.

Further bracing could be supplied by aluminum wires inside the envelope from a central hub to the rings: so that on the inside each ring would look like a great bicycle wheel.

The gas would not be free inside the big metal envelope, but confined in twenty-eight balloonets, after the standard system of all big airships. Ten gasoline engines, developing a total of two thousand horsepower, would drive the propellers and give a speed in still air of from forty-five to fifty-six miles an hour. The inventor's calculations show that such a metal airship, completely outfitted, would weigh one hundred and four tons, but would have a lifting capacity of one hundred and thirty-five tons, giving a margin of thirty-one tons for passengers, fuel and supplies.

The naval architects, in the discussion that followed the reading of Baron Roenne's paper, expressed doubt as to the strength of his metal gas envelope lengthwise, in spite of his confidence that he had planned enough stays to prevent it from buckling in the middle.

Whitman's Vacation Sweets

Only campers and yachtsmen need to carry along Whitman's. Other folks can nearly always find a store handy with the Whitman agency, wherever they may wander.

LITTLE drug stores in remote mountain hamlets or elegant shops at seashore resorts get our candies, during the summer months, direct from us. From them you can get that favorite, the Sampler (ten packages in one), or a hundred other Whitman sealed sweets in perfect condition and doubly guaranteed. Ask Whitman agents, at home or abroad, about the special Whitman summer sweets.

Our guide to good candies, called "A List of Good Things," will be mailed free on request.

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Whitman's **Marshmallow Whip** *gives a magic touch to home-made desserts. Write for booklet of recipes*

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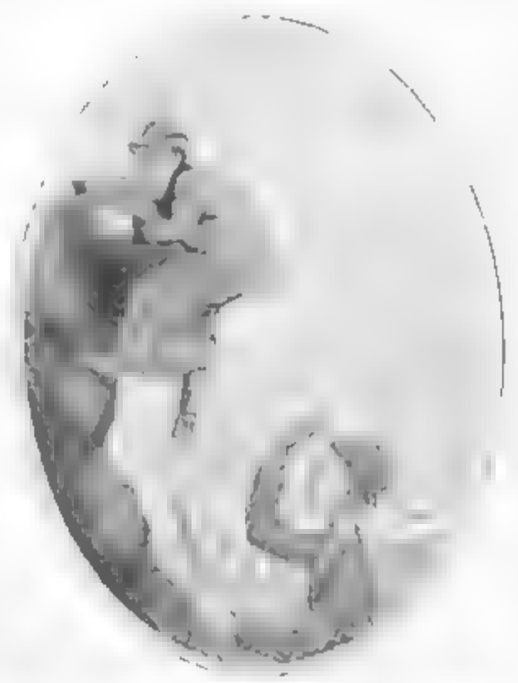

Oh, Jane!—by the way, did you see that awful funny thing in last week's

Life

Suburban Number now on sale. Ten cents.

A few copies of The Awful Number still on hand. Sent by mail ten cents. After July 1, twenty-five cents.

Send a Two-cent stamp for a copy of the Miniature Life.

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One Year $5.00. (Canadian $5.52, Foreign $6.04.)

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Those many thousand fortunate motorists who are driving this year's Studebaker automobiles will tell you emphatically that you should shun the very suggestion of a substitute. In their opinion, as in ours, no car is offered which would compensate you for what you would lose. They cannot find a value comparable.

The month of June alone will witness the delivery of 5,000 Studebaker cars to their owners.

5,000 Studebaker cars this month—in the face of an inquisitorial inspection of stocks, parts, processes and operations deliberately planned to establish a new high standard for American motor car manufacture.

Yet so universal is the demand that 5,000 cars a month are not enough.

Isn't the bare fact inspiring?

There will be rivalry among buyers in your community—and every community—to secure Studebaker deliveries.

There would be, could we build three times 5,000 cars a month.

We trust you may not have to wait.

But—better no car at all, in our opinion, till you can get a Studebaker.

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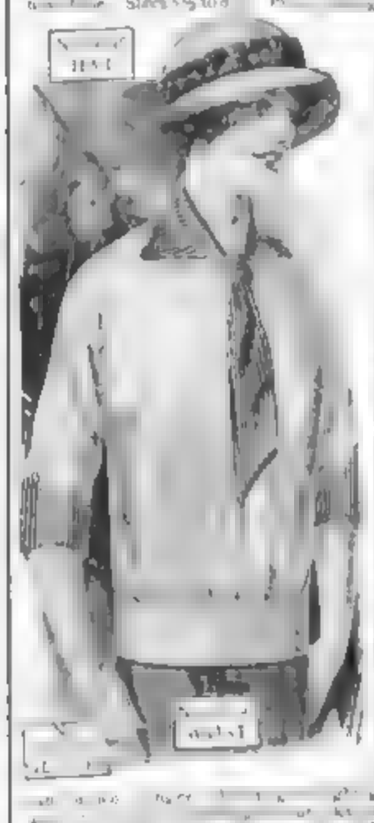

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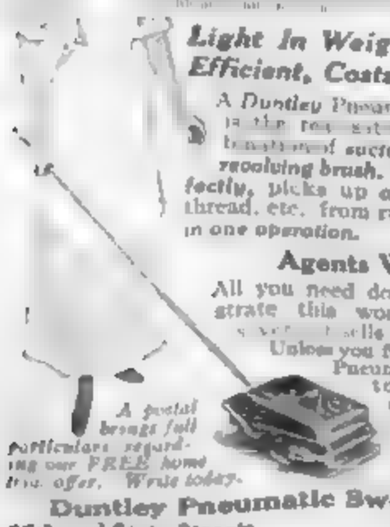

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A *Duntley* Pneumatic Sweeper is the last satisfactory combination of *suction nozzle* and *revolving brush*. It cleans *perfectly*, picks up *all* lint, pins, thread, etc. from rugs or carpets, *in one operation*.

Agents Wanted

All you need do is to demonstrate this wonderful labor saver—it sells itself.

Unless you find the *Duntley* Pneumatic Sweeper to be the *best* sweeper you ever used, return it after ten days and get your money back.

A postal brings full particulars regarding our FREE home trial offer. Write today.

Duntley Pneumatic Sweeper Co.

65th and State Streets — Chicago, Ill.

BACK-FIRE

(Continued from Page 21)

"Did you hit anybody yourself?" asked Lucia.

"I remember better being hit. There were a couple of dozen individuals involved and each of them hit me at least once. I don't think they hit me very hard, as I was only a week in the infirmary; but the faculty hit me. My impressions are principally those of the infant who was the object of that beautiful poem: 'Where did you come from, Baby dear?' Answer: 'Out of the Everywhere into the Here.'"

Carl took the frosted glass from the hand of the steward and raised it to his lips. Edna regarded him thoughtfully.

"And you're going out of the Here into the Nowhere," said she.

"So father intimated. But Aunt Nell has offered me a job tallyin' babies' bibs, or something of the sort. I have accepted."

"Do you feel very proud of yourself, Carl?" Lucia asked.

"I am proud of still being alive. I must admit, though, that if I had my life to live over again I should go about it differently. I should become a missionary."

"If you became a missionary like Doctor Penfold," said Lucia quickly, "you'd have all the fighting you want. He threw a suspension bridge across the Yung Chang River for the camel trains coming in from Mongolia, and charged them toll. Some little two-cent mandarin tried to interfere and cut down the bridge, and Doctor Penfold followed him up into the hills and collared him and marched him down to the chief mogul of the place, who made him pay damages."

"Huh," grunted Carl; "did he tell you all this?"

"Yes; but he's not the sort to boast."

"Can't tell about these darned missionaries," said Carl grudgingly. "They get a soft snap somewhere off in Chop-Suey or Wa-Wa or Hootchie-Kootchi, and then come home and make people think that they're just honing for a martyr's crown. I suppose Aunt Nell thinks he's a little tin Paul of Tarsus."

"Aunt Nell thinks he's the real thing, and so do I."

"You may not be so keen about him, my dear," said Edna, "when you find that there's to be no more Florida or Newport or Maine woods or private cars or any of those things. Dad has got about to the end of his string, and unless we can manage to marry him to Aunt Nell, there's a pale-gray outlook for all of us. Dad is no use whatever; he does nothing but moon and gloom, and presently he's going to finish by getting on Aunt Nell's nerves. Doctor Penfold will be here in a few days, and then, if we don't look out, we'll find him running the whole camp meeting, with the Gillespie family sitting on the mourners' bench."

"You're right, Eddie," said Carl. "We've got to take charge of this missionary guy and ship him back to his Chinks as canned goods."

"You'll have a good time doing it," said Lucia. "Let me know when you get ready to paste on the label."

She rose rather disgustedly and went below, saying that she wished to write some letters. Carl looked inquiringly at his sister, for whose diplomatic talents he had always entertained the most profound respect.

"Hanged if I don't believe he's converted Lucia!" he observed.

"Lucia's a little fool! She doesn't realize the seriousness of the situation," Edna answered. "You can't make me believe that Aunt Nelly's enthusiasm for this scheme of hers is entirely altruistic."

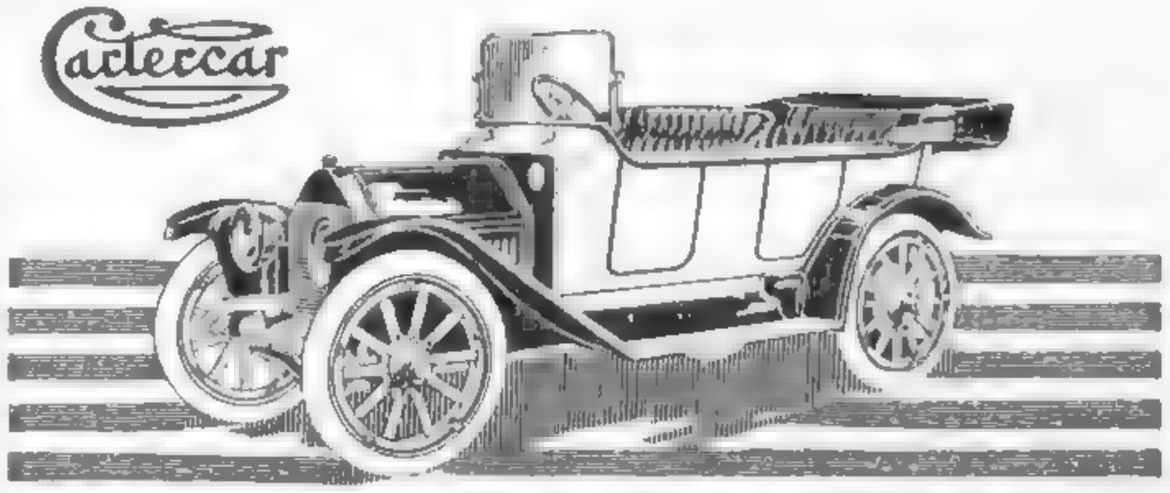
Carl looked rather startled. "You don't mean to say that you think she's in love with this Penfold person?" he asked.

"I think she's in danger of something of the sort. At any rate she's tremendously interested in him and likes and admires him. I doubt if she'd ever have come to her decision if it hadn't been for him. Even so, she wouldn't have tackled the proposition on such a big scale. Now he's coming down here and they'll be a lot together going over ways and means, and the situation is dangerous, Carl—rotten dangerous!"

"But she's about six years older than he, isn't she?"

"That makes it all the more dangerous. A woman in the late thirties is much more apt to be attracted to a younger man than to an older one. It links her to the youth that she begins to feel is slipping away.

Cartercar



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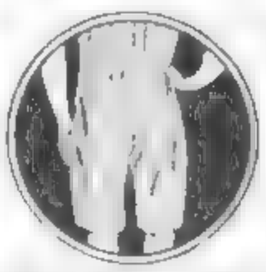

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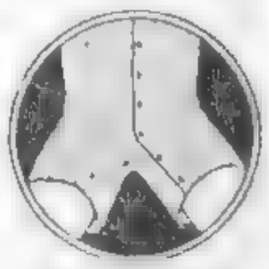

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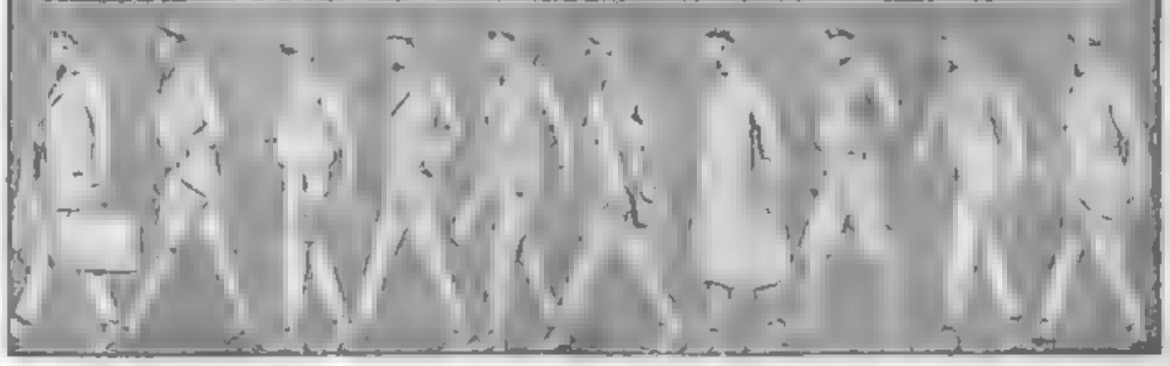

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Forget for a moment that speed boat racing is a sport. Consider its *practical* results. At any given price, compare the motor boat of today with that of a few years back.

In every American industry you will trace all its progress to hard-headed efforts to beat the record for efficient use of time.

When you see a concern forging ahead of competition, stamping its individuality on the trade—there you find the HOWARD type of man putting the thing across.

The HOWARD Watch owner may be the titular head of the concern, the Superintendent or Department Manager. It is just as likely to be some inspired youngster, who would probably disclaim any part in moulding the career of the business. As if he could help exerting the power he does!

A HOWARD Watch is always worth what you pay for it.

The price of each watch is *fixed* at the factory and a printed ticket attached—from the 17-jewel *(double roller)* in a Crescent *Extra* or Boss *Extra* gold-filled case at $40 to the 23-jewel at $150—and the EDWARD HOWARD model at $350.

Not every jeweler can sell you a HOWARD WATCH. Find the HOWARD jeweler in your town and talk to him. He is a good man to know. Admiral Sigsbee has written a little book, "The Log of the HOWARD Watch," giving the record of his own HOWARD in the U. S. Navy. You'll enjoy it. Drop us a post card, Dept. N, and we'll send you a copy.

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17 Dollars a Day

LAST JULY an inexperienced man answered one of our advertisements calling for representatives to secure subscriptions for *The Saturday Evening Post.* During July his earnings were $461.80—Seventeen Dollars a Day.

We do not refer to him because of his success. Many others earned more. But we do refer to him because, being inexperienced, his earnings offer a fair standard by which can be forecasted the profits of any energetic representative.

These liberal earnings are attributable only in part to the natural ability of the persons themselves. They are due principally to the widespread demand for the publications represented.

We require the services of young men and young women all over the country to look after the subscription business of *The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman.* For this work we pay commission and salary.

It can be done in leisure hours and no experience is required, for we stand behind our representatives and tell them how to work. If you want to try it, write today.

Agency Division, Box 65, The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia

Besides, she's had an old husband and two sickly children. You never can tell which way a woman is going to jump when she's approaching forty and her life has been incomplete. I imagine this Penfold is a good deal of a man, and just think of their community of interests. If she attracts him—and Aunt Nelly is an uncommonly attractive woman—the first thing we know they'll be getting married."

"And what have you framed up, Miss Medici?"

"I shall try to teach him to love me," Edna answered with a malicious smile.

"Jehoshaphat!" Carl sat suddenly upright, stared for a moment at his sister, then laughed.

"Well, don't you think I can?" asked Edna challengingly.

Carl frowned. "Stop your kiddin', Eddie," said he shortly.

"I'm not kidding, my dear little lad. This is no time for the idle jape and jest. We well-brought-up and carefully guarded girls of the twentieth century never joke about holy things like money. I mean to beguile this lama, who is trying to get between me and the one thing that makes life worth living. I want money—lots of it, tons of it. What's the use of being a hypocrite?"

"Then why don't you marry it," muttered Carl sulkily. "You've had chance enough. You've got it now."

Edna smiled, and her fresh lips curled in a way to bring out one of those delicious dimples frequently to be found in the young and innocent.

"I want money, Carlo," said she, "but not badly enough for that. It's hardly worth while to attempt to explain, because men seldom understand a woman's attitude toward wealth—and boys never. I want money and the things that money can buy—lovely houses and gardens and interesting people and exquisite pictures and tapestries and gowns and jewels and—admiration, lots of admiration. But when it came to an actual trade, I wouldn't sacrifice as much of my own self as that." She pinched the tip-end of her little finger and threw her brother a bewitching smile.

Carl stared at her with round eyes, then reached for his drink.

"Now you're talking batty talk," said he sulkily. "What are you drivin' into anyhow, Eddie?"

Edna gave a little mock sigh. "I might as well talk to Miro," said she plaintively. "When Miro can't understand he wags his tail and waits until I say 'rats' or 'cats.'"

"Oh, I get the draft from your planes, all right," said Carl gruffly, "but I don't like the way your motor's working. You want to play Delilah to this long-haired Samson person. Only look out that he doesn't kick out the props. But you'd better pasteurize all that, Eddie. It's raw form." He stared sulkily at Captain Mackerel Handy, who was watching two of the black hands as they squeegeed the water left by the bathers on his spotless decks. "Sometimes, Eddie, you make me think that you must have been reincarnated from a squid."

"My poor, dear child," said Edna laughingly, for she loved to tease her self-sufficient younger brother, "I don't mean to muddy the water. All that I am trying to drift through the meshes of your mind is that this Penfold person must be safeguarded by Eddie and not allowed to romp away with what is neither his nor hers—but might some day be partly hers. It can do no harm either to Penfold or to Eddie—especially Eddie. And little Carl can help the good work along by pretending that he's dead, and not glowering and glooming. Leave it to Eddie!" She placed a pink forefinger on the middle of her forehead. "*Je suis tout.*"

Carl stared at her for a moment, then got up from his chair.

"I don't know what you're tryin' to say," said he; "but neither do you, for that matter. You make me tired. Go ahead and pursue your innocent pastimes; I'm off for a cruise. Dad said I could have the schooner for a week, and I'm going to ask Dick O'Neil and Cube Root for a little run through the islands."

Edna sprang up, took her brother's cheeks between her hands and gave him a laughing kiss.

"All right, Carlo," said she. "Clear out and don't bother me! As Captain Handy says: 'When de wedder done gets treachersome, all I axes is ter be let strictly 'lone.'"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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Innovation Sweets
T-R-I-A-D Chocolates
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Years of candy-making experience plus our ambition to make the purest, most delicious and tempting chocolates and bon bons sold is the reason for the almost *sensational* success of *Johnston's Candies.*

If your dealer cannot supply you, we will send an 80c or $1.00 package of any of the Johnston favorites, parcel post, upon receipt of stamps or money order.

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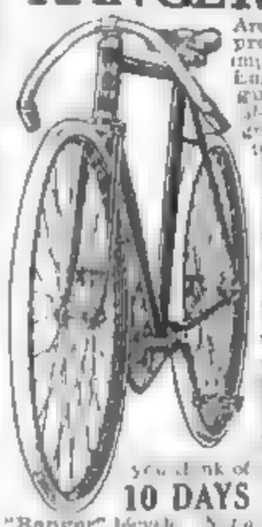
MILWAUKEE

"RANGER" BICYCLES



Are equipped with puncture-proof tires, imported roller chains, imported English flanged sprockets, English [illegible], guards, imported [illegible]

new price offer. Something very special to the first purchaser of 1913 [illegible]

WE SHIP ON APPROVAL, [illegible] the freight. [illegible] Ranger without [illegible] you think of [illegible]

10 DAYS FREE TRIAL [illegible] "Ranger" bicycle [illegible] to keep it [illegible] and leave it entirely to you whether you wish to keep it or not.

LOWEST PRICES Our great output, perfected methods and machinery enable us to offer you direct from the factory the best bicycle ever produced at a price that will be a *revelation* to you. Do not buy a bicycle [illegible] and learn our factory [illegible]

SECOND-HAND BICYCLES—a limited number taken in trade by our Chicago retail stores will be closed out at once, at $3 to $8 each. Descriptive bargain list free

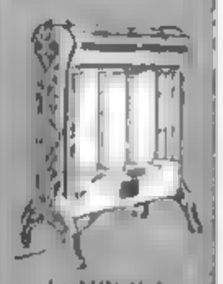
RIDER AGENTS WANTED [illegible] exhibit a sample 1913 "Ranger" [illegible]

TIRES, [illegible] wheels and [illegible] Do not wait—write today for large catalog containing [illegible] of interesting, useful bicycle information. It only costs a postal to get everything. Write it now.

MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. C-55, CHICAGO

PATENTS to pay must fully protect. FREE booklet. Mason, Fenwick & Lawrence, Est. 52 years, 602 F St., Washington, D. C., and New York. Send for NEW HELPFUL PLAN for Inventors

Do You Realize how often You come in Contact With the Achievements of Westinghouse Electric?



DAILY you come into contact with some form of Westinghouse Service. In your home, at your work, or in your transportation from place to place.

The current that supplies your electric light, heats your electric iron and makes your toast, is an example of Westinghouse service. Westinghouse Electric was the pioneer in making this kind of current useful.

The system perfected by Westinghouse Electric carries the current for the electric cars you ride in daily, while the car itself is moved by the type of motor provided by the Westinghouse Company.

The furniture in your home—the linen on your table—the carpet you walk upon—the paper on your walls, are all made today by electrically driven machines. There is a Westinghouse motor adapted especially to the requirements of these and all other machines.

The elevator in your office building—the machines that do your adding—the dictaphone for your correspondence work—the fan that keeps you cool, all depend upon electricity. Again, for each purpose a special motor is made in the Westinghouse Electric shops.

The newspaper that is left at your door—your favorite magazine—the breakfast food that you eat in the morning, are all obtainable at a reasonable price because of electricity.

Westinghouse Electric apparatus, used by the industries that produce these necessities of life, is known all over the world.

Lamps that light your streets—incandescent bulbs that furnish clean and economical lights in your home—delicately adjusted measuring instruments, as accurate as the finest watch you can buy—all these things that make electricity an efficient servant are made in the Westinghouse factories.

The name "Westinghouse Electric" is your guarantee.

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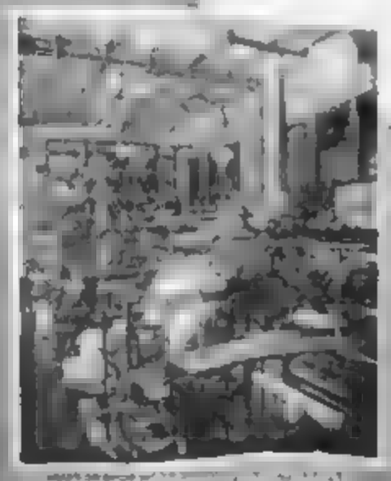
East Pittsburgh, Penna.

Sales Offices in 45 American Cities

Representatives all over the World



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The General All-Around Smoke

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Richard Henry Little, the well-known war correspondent, said to the writer: "I have found Tuxedo a most delightful companion on my long trips and in my home."

Richard Henry Little

J. N. MARCHAND

J. N. Marchand, of Marchand's Journal of Wisdom, Wit and Humor, Types [illegible] of him famous, says:

"I clean pipes when I use Tuxedo and I'm content. You can't beat Tuxedo for mildness and fragrance."

J. N. Marchand

JOHN BROWN

John Brown, business manager of the Metropolitan Opera House, New York City, says: "Tuxedo, and no other, for me. A pipeful of Tuxedo is my favorite relaxation. I have yet to find its equal."

John Brown

TAKE it with you anywhere—in the misty morning, whipping the stream for trout or stalking deer down a woodland road; or on the golf links in the crisp afternoon; or into your library after dinner for an hour's thoughtful smoking.

Take it to the office and make the day's business run smoothly and cheerfully.

Smoke it companionwise over your lathe or drill—in the factory or out on the road—in the engine room or on the farm. Let Tuxedo help you while the time away on a railroad trip.

Wherever your work lies or your play lies make Tuxedo your playmate; it's a grand smoother-out of crooked lines—in your face and in your job.

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The Perfect Pipe Tobacco

is first and foremost, sweet and pure and mild and wholesome. Made of the finest Kentucky tobacco, mellow and ripe and full of flavor, treated by the original "Tuxedo Process" so as to take the sting out (it *cannot bite* your tongue), granulated so as to smoke freely and coolly, and packed *40 pipefuls to the 10c tin.*

Try Tuxedo today and you'll know why thousands of leading Americans endorse it as the best, the greatest all-around smoke.

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Famous green tin, with gold lettering, curved to fit pocket 10c

Convenient pouch, *inner-lined* with moisture-proof paper 5c

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WM. J. MATTHEWS

Wm. J. Matthews, Past Potentate of Mecca Temple, one of the best known Masons in [illegible] says: "[illegible] THE perfect [illegible]"

Wm. J. Matthews

WALTER WELLMAN

Walter Wellman, celebrated explorer, explorer and [illegible], says: "In the Arctic regions, through weary days in camp at Spitzbergen or [illegible] 1,000 miles [illegible] Tuxedo [illegible]"

Walter Wellman

JOEL HILLMAN

Joel Hillman, proprietor of the famous [illegible] restaurant at Washington [illegible], says: "Tuxedo is a good, wholesome tobacco, with a mildness and fragrance all [illegible]. It adds many degrees to my pipe [illegible]."

Joel Hillman

GENTLEMEN FARMERS

(Concluded from Page 10)

"Then what of this circumstance?" said Paget, stern and dreadful; the muscles of his jaw stood out like whipcords. "I stayed by this man night and day, believing that sooner or later the man concerned in the burnin' would show up—he was bound to know that I had shot at Morrow. Sally, what was the word shouted by this man, Josephus Binney, on the first glimpse he had of Morrow lying here?"

"Hit!" I answered.

He shook his finger in Josephus' face.

"You have been tryin' to scare me into sellin' my farm before I was burned out. How did you know that Morrow was hit—wounded? Why didn't you suppose he was sick in bed, as anybody else would have done?"

Josephus stuttered—his knees wobbled and all his big body seemed breakin' up.

"How's this for evidence of circumstance, Mr. Sheriff?" asked Paget.

The sheriff drew out his pipe and lit it.

"Josephus," he said, "we've got you!" He turned to pa. "I'd like to ask," he said, "why you were in that field at the time of the fire." And little by little pa explained.

"Binney had promised me a field if I'd burn Paget out. He got so impatient that I was afraid he'd try to do it himself; so I'd been goin' over there as a kind of guard for two or three nights. There wasn't any use of my sayin' so, though, because till this minute nobody would have believed it."

"Why did you have interest enough to guard his property?"

"Well, I reckon he had interest enough to pick my little chap up in the road and bandage her hurt foot—didn't he?" answered pa, angry with the sheriff. "And I was even afraid to let her go back to thank him—in case of fire she might have been suspected of spyin' or poisonin' dogs. I didn't dare fall out with Binney," he finished, "because he could take my farm on debt—and after this happened I thought maybe he'd look after Sally."

Josephus had talked, but nobody paid any attention; and now the sheriff took him away. Since then he's run out of the country.

Pa and me were left alone with Mr. Paget, who sat smokin' and thinkin'.

"If Sally's mother could come to life you couldn't bear to lose her a second time—could you, Mr. Morrow?" he asked.

"I never could stand it!" said pa.

After a while Mr. Paget spoke again.

"My wife and I had played as children together; so it was doubly hard for me to lose her. One night, neighbor, I stood alone in the firelight of vengeance as I thought—and out of all the darkness of men's hatred my old playmate came up to me. It was Elsie; her hair and eyes and sweet face—then I touched her and found only one of these strange enemies ——" He didn't say any more—just looked quietly at the wall. "Goodby now!" he said; but I was already halfway from the bed, edgin' toward him, though pretty desperit at leavin' pa so much alone.

He felt me at his knee and laid his hand on my hair. The picture in the big room had seemed like some one I'd known, because it was like myself. But this only made me feel shabbier than ever. I'd learned that there was a difference in lookin' like a lady and bein' one.

"I've felt like a outcast since I treated you unfriendly," I told him, and he said:

"Now you are indeed my Lady Elsie!" Then I felt like one.

The gossip sat on her stool, chin in hand, meditating.

"I couldn't bear to lose him now," she sighed; "I think so much of him, and pa farms some of his fields on shares—though, as Eustace said that day, he is a gentleman on his own account."

At that moment Eustace Paget reëntered the store and beckoned.

"I'm so sorry every day that I can't do somethin' fer him too," sighed Sally. "Now goodby!" she added with a shy, regretful smile and bowing to the old gentleman. "You'll think I'm such a gossip!"

Major Brownlow Clay rose at the same moment and, to Sally's astonishment, approached her friend.

"Prejudice may have its day against a true man," said the stately old soldier with deep feeling, "but his virtues will dispel it. If you will honor us with your companionship occasionally, Mr. Paget, you will find yourself understood and esteemed."

Blivens nodded emphatically at his friend's shoulder.

Paget hesitated a moment to accept these surprising advances; but there was no resisting such genuine good will, and he shook hands.

"Can't somebody help me out of this infernal chair!" demanded the rheumatic General Wampum irritably. "I would have you know, sir," he said, coming forward supported by Blivens' shoulder, "that, with all their officiousness, these acquaintances of mine are no more entitled to represent public opinion in this county than I am. I bid you welcome to our circle, sir, and bring this gossip along with you."

Then Eustace Paget understood; and on the way home, after driving silently for an hour, he said with such a smile as he had never before worn when thinking of the men of that county:

"See how much good you have done me, Elsie! Now I have friends!"

But the gossip, cuddled close to his side, was fast asleep.

Freak Flights

HOW an aëroplane went from the ground straight up into the air in an almost vertical line, hovered at an altitude of three hundred feet for fifteen minutes, and then slowly settled down straight to the ground was told to the British Parliament recently by a member of the Cabinet. The freak flight was possible because the wind was blowing at more than fifty miles an hour and not because of the design of the aëroplane, for the machine was an ordinary biplane.

The Royal Flying Corps desired to test the ability of its machines to fly in a gale, and several pilots volunteered to make the test in spite of the knowledge that a failure of the machine meant probable death for the pilot. One day last spring the wind was stiff enough to give a severe test, and a biplane that flies ordinarily at the rate of fifty-seven miles an hour was dragged out on an open field.

A squad of men was necessary to prevent the machine blowing away; but the pilot climbed in and the engine was started—the biplane, of course, being headed into the wind. In a few seconds the propeller was going at its maximum speed, pushing the aëroplane into the wind with just enough force to offset the thrust of the wind. Then the squad of men released it.

Straight up in the air rose the machine, slowly but evenly. If the air had been still the machine would have been rushing ahead at the rate of about fifty-five miles an hour and climbing slightly. At the height of three hundred feet the pilot set the elevator so that the machine would keep the same level. This resulted in giving a slight increase of speed, so that he forged into the wind a little. The forward motion could hardly be noticed by observers on the ground. At the end of sixteen minutes he had gained four hundred yards, which meant progress at the rate of less than one mile an hour.

Then slowly and carefully the pilot came down—almost straight; and when he reached the ground the squad of men again had to seize the aëroplane to prevent it from being blown away.

Another pilot, even more daring, took the same machine on a cross-country flight immediately. The wind still held, though not quite so strong, and he succeeded in flying twenty-one miles into the wind in one hour and fifteen minutes. The return trip of twenty-one miles he made in a few seconds less than twelve minutes, which is at the rate of about one hundred and five miles an hour.

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be afraid of poor oils

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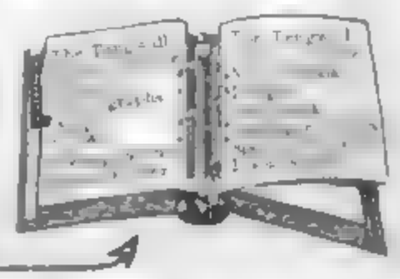

HEAVY CAR TYPE FISK TIRES

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The manufacturing department has always had but one instruction—that is to build the best tire that it is capable of producing, from the best materials, with expert workmanship and with the aid of the most advanced methods and equipment.

Labor saving devices, the most modern rubber machinery (some of it designed by our own experts) all go to make our plant the most modern tire plant in the world, and this ultimately benefits the user.

The FISK ORGANIZATION has been developed along the line of CONFIDENCE. *We* have Confidence in our Product and in our Organization and we want *you* to have it in *us*. This you will have when you come in closer contact with us, either directly with The Fisk Branches or Dealers.

Service

SERVICE is a much abused word. It is often used without any regard as to what it really means. The word SERVICE behind any product means nothing, unless the interpretation of the word by the manufacturer is sincere and honest. SERVICE is that intangible something that gives you full value when you deal with a company in which you have CONFIDENCE, and that manifests a personal interest in all details of any transaction.

Fisk Tires are manufactured in a model plant at Chicopee Falls, Massachusetts. They are distributed through 41 Branches located in the principal cities of the United States and by 18,000 Dealers.

These Branches have been established and developed under the personal supervision of the President of the Company. To this supervision is due their present day efficiency.

The Fisk Branches have been established upon the same basis as the factory. They are in reality miniature factories, and at the head of each department is found an expert.

The knowledge that these men possess is freely given at all times to tire users and has repeatedly been successful in solving tire problems.

FISK F TRADE MARK

Largest Exclusively Pneumatic

HEAVY CAR TYPE
FISK TIRES

Q. D. Clincher Straight Side

FISK TIRES are the tires of *Great Service*. HEAVY CAR TYPE is the name applied to the construction which makes possible this *Great Service*. FISK HEAVY CAR TYPE is an expression of the experience, the knowledge of Tire design and manufacture, the business integrity of the Fisk Rubber Company and its constant effort since the coming of the automobile to produce the BEST pneumatic tire.

Each feature of Fisk HEAVY CAR TYPE Construction is necessary to attain *Great Service*. There is a special re-enforcement of the side walls which prevents rim cutting; an extra layer of rubber on the tread that increases its life; two breaker strips instead of one, to lessen the possibility of puncture, and a thick cushion of pure rubber (practical only with this construction) which greatly minimizes road shocks and protects from stone bruises.

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HEAVY CAR TYPE Fisk Tires are made in every size and style to meet any requirement—in Plain Tread, Town Car *Non-skid* Tread, and in Clincher, Q. D. Clincher and Straight Side.

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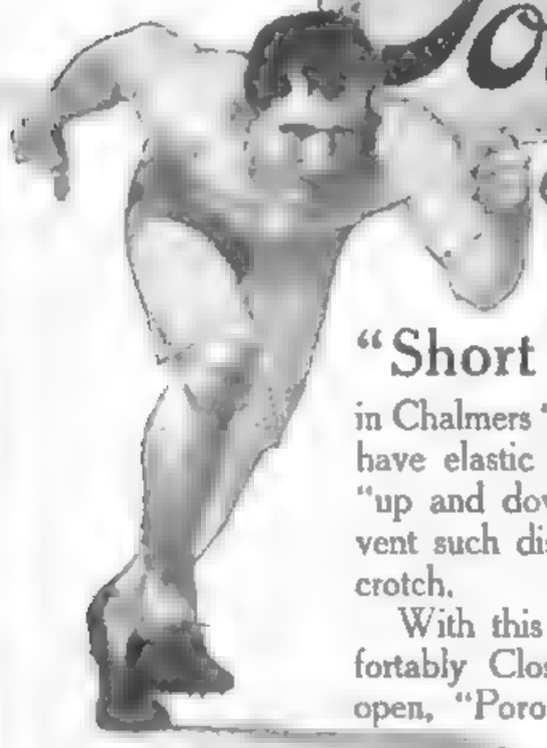

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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

THE HIGH COST OF LIVING ABROAD

(Continued from Page 7)

close-fisted American; but Andrew D. White has converted the controversy into a matter of dollars and cents.

"I once had occasion to consider this matter in the light of economy," said he. "I found that the cost of the whole diplomatic service of the United States during an entire year was only equal to the expenditure in one of our recent wars during four hours! So if any member of our diplomatic service should delay a declaration of war merely for the space of a day he would defray the cost of the service for about six years!"

This brings to mind the argument advanced by Congressman William Sulzer, now governor of New York, in favor of permanent diplomatic residences abroad: "The price of a modern battleship would provide proper homes for most of our ministers and ambassadors abroad."

Last March there was provided by Congress one first-class battleship, carrying as heavy armor and as powerful armament as any vessel of its class, to have the highest practicable speed and greatest desirable radius of action; and to cost, "exclusive of armor and armament, not to exceed $7,425,000." When this dreadnought is launched and is in fighting trim it will have taken from the taxpayers of the United States the munificent sum of ten million dollars!

Governor Sulzer is right!

When in Rome do as the—British, French, Germans and Austrians do. Otherwise get left in the "international."

Great Britain pays her ambassador to France, $57,500; her ambassadors to Germany, Russia and Austria-Hungary, $40,000 each; her ambassador to Italy, $35,000.

In all cases the British diplomatic representative has his residence given him.

Odious Comparisons

The United States pays its ambassador to England $17,500, and makes him provide his own residence. England pays her ambassador to the United States $50,000, and gives him a permanent home! Great Britain pays her representative to Brazil the same salary that America pays all its ambassadors, but the Brazilian minister from Great Britain has his house rent free.

Germany bestows salaries and allowances for its ambassadors as follows: At London and St. Petersburg, $37,500 each; at Paris and Vienna, $30,000 each; and at Rome, $25,000. Residences are provided in all cases.

France pays all ambassadors a salary of $8000, but makes allowances for entertainment, and so on, as follows: London and St. Petersburg, $32,000; Vienna, $27,000; Berlin, $20,000; and Rome, $16,000. House rent is free at each capital.

Austria-Hungary appropriates a salary of $5000 to ambassadors, coupled with these allowances: Paris and St. Petersburg, $30,000 each; London and Rome, $28,000 each; and Berlin, $26,000. Embassy buildings are provided.

Russia expends $40,000 each on her embassies at Paris, London, Berlin and Vienna, and $32,000 on the embassy at Rome.

Even Italy is more liberal than the United States. The Italian government pays ambassadors $4000 each, and provides these allowances: Paris, $19,000; London, Berlin, Vienna and St. Petersburg, $18,000 each. And where there is no permanent embassy building there is an allowance for house rent.

What should America do? Mr. Bryan, who has made a tour of the capitals of the world, believes and has publicly stated that the diplomatic representatives of the United States in foreign countries should reside in suitable residences, owned and furnished in a proper manner by our Government—"and be paid a salary sufficient to enable them to live in a way befitting the greatness and the glory of the United States."

How much should that be? I put the question to Henry White, who was long first secretary at London, afterward Ambassador to Italy, and then Ambassador to France. He replied:

"Sixty thousand dollars a year if the ambassador must pay house rent. I could

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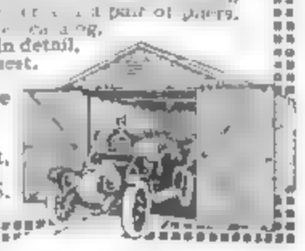
Elegant in appearance and made of galvanized steel of the proper gauge to insure the utmost strength and durability, the Porto Metal [illegible] a hammer, a screwdriver and a pair of pliers.

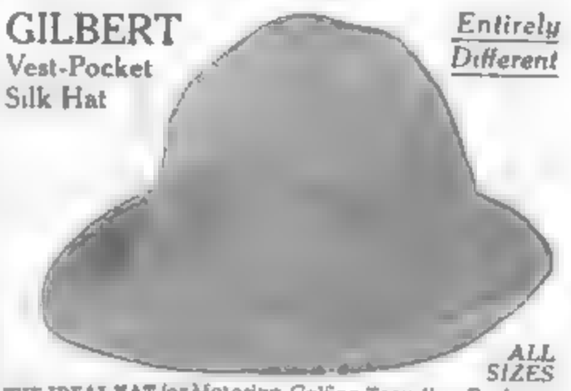
Beautifully illustrated catalog, describing the garage in detail, mailed free upon request.



Porto Metal House & Garage Co.,
1403 Burnham Street,
MILWAUKEE, WIS.

GILBERT
Vest-Pocket Silk Hat

Entirely Different

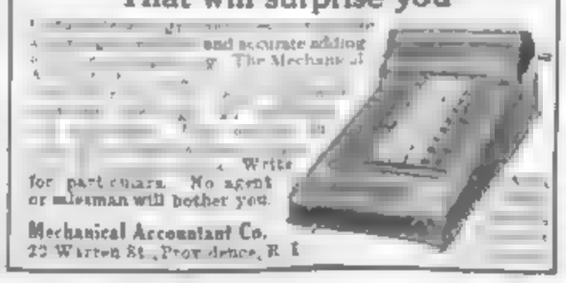


ALL SIZES

THE IDEAL HAT for Motoring, Golfing, Traveling, Business, Cool, Dressy, Light Weight one ounce. Made of best PURE SILK, strictly hand tailored. Oiled silk sweat band. Black and White Check, Black, Navy, Brown, [illegible] Price $1.50 [illegible] Satisfaction Guaranteed.

GILBERT & COMPANY Decatur, Illinois

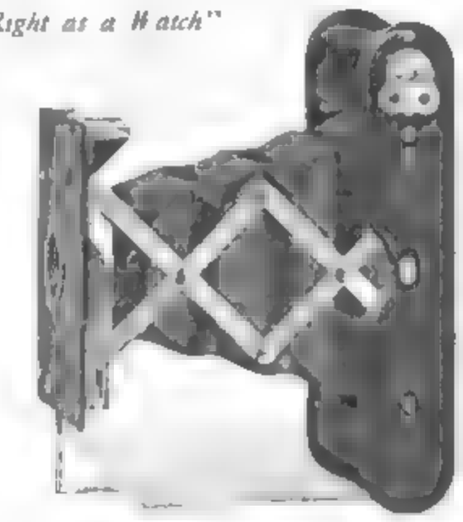
Adding Machine Offer
That will surprise you



[illegible] and accurate adding [illegible] The Mechanical [illegible] Write for particulars. No agent or salesman will bother you.

Mechanical Accountant Co.
23 Warren St., Providence, R. I.

"Right at a Watch"



The Vest Pocket

KODAK

Your watch is, no doubt, as accurate as the family clock, and more convenient because always with you.

A Vest Pocket Kodak is as accurate as cameras of ten times its bulk, and more convenient because you can have it always with you.

Vest Pocket Kodak pictures are 1⅝ x 2½ inches, and so sharp that they can be enlarged to any reasonable size. Let your dealer show you.

Kodak catalogue free at the dealers, or by mail

EASTMAN KODAK CO.,

ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*

Have a Cool, Airy, Shady Porch

where you can pass the hot, sultry days and nights

Vudor Porch Shades

keep out the sun, let in the air, seclude you from passersby. They are strongly made of light, flexible wooden strips, lock-stitched with seine twine and indelibly stained (not painted nor dipped) to harmonize with your house. They give many seasons of comfort and satisfaction. Don't confuse with cheap, bad paper or cloth shades only last one season. Inside the Vudor name plate. Costs $1 to $10 more than the average but b

Send for Free Booklet describing Vudor Porch Shades and Hammocks. We send you name of nearest dealer and sample name plate so you can identify Vudor shades

HOUGH SHADE CORPORATION
228 Mill St., Janesville, Wis.

Remember this Vudor Name-plate

We are makers of the famous Vudor Hammocks with their reinforced centers and special end cords that double their life.

FAIRS

A Complete List of all Inter-State, State and County Fairs to be held in the United States and Canada, together with their dates and managers' names, revised and corrected weekly, is published in

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America's Greatest Amusement Paper
CINCINNATI

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or other large sums—the real rewards actually obtainable, and how. The patents wanted by capital. Send 6 cts. for books of greatest interest and value to inventors.
E. G. & A. B. LACEY, Dep. E, Washington, D. C. Estab. 1869
Patents that COMPLETELY Protect.

do it for fifty thousand—but I know the ropes."

When the question of permanent embassy and legation buildings was first debated in Congress several years ago, the House of Representatives was won over to the negative by this bit of eloquence:

"Sir, think of the toiling masses of this country—the man who follows the plow, the man who digs with the pick, the sewing woman who wears her life away in some garret den trying to eke out a living with her needle—being called upon to pay their proportionate share of the taxes of the Government—their proportionate share of the amount of money to build castles abroad for servants of the American people to live in! Why, sir, as one of the humblest members of this House, as one of the humblest American representatives on this floor, I protest against such extravagance at the expense of the people; and I ask those who believe in humanity, those who believe in justice, to support my amendment to strike out the enacting clause and put an end to the wild extravagance of this bill now and forever."

The gentleman from Arkansas was supported in his contention—ayes, 160; noes, 84. Immediately the House adjourned, and the humble member, together with his fellow congressmen, left the Capitol and walked a short distance to a beautiful marble building occupied by American representatives as their private offices. This building cost $3,100,000, and $300,000 was expended in its furnishing—with solid mahogany desks, tables and chairs. The humble member, together with the majority of the House, had also voted $3,250,000 for a private office building for senators, and $300,000 to equip this magnificent structure with furniture of solid walnut. Here was a total expenditure of almost seven million dollars, taken from the pockets of the toiling masses solely for the purpose of adding to the convenience and comfort of representatives and senators! The work of Congress would have gone on precisely as well without this great appropriation, though the work of being elected to Congress might have been slightly handicapped.

Members of the British House of Commons have no private office building; also, they are paid fifty-five hundred dollars less a year than our congressmen and senators. Nevertheless they cheerfully appropriate large sums for the diplomatic service of Great Britain, of which reliable figures have been presented.

Presidential Emoluments

To return to the Senate and House office buildings: If the money appropriated for marble, granite, mahogany and walnut had been saved there would now be in the Treasury adequate funds to provide permanent official residences for American ambassadors and ministers in most of the foreign capitals.

The peace of the world is in the keeping of Great Britain, France, Germany, Austria-Hungary, Italy and the United States. America has ambassadors accredited to the five foreign countries named. Now a bit of arithmetic:

It costs eighty thousand dollars to maintain the Senate and House office buildings. If this were divided among the American ambassadors to the great countries enumerated it would add sixteen thousand dollars to the salary of each of them, making an allowance of thirty-three thousand five hundred dollars for these American ambassadors. Thus fortified they would be able far better to hold their own in the game of diplomacy.

Those who object to maintaining the official residences of American public servants should read International law and study the Sundry Civil Appropriation Bill. The taxpayers of the United States provide the president's official residence, known as the White House; pay for his housekeeper, for his cook, for his butler; for all his servants except his valet, if he happens to have one, and his wife's maid; pay for his chauffeurs and for the gasoline and upkeep of his motor cars, which were purchased at Government expense; maintain his place of residence in thorough repair, keep the furniture in order, do the annual housecleaning and refurbishing; pay the president a salary of seventy-five thousand dollars a year, and give him an allowance of twenty-five thousand for his traveling expenses. All this the American taxpayers cheerfully do.

40¢ *Eastern Basis*

35¢ *Eastern Basis*

Economy Without Economizing

Makes More Cups to the Pound

IF you are not already a user of our coffee, permit us to send you a trial package. Then you can see for yourself that it is not only better and purer, but that it costs less per cup than ordinary coffee, and it makes more cups to the pound.

A Trial Can Free

SEND us your grocer's name and we will send you a trial can of Barrington Hall, enough to make six cups of delicious coffee, and booklet, "The Evolution of Barrington Hall." This explains the three stages of progress through which this famous coffee has passed.

At first Barrington Hall was sold whole or ground as ordinary coffee is today, then steel-cut with the bitter chaff removed, and finally Bakerized. In it we have retained the good points of our older methods and adopted new features (explained in booklet) that make it economy without economizing. A luxury not at the expense of health, but one that is an aid to correct living.

Baker's Steel-Cut Coffee

Steel-Cut Coffee lacks a little in quality and in evenness of granulation when compared with Baker-ized Barrington Hall, but the chaff with its objectionable taste is removed from it also. It is far superior to the so-called cut coffees that are offered in imitation of Baker-ized Coffee.

Our Coffee is for sale by grocers in all cities and most towns. Write for grocer near you who can supply it.

BAKER IMPORTING COMPANY
116 Hudson St., New York, N. Y.
246 No. Second St., Minneapolis, Minn.

Barrington Hall
The Baker-ized Coffee

What kind of shoe laces

do you wear—the kind that wear out quickly, or Nufashond?

You can get a Nufashond Lace at every price. For summer you'll want

Nufashond

Patented May 7, 1907

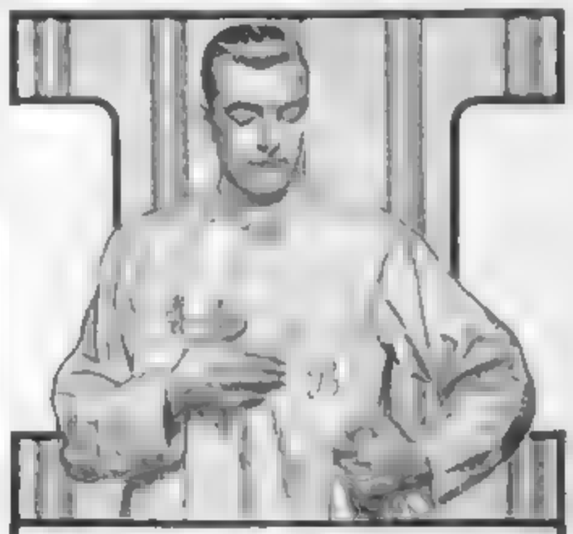
Oxford Laces

Unusually strong—doubly reinforced center, with wide flowing ends.

Guaranteed 3 months

25 cents per pair. All pure silk in black, tan, white—men's and women's. Your dealer has them—if not we'll mail them on receipt of 25 cents

Nufashond Shoe Lace Co.
Dept. A, Reading, Pa.



Faultless
Pajamas and Night Shirts

introduce

"My Letter" Nightwear

Sleeping garments with your own initial individually embroidered in a large, handsome, raised letter on the handkerchief pocket—and without extra charge. Every size garment in every letter, ready at dealers.

Pajamas, $2. Night Shirts, $1

Look for the Faultless Label. Write us for the Faultless "Bed-time Book".

E. Rosenfeld & Co.

Baltimore — Makers of — New York

Faultless Day Shirts with patent Nek-Gard

Tested fabrics

Beaver Board walls and ceilings in the home of the Superintendent of the Smuggler Mine Telluride, Colo. The right hand picture shows how the panels were nailed to the ne

Don't Build Four Walls when One Will Do

With lath and plaster you must practically build four or five walls and ceilings, where you build but one with BEAVER BOARD. It's [illegible]? Yes, but true in more ways than one. Read this comparison:

The Old-Fashioned Way	The Beaver Board Way
1st wall lath	[illegible]
2nd wall [illegible] plaster	[illegible]
3rd wall [illegible] plaster	[illegible]
4th wall wall paper	[illegible]
Ruin by Dampness and Repairs	[illegible]
[illegible]	Beaver Board and [illegible]

[illegible] sample.

The Beaver Companies

United States: 106 Beaver Road, Buffalo, N. Y. [illegible] 120 Wall St., Beaverdale, Ottawa [illegible] Clifton Row London, W. C. [illegible] lumber, hardware and paint dealers and decorators in all cities to meet all average requirements

BEAVER BOARD

[illegible] Beaver Board has [illegible] all the way through. Insist on seeing both trade-mark and color before buying

Keeping these expenditures in mind, it is well to understand that an ambassador is recognized by international law as the direct personal representative of the sovereign of his country; therefore an American ambassador is the direct representative of the president of the United States. And the American ambassador is paid seventeen thousand five hundred dollars and abroad is homeless!

The issue before Congress—the question presented to the American people—is not whether diplomacy should be abolished: not whether the present system of intercourse between two nations is ideal; but whether, so long as the present system continues, we shall make it possible for competent, educated, suitable men to accept and to hold foreign posts, regardless of what private means they may or may not possess.

Another and important argument in favor of permanent embassy and legation buildings, properly maintained, should not be overlooked. It is thus presented by the secretary of state:

"If diplomatic representatives are chosen only from those who are able to spend more than their official income it naturally follows that some will be richer than others and that the establishments maintained will differ in expensiveness; in fact, experience has shown that a new representative is sometimes embarrassed by the lavish expenditures of a preceding one.

"The standing of our nation abroad demands that our ambassadors and ministers shall live in a style in keeping with our ideals; and extravagance is as offensive as parsimony. By owning its own embassy and legation buildings our Government can regulate the standard of living and entertainment of those who represent it at foreign courts. There is no doubt that our nation will come to this plan—and the sooner it adopts it the better."

Mr. Bryan may perhaps have had the late Mr. Whitelaw Reid in mind when he uttered this warning. Ambassador Reid occupied the finest residence in London—Dorchester House—at a rental of three times his official salary. As a host he ranked next to the king—that is to say, the character and quality of his entertainments were excelled only by the hospitality offered at Buckingham Palace. This did America no service. The ambassadors of other countries accredited to Great Britain were made exceedingly jealous. Even with their high salaries and liberal allowances they could not compete with Mr. Reid's millions. The American Ambassador to the Court of St. James preceding Mr. Page simply overdid it—did nothing simply.

Too much of a good thing is good for nothing—even in diplomatic circles.

The Monitor

EDITOR OF THE SATURDAY EVENING POST May 15, 1913.

Dear Sir:—May I be permitted to call your attention to certain statements in the article by Mr. James H. Collins in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST of April twelfth, which, I believe, give a wrong impression concerning The Christian Science Monitor and the circumstances attending its establishment?

In producing The Monitor Mrs. Eddy took counsel with no one; neither did she find it necessary to endow the project with sufficient means to ensure its successful maintenance. Her faith in the right and her practical foresight assured Mrs. Eddy that a paper such as The Christian Science Monitor was destined to fill an urgent need, and the degree of achievement already shown by The Monitor proves that Mrs. Eddy's faith in this respect was well founded.

Those who are engaged in the publication of this newspaper are simply carrying out the plans which Mrs. Eddy inaugurated, and to Mrs. Eddy alone belongs all credit for the good which The Christian Science Monitor has accomplished.

Very sincerely yours,

ALBERT E. MILLER.

Stop Foot Aches—Better Brain Work

HOW do you expect to escape bodily fatigue and mental weariness if you continue to neglect your tired, aching feet?

Now—before it becomes serious is the time to find out how to get permanent relief from tired, aching feet. You must remember that if something is not done to relieve the strain of constant standing or walking the result is a broken arch with all the suffering it brings.

I have prevented this in thousands of cases, and where the arch was already broken, I have restored the foot to its original strength and comfort.

For Men and Women

SCHOLL Foot Eazer "EASES THE FEET"

[illegible] gently supports and [illegible] to the exact [illegible] nature intended.

It [illegible] relieve tired, aching feet, cramped toes, calluses on the sole, turning ankles, broken arch or "flat foot."

Ten Day Trial Bond

[illegible] today and get more comfort and enjoy [illegible] I [illegible] to prove to you that no matter what has [illegible] have you need Scholl's Foot Eazers. Remember "Scholl"—Think of "Shoe" and add "l"—say "Shoe me a Scholl Foot Eazer."

Any dealer will give you a "Ten Day Trial Bond" which within ten days for [illegible] want to prove to you that you can secure **instant** relief from tired, aching feet, weak ankles, broken arches, flat foot and other foot ailments.

Remember, you are protected by a **Ten Day Trial Bond.** You have nothing to lose—but [illegible] health, more energy, graceful car- [illegible]

Foot-eazer under the Arch

Free:— [illegible]

THE SCHOLL MFG. CO.,
26 F Schiller Street Chicago, Ill.
337 Broadway New York, N. Y.
25 F King Street, Toronto, Can.
1-4 Gilspur St., London, England

$35

Brand New Latest Model 10 Year Guaranteed CHICAGO Typewriter

With RIBBONS FREE for Ten Years

$35 is the regular price of this high-grade Typewriter, but for its advertising value we offer at this price 100 and give FREE 2 ribbons each year for 10 years. Coupon bond with each machine.

YOU NEED A TYPEWRITER. BETTER GET IT NOW

Your money back if not satisfied after 10 days' trial.

GALESBURG WRITING MACHINE CO.
70,000 in use Galesburg, Ill.

Just Out!

"Modern Homes of California"

50¢ Postpaid

100 Pages 200 Illustrations 77 Bungalow and House PLANS

Special Offer We will send you our 3 Big Bungalow Books for $1.25

[illegible]

Either book 50c, two for 90c. Write today.

Complete architect's blue prints of any home only $5.

LOS ANGELES INVESTMENT COMPANY
758 South Broadway, Los Angeles, California

THE BOYS' MAGAZINE edited by Walter Camp, is unquestionably the finest magazine in the world for boys. Clean, fascinating stories of intense interest to every live boy. Special departments devoted to Electricity, Mechanics, [illegible] Scouts, Stamps and Coins. [illegible]

Special Offer: [illegible]

THE BOOTH F REDFIELD CO., 850 Main St., Smethport, Pa.

THE BOYS' MAGAZINE at all news-stands, 10c a copy

Genuine All Hand-Woven Unblocked PANAMA

Can be worn in this condition by Men, Women and Children. Easily blocked in any style. Light Weight. Very durable. All [illegible] Brims from 2½ to 6 inches. [illegible] on receipt of $1.00. Money [illegible] Weaver to Wearer" Style Book—Free.

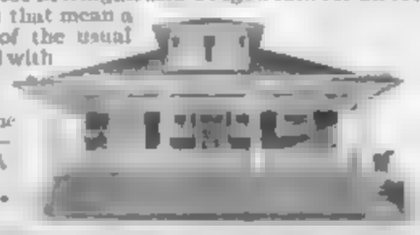
PANAMA HAT CO., Dept. A, 830 Broadway, New York City

Homes of Character

ALADDIN HOUSES

Quick Shipment from 5 States

Better homes, better built, and of better material, is the story told in the Aladdin catalog. It tells how and why you can secure the finest Michigan and Oregon lumber direct from the producer at prices that mean a saving of practically one-third of the usual [illegible] red page catalog filled with [illegible] of beautiful dwellings, [illegible] year-around homes, is yours for the asking. It tells the price of all lumber, hardware, paint, plaster—complete houses. Send today for catalog W



NORTH AMERICAN CONSTRUCTION CO.
266 Aladdin Ave., Bay City, Michigan

Are These Men Smarter Than You?

1 man $147 in 4 days. 1 man $98 in 1 day. Young man $268 in 1 week. Many others as good.

EMPIRE Candy Floss Machine

10 5-cent packages delicious confection. Investment back [illegible] times in one season. [illegible]

[illegible] for special free books on these

Stevens Manufacturing & Supply Co.
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Study at Home

Under our perfected, systematic **Easy Home-Study Method**, proficiency as a well paid [illegible] comes quickly. Fifteen years of educational [illegible] back of our Institution. Law Course prepared [illegible] at head of professors in Universities of Chicago, Michigan, Iowa, Illinois, Harvard, etc. Let us tell you how we can bring a **Complete University Law Course** to [illegible]

Write for GENERAL BULLETIN and complete information.

American School of Correspondence
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The "BEST" LIGHT

Makes and burns its own gas. No grease, odor nor dirt. Brighter than acetylene. Over 200 styles. Every lamp warranted. Write for catalog.

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THE BEST LIGHT CO.
5-25 E. 5th St., Canton, O.

300 CANDLE POWER

TYPEWRITERS ALL MAKES

"Visible" Typewriters in any [illegible] makes sold or rented anywhere at ½ to ⅓ [illegible]

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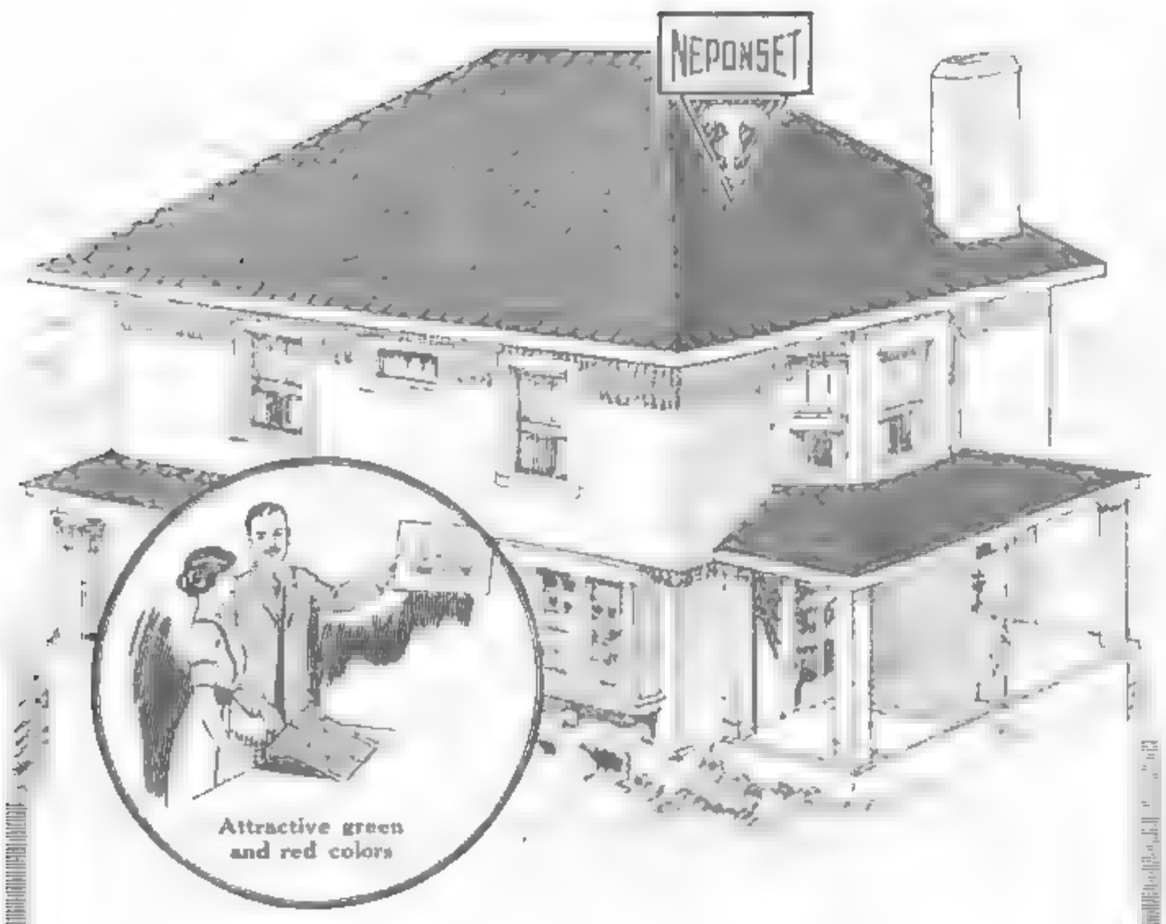
PATENTS SECURED OR OUR FEE RETURNED. Send sketch for free search of Patent Office Records. Patents advertised free. How to Obtain a Patent. What to Invent with list of inventions wanted and prizes offered for inventions sent FREE. [illegible] 1429 Chestnut St. Phila.

Main Offices, VICTOR J. EVANS & CO., Washington, D. C.



Why Use Shingles Today?

NEPONSET **Proslate Roofing** equals the best stained shingles in appearance—costs much less and wears like the good old heart-of-the-log shingles of years ago. In addition it affords real fire protection.

NEPONSET

Waterproof Building Products

Roofings

NEPONSET Roofings are a fire protection, leak proof and long-lived. Anyone can lay them. NEPONSET Paroid Roofing is for general use. NEPONSET Proslate Roofing is an ornamental roofing for dwellings. Attractive colors.

Building Papers

If NEPONSET Waterproof Building Papers are built into walls and floors, the building will be warmer, will cost less to heat and last years longer. Recommended by architects, engineers and building owners everywhere.

Wall Board

NEPONSET Wall Board is a scientific product which takes the place of lath and plaster; comes in sheets 32 inches wide. Remember, it is the only wall board with waterproofed surfaces that requires no further decoration. Anyone can put it up.

Are you going to build? Write for more facts about the products in which you are interested. **Send for samples, free booklet** and name of nearest NEPONSET dealer

BIRD & SON Est. 1795 515 Neponset St., E. Walpole, Mass.
[F. W. BIRD & SON] New York Chicago Washington Portland, Ore. San Francisco
Canadian Plant: Hamilton, Ont.

For Dessert Next Sunday

KNOX Marshmallow Cream

—this is the way you make it:

½ envelope **Knox Sparkling Gelatine**, ½ cup cold water, ½ cup boiling water, whites of four eggs, 1 cup sugar, 1 teaspoonful vanilla, 1 teaspoonful lemon extract, 1½ squares chocolate.

Soak gelatine in the cold water 5 minutes. Add boiling water and place over teakettle until dissolved. Cool, but do not chill. Stir sugar into dissolved gelatine. Beat the whites of eggs very light, and to the eggs add the gelatine and sugar, a few spoonfuls at a time, beating constantly. Divide quickly into three parts. To the first part, add part of the pink color found in package and flavor with vanilla; to the second part, add melted chocolate and vanilla flavoring, and flavor the third part with lemon.

Mold in layers in square mold, adding nuts to the pink part and red cherries to the white. Chill, cut in slices and serve with or without whipped cream or sauce made with the yolks of eggs. Attractive if served with ice cream instead of cake.

SEND FOR THIS FREE RECIPE BOOK

An illustrated book of recipes for Desserts, Jellies, Puddings, Ice Creams, Sherbets, Salads, Candies, etc., sent FREE for your grocer's name. *Pint sample for 2-cent stamp and grocer's name.*

CHARLES B. KNOX CO., 23 Knox Ave., Johnstown, N. Y.

The Soul of Business

Lord Chesterfield wrote to his son, "Despatch is the soul of business."

Or, in the parlance of retail trade, "The faster goods sell, the better the profits."

A case in point:

A shoe dealer in a Massachusetts town could not see why he should put in stock a certain new model of a well known shoe. But the salesman pressed him so hard that he finally took half a pair—one shoe—to display in his window.

Next day at noon *The Saturday Evening Post* was on the street with the first advertisement of that new model. It was a strong advertisement and the shoe was of good quality. Before 6:30 the dealer with one of the advertised shoes in his window had taken orders for 36 pairs. In two weeks he sold 300 pairs of the shoes.

One of the advantages of high-grade goods when nationally advertised is that they move fast. Link the prestige of a name that is being heralded from coast to coast with the local prestige of a progressive merchant, and it draws customers with a magnetism that the local name—unsupported—cannot have.

When goods move fast, the retailer keeps less of his capital tied up, makes more turnovers, and therefore more profits.

And when goods move fast, the customer gets fresh stock and up-to-date style.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Number three of the Hupmobile week-end series

Ho for Camp Week-End!

As "the family car" swings through the last grove of gleaming birches, that welcoming shout came from "Steve", lugging a pail of water from the smiling little lake. Meanwhile, in "The House in the Woods" "Billy" was brewing tea and frying fish.

The boys had come out with the Hupmobile in the morning, bringing the "grub" and the blankets and fishing tackle and camera. Then—as soon as Dad got through at the office—the rest of the family were bundled into the Hupmobile and sped across country for an incomparable Saturday and a tranquil Sunday in that most rollicking of the family institutions—"Camp Week-End."

There isn't much to this "House in the Woods"—a cabin really of four rooms. From the rocky ridge across the lake you can see the city's pall of smoke. Yet you have found that these two days in the woods store up a week's health for the whole family; give the whole family a vital common interest; bring the youngsters closer to Nature and, better yet, closer to you, their father or mother. "Camp Week-End" is better, cleaner and safer than the city streets.

This "House in the Woods" is the second best investment you ever made—second only to "the car of the American Family"—your Hupmobile.

Hupmobile "32" Six passenger
$1200 f. o. b. Detroit
In Canada, $1430 f. o. b. Windsor

Four-cylinder motor, cylinders 3¼-inch bore by 5½-inch stroke, cast en bloc. Unit power plant.

Selective type transmission, sliding gears.

Irreversible, screw and double nut steering gear.

Full-floating rear axle.

Twelve by two-inch brakes, external contracting and internal expanding.

Wheelbase, 126 inches.

Tires, 33 x 4 inches.

Equipment of windshield, mohair top with envelope, Jiffy curtains, speedometer, quick detachable rims, rear shock absorber, two folding and revolving seats in tonneau, tonneau foot rests, gas headlights, Prest-o-Lite tank, oil lamps, tools and horn.

Finish, black with nickel trimmings.

"32" Touring Car $1000
In Canada, $1180

"32" Roadster $1000
In Canada, $1180

"20" H. P. Runabout . . . . $ 750
In Canada, $850

F. O. B. Detroit, *or Windsor*, fully equipped.

NEXT MONTH

The Hupmobile in the woods

Hupmobile

Hasn't it been your experience that *nearly everyone* thinks well of the Hupmobile?

Just notice, next time you hear a group discussing several cars.

See if it isn't true that the majority—no matter how little they know about the others—have a clearly formed, good opinion of the Hupmobile.

Of course, we have striven to that end—everlastingly.

We believe it to be the best car of its class in the world.

And we think that most people have come to the same conclusion.

Which, of course, is the strongest possible evidence that we are building the sort of a car we say we are—the sort of a car you ought to own.

Hupp Motor Car Company, 1229 Milwaukee Avenue, Detroit, Michigan

Canadian business handled by Hupp Motor Car Co., Ltd., Factory, Windsor, Ont.

HIS BLIND SIDE

(Continued from Page 13)

leave their rooms. Now cutting your butter to fit your bread, or turning off the light when you leave the room, is an operation which takes no undue amount of time and foresight. It is just a matter of instinct. The close-living, economical French and Italians have trained that instinct. The loose-living Americans have not.

Again, there are larger wastes of coördination of which Mrs. Bolton never ever dreams, although elimination of such waste is as the alphabet to the Bolton Press. She has three ice-boxes. One is properly sacred to milk, butter, desserts and such delicately flavored, easily tainted foods. The other two have no specialized uses—they are "interchangeable." At times, as over Sunday, they are both filled to something like their full capacity. In most of the time between one of them would serve very comfortably. But she keeps both in service, burning up ice from the time the house is opened in September until it is closed in June.

Again, did she stop to consider such things, Mrs. Bolton could work marvelous saving in the fuel-supply of the household workshop. She has in her kitchen a coal range and a gas range. All households, from poorest to richest, have certain long processes of cooking. Baking beans is a standard example. The back covers of the coal range, in the periods when it is going full blast, emit a deal of waste heat which might be used without the slightest extra exertion for such long, slow processes. Nevertheless, when the cook cooks beans she sets them to simmer on a burner of the gas stove. In similar fashion the laundresses burn up money in the laundry range and the houseman in the furnace. To save fuel would require no special extra exertion on the part of Mrs. Bolton or her working force—only a very little of that thought and foresight which Mr. Bolton expends on his printing establishment.

Women of Mrs. Bolton's class, as a general rule, are a deal more efficient and effective in their shopping than in their marketing; they use some method in the purchase of their clothes. Yet even here there remain invidious comparisons between the purchasing department of the Bolton factory and that of the Bolton household. Mrs. Bolton believes in getting the best; her social position calls for no less. So she purchases mainly at those exclusive shops which fringe Fifth Avenue, where she is the victim of grafts so many and various that a mere man is at a loss to report them. To a certain degree these shops do provide "the best"—gowns, hats and shoes with a certain artistic and special touch. Sandwiched in with these goods, however, are certain standard "lines," which may be had everywhere: the same in material, workmanship, brand, everything.

In New York the prices of these goods vary in direct ratio with the fashionableness of the shop or the neighborhood. The same staple article of lingerie will sell for ten or twelve dollars at a "specialty" shop on Fifth Avenue, for eight dollars at a slightly less "exclusive" shop just off the Avenue, and for six or seven dollars at a plain department store.

The Extortions of Jessamine

Jessamine, her gown-maker, imports models from the Paris establishments, and copies them for her regular trade. But other less pretentious, famous and "exclusive" establishments a little off Fifth Avenue frequently import and copy the very same models. The materials and workmanship of the copy are exactly the same in both cases; the only difference is the price. Jessamine will charge Mrs. Bolton $250 for a dress which the humbler establishment, off the Avenue, sells for $150 or $175. Not otherwise does it go with her hats. Perré, her milliner, is an artist, commanding a corps of artists. His own creations are more smart and beautiful, as fashion judges beauty, than those of his cheaper rivals. However, many of his hats are not "creations" at all, but perfect, slavish copies of French models. The humbler shops make these same copies; even an expert would be hard put to distinguish between the Perré copy at fifty dollars and the Verré copy at twenty-five dollars or thirty-five dollars. Mrs. Bolton is dimly aware of this. Yet she never thinks, upon falling in love with a new Perré hat, to go forth and see whether it is really a creation or whether it can be bought elsewhere for two-thirds of the price.

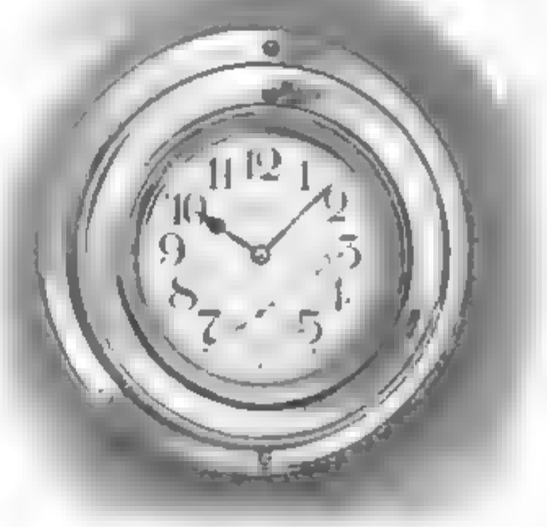
Of course Mrs. Bolton gets some satisfaction from the knowledge that she is costumed from head to foot by "exclusive" establishments. Do not think, however, that it matches with the satisfaction which she would feel if she got the very same thing at two-thirds or one-half the Jessamine or Perré rates. The feminine love of a bargain would account for that! No, she takes what her dressmaker and her milliner hand out, because her part in the business of life has never come under that close, hard scrutiny which the Bolton company gives its purchasing department.

The Bolton Press, it goes without saying, has worked, under scientific management, to systematize and coördinate the efforts of every individual. Now the Bolton factory exists for steady production, and the Bolton household establishment for service; and it is a handicap on scientific management that any such system works much better with the regularity of production than with the irregularity of service. It cannot perfectly eliminate the losses of effort, the departures from routine, caused by emergencies. By motion-study, by scientific arrangement of that domestic workshop, the kitchen, Mrs. Bolton might, indeed, lighten the work of the cook; but it would not reduce the number and wages of her servants; and just at this moment we are viewing the domestic problem from the standpoint of Mrs. Bolton, not from that of her cook. Motion-study and shop arrangement, as applied to the kitchen, affect most vitally a class of housewives in far more humble circumstances than Mrs. Bolton. Yet, as railroads, street railways and hotels have found, scientific management can go a long way in reducing the working-costs of even a service-institution. Mrs. Bolton would find this also, did she care to experiment.

Motion-Study in the Kitchen

For example, the Boltons, in season, must do a great deal of dinner-giving, both formal and informal. The mistress of the household, taking the butler's word for it, believes that she cannot have more than one "company" dinner a week without hiring extra help for kitchen or the dining room. Just so, when the Bolton Press first began to install modern scientific methods, the old workmen in the bindery gravely informed Mr. Bolton that chemical analysis of various fluids was no use: the binder could tell when it was right by sense of taste. Mr. Bolton, however, put his mind on the subject and learned better, while Mrs. Bolton takes the word of her employee as gospel. Did she but study the coördination of her working force, she would find that an intelligent system of schedules, appointing certain hours to certain duties, would give them not only the time for emergency calls, but also more leisure for themselves. I speak with some authority of this, for I know a woman in like circumstances who has tried the experiment. Her husband's position calls for a great deal of emergency dinner-giving. She encountered the factor of extra help, and set out to eliminate it. She studied the routine of the household; she reduced it to system; and now she can entertain every evening of the week without sending out a single emergency call, without overworking her kitchen and dining-room forces, and without asking a single servant to cross another servant's special line of work.

I have taken Mr. Bolton's household for an example because it is a great establishment, run on a great scale; in it we can see more easily the little defects. If we studied the households of Smith, the assistant superintendent of the Bolton Press, who earns sixty dollars a week, or McGuire, the linotype operator, who earns four dollars and a half a day, we should find the same contrasts, on a smaller scale, between the scientific efficiency of their workshops and the unscientific inefficiency of their home establishments. The larger truth is that modern industrial science, which has worked miracles with production and is just tackling distribution, has not even touched the problem of consumption. In our working hours we study to "increase the world's wealth"; in our leisure hours we waste



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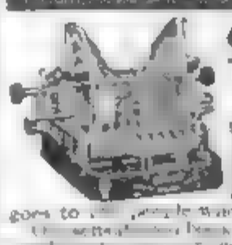

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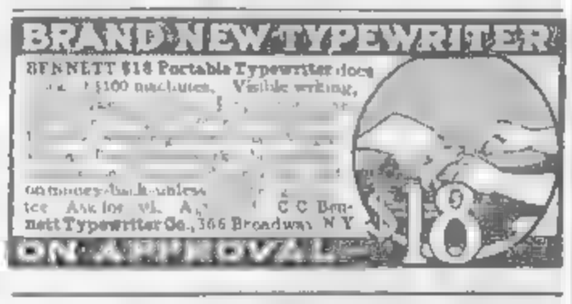

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that wealth more and more grievously as luxuries grow more common and wants increase.

It would be easy to twist all this into the indictment of Mrs. Bolton and all her kind and, going further, to reason as the anti-suffragists do, that if women cannot run their own households efficiently they cannot be trusted with the ballot. That would be false reasoning. Mr. Bolton has learned that he may divide his employees into two classes: the ambitious and the unambitious. The former, looking always forward to greater things, will not only apply faithfully any system imposed upon them, but will strive constantly, with whatever originality they have, for the improvement of that system. The unambitious are the laggards; having no great objective before them, they can never be trusted to do more than they are told. Now housework, even in a large establishment, cannot give any special incentive to ambition. When today's work is done, what next? Another day just like it. Be you a feminine Cæsar or Napoleon you can get, in that career, no further than the limits of the family income. The bounds to your ambition are set for life, or, at the best, they are in the control of another person—the "provider." What, after all, does James G. Bolton expect from a clerk or a foreman who sees nothing better ahead than that same job? Only obedient response to direction, and no more. No, the fault lies with Bolton himself as much as with Mrs. Bolton. He, the efficiency expert, has used none of his best brain upon the inefficiency of his family apparatus for consumption. Indeed, in that part of the establishment which is supposed to be under his special direction he shows no whit better than his wife. He is supposed to be the "boss" of the two automobiles and of the chauffeur. Now the chauffeur, just like the butler and the cook, gets commissions from the tradespeople. He also, by breaking frail parts unnecessarily, wearing out tires and wasting gasoline, manages to pad the bills. And Bolton accepts this, as Mrs. Bolton accepts the commissions to her own special employees.

View it in yet another light: the whole machine-run industrial organization built up in the nineteenth century has been working to get markets, markets and yet more markets. A few dollars a year, a few hundred dollars a year, added to the budget of a hundred thousand Mrs. Boltons, is as valuable to the "manufacturing interests" as one of those principalities to get and hold whose trade Britain builds warships. All industry has been in unconscious conspiracy for a century long to make the women of the world—who do three-quarters of the buying—purchase more liberally and with less careful discrimination. The best active brains of the world work on economy of production and distribution, and work just as cleverly, though less consciously, to prevent larger economy of consumption. Were Mr. Bolton invited to lead in some world-wide plan for reducing the useless expenditure of modern life, he might well hesitate. He manufactures books, you see, and such a movement would possibly make people cautious about buying books!

Practical Psychology

SO ACCURATELY have simple psychological tests disclosed the mental capacity of girls in the New York State Reformatory, that a resident psychologist has now been installed in the Bedford Reformatory. Tests that seem almost like kindergarten play are used, yet they indicate those girls who need more training before they can be expected to do well on their own responsibility.

Among the tests applied to thirty-five girls was one for memory, consisting of the repeating of nonsense syllables, one for accuracy by counting the letter O's on a page, one for attention by describing scraps of paper of various shapes shown to the girls for a brief time, and several to show how easily they yielded to suggestion. Questions about the sizes of circles on some cards and of some pencil lines were asked in such a way as to show whether or not the girls used their own judgment or were influenced by suggestion from the investigator.

Eleven of the thirty-five were found to be subnormal, failing to show average memory, accuracy and attention, and readily yielding to suggestion. The marks given the girls corresponded closely with the judgment of the superintendent, whose views had previously been recorded.

Japanese Farmers

California's Japanese problem has become the nation's problem. All spring the country from coast to coast has been by the ears over the new Alien Land Law and its possible consequences. But how many men really understand the situation? How many men really know why the Golden State has risen against the invasion from the Mikado's Empire? Do you?

The Country Gentleman

next week will tell the story as it is. How the Japanese first came to fill an economic vacuum—to supply labor for the American farmers. How they remained to become themselves landowners and tenant farmers—to compete with the native-born in tilling the soil. Barton W. Currie has studied California's problem in California, and his story is the most comprehensive analysis of the situation that has been printed.

A Surgeon of Nut Trees

A surgeon went back to the farm of his youth in Virginia. The nuts he had planted years before were now trees, bearing more nuts. And he found that a surgeon of men could be a surgeon of trees—healing their wounds, amputating limbs, grafting bark. The way he built up his grove is a story of patience, with big yields at the end.

A Grower of Potatoes

Kansas has a potato champion. He grows the top-notch yield every year and he gets the top-notch prices for all his 60,000 bushels. "Grow good potatoes and the market will come to you," says Groves, and in next week's *Country Gentleman* his secret of growing potatoes that will sell sight unseen is revealed. It is a lesson from an expert.

A Grower of Cabbages

The farmer in Pennsylvania or in any of the Eastern states has a chance at big profits in cabbages. Twenty tons to the acre at $50 a ton sounds good—and it is possible. We have an article by a man who knows every step of the way to success.

Loans and Lotteries

From France we have a story of the real Crédit Foncier—what it does and what it does not do for the French farmer. It is a peek behind the screen at the actual operations of this land-mortgage institution, with its lottery feature, that answers the question: Shall we use it as a model?

Here are stories of absorbing interest from California, from Virginia, from Kansas, from Pennsylvania, from France. There are others from Michigan and Illinois—and they are all worth while to the man—whatever his state—who is willing to learn from the experiences of his neighbors.

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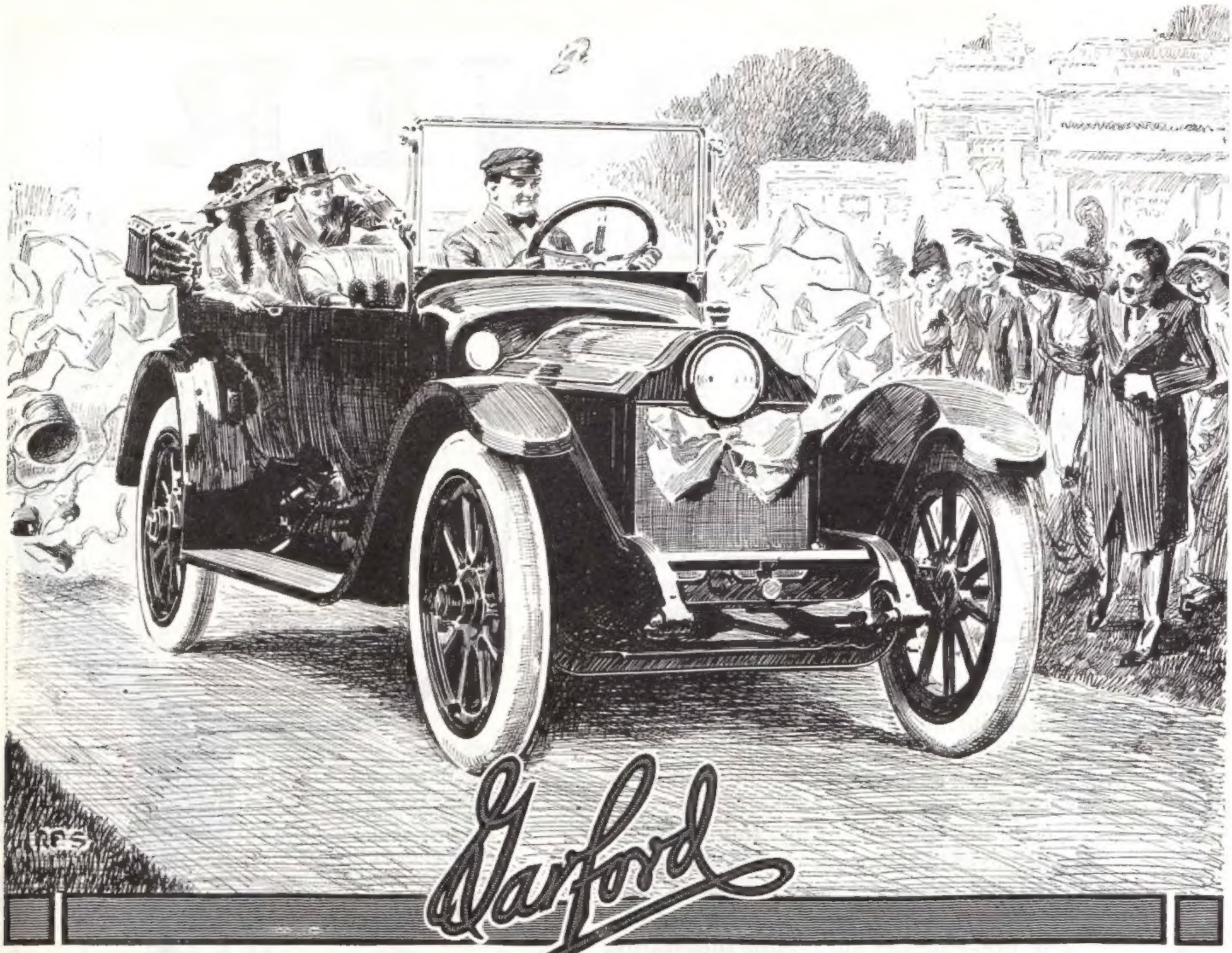

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